JULY

MODERN MOVIES

15c

THE HOLLYWOOD CLASSIC

DEANNA DURBIN

..ARE SECOND MARRIAGES BEST?..

"LOVE ISN'T IMPORTANT AT 20" SAYS OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

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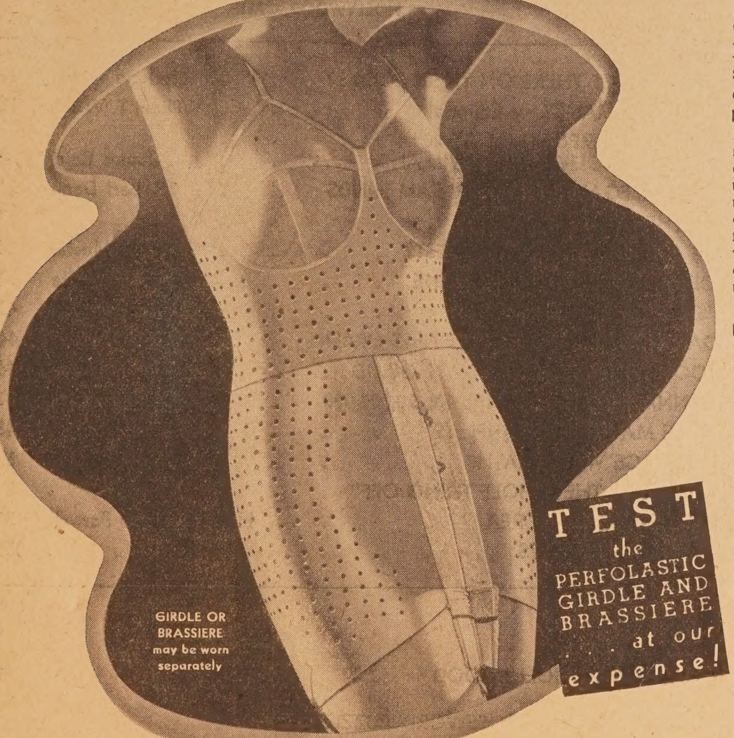
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The HOLLYWOOD CLASSIC

VOL. I
NO. I

JULY
1937

MODERN MOVIES

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On the Cover
DEANNA DURBIN
Photograph in Natural Color
by Ray Jones and Lynton Vinette

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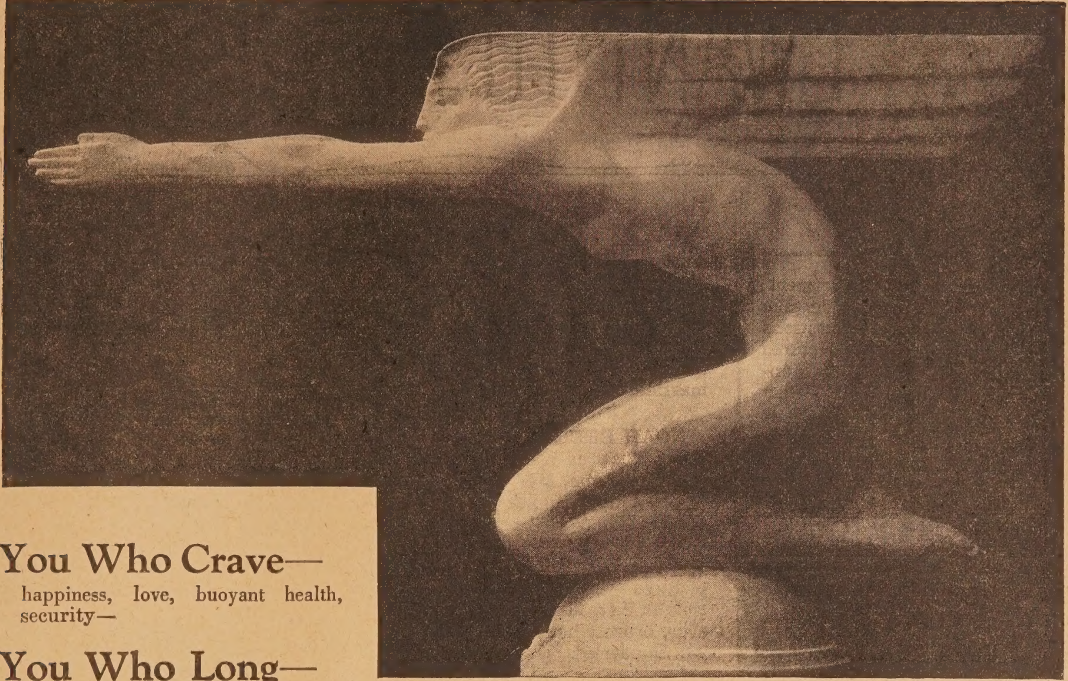

Sculpture by Harriett Frismuth

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happiness, love, buoyant health, security—

You Who Long—

to be free of the fetters of fear—worry — habit — inferiority complex—failure—

Do You Realize—

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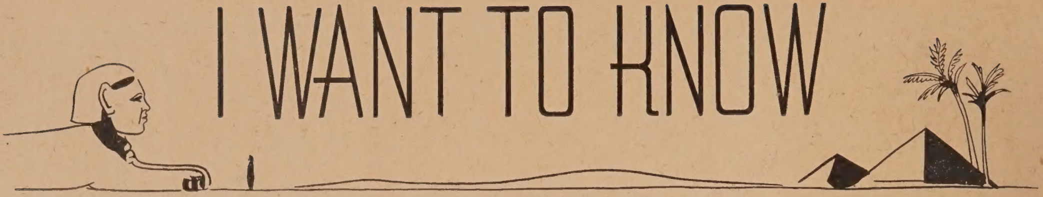
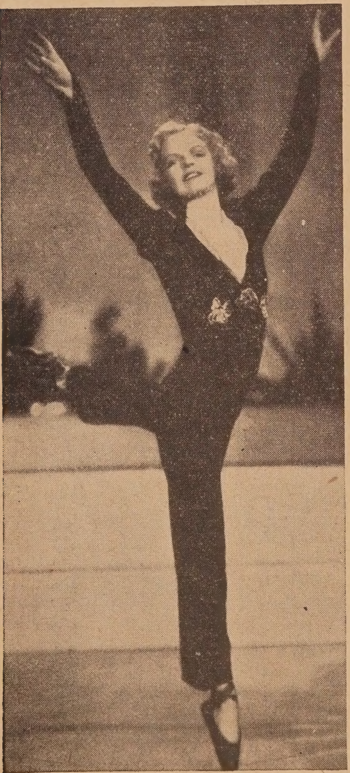
I WANT TO KNOW



Through this department, *Modern Movies* will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., Modern Movies, 381 4th Ave., New York City.



America's prima danseuse, Harriet Hoctor

HARRIET HOCTOR, ballet dancer, began study under the famous master, Chalif, at the age of 12. First in vaudeville and then with the Duncan Sisters in "Topsy and Eva," she became nationally known. Her first motion picture appearance was in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her latest release is "Shall We Dance," co-starring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. Height, 5 ft. 1 in.; weight, 113 lbs.; hair, blonde; eyes, blue-gray; unmarried.

●

NOAH BEERY, Jr., son of Noah and nephew of Wallace. His mother was an actress, Marguerite Lindsey, in silent films. He has played in "Heroes of the West;" as *Tom Tyler* in "Jungle Mystery," "Rustler's Round-up," and the "Trail Beyond." Latest pictures — "Stormy" and "Parole." Height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 170 lbs.; eyes, brown; hair, dark brown; age, 23; unmarried.

●

WALTER BRENNAN was an actor twenty years ago, but he preferred going to Guatemala to raise pineapples, to trying to crash the movies. He raised pineapples so wisely and so well that he was able to retire. But he retired to Los Angeles at the height of the Southern California real estate boom—and just couldn't keep out of it. He lost his all and in desperation turned to pictures. The part of *Old Atrocity* in "Barbary Coast" put him into international circulation.

●

JEAN ARTHUR. — By accident launched into the field of fashion modeling, Jean Arthur was discovered by a movie talent scout and so entered pictures. Not long after, she was in "Warming Up," starring Richard Dix. After several more pictures she returned to New York, and went on the stage in the play "Foreign Affairs," with Dorothy Gish. In 30 months she was cast in 11 different plays. She went back to Hollywood and among other triumphs, scored a decisive hit in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." Height, 5 ft. 4 in.; weight, 110 lbs.; eyes, gray-green; hair, blonde. Married to Frank J. Ross, Jr., of Long Island, N. Y.

●

Everyone knows that MARY PICKFORD and NORMA SHEARER were born in Canada, but as a reminder that there are others: NED SPARKS is from St. Thomas, Ont., FAY WRAY from Alberta, WALTER HUSTON from Toronto, (same as Miss Pickford), RUBY KEELER from Halifax.

●

ERROL FLYNN.—"English actor from Ireland." Educated in Paris and London. Proficient in boxing, swimming, rowing and Rugby football. Direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, who led the mutiny on the Bounty, a century and a half ago. Appeared on London stage previous to his coming to Hollywood. Among other films, has appeared in "Captain Blood," "Charge of the Light Brigade," "Green Light," "Another Dawn," "Prince and the Pauper." Height, 6 ft. 2 in.; weight, 180 lbs.; hair and eyes, brown; age, 28; married to Lily Damita.

The gay, adventurous Irishman, Errol Flynn, whose private life is nearly as romantic as the colorful roles he portrays on the screen

●

GERTRUDE MICHAEL.—A precocious child who, studying law at fourteen, abandoned that field for music. Became interested in the stage and from a little theatre movement she started in her home town of Tallajeda, Ala., developed into a

(Continued on page 77)

IT HAPPENS IN HOLLYWOOD

BOULEVARDING around the filmetropolis and eyeing the passing show. The merry-go-round still turns, and there's no brass ring here to reach for. Made a special trip to check up on a sign reported near the University of California in Los Angeles. Remember the big billboards for "Camille," reading "Garbo loves Robert Taylor—in Camille?" Some adoring co-ed added the line, "So do we." And the next morning that statement had been signed by over fifty other moonstruck maidens from the campus.

How tiny Miriam Hopkins looks in the strong arms of six-foot-plus Joel McCrea. Such goings-on on the set of "Woman Chases Man!"

SPEAKING of that handsome heart throb and all round swell guy Mr. Taylor, there were palpitations, shivers, heart failures and near apoplexy rife at M-G-M lately. The cause? Some frantic fan wired in a quizz about a certain Robert Taylor who up and married one Fay Douthit of Garevalley, Ark. Hold your hats, girls, it was all a false alarm. Mr. Taylor of Hollywood is still free, white, and as eligible as ever.

Producer Victor Schertzinger welcomes Anna Sten, again in Hollywood to make pictures. Hubby Dr. E. Frenke seems bored.

HOLLYWOOD'S greatest event of the season of course, is the marriage of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. Excitement is at fever pitch as the event draws near, for the nuptials will be solemnized on June 17th. Greatest factor in the burning interest is the quiet, sensible, and reverent way in which these two young people are approaching the sacred rite of marriage. To the film capital, where love affairs and marriages are unexpected, ardent, and sudden there is a beautiful example being set by two lovers who have proceeded throughout with discretion, dignity, and thoughtful solemnity.

Call it superstition, shyness, good taste, or what you will, you cannot but help admire Jeanette's complete and final refusal to have any pictures of her in wedding dress taken. Naturally, one is anxious to see her as a bride, but there is a wholesome and lovely feeling in knowing that a great public figure wants to have all the mystery, and beauty, and privateness of her marriage day for herself. Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald have conducted themselves throughout one of the world's most talked of romances quietly and becomingly, and that, perhaps, more than anything else, should prove the sanctity and completeness of their love.

It should be the happiest and most successful of marriages, a union of abiding strength and beauty. They have both waited a long time, both considered carefully, both proved themselves worthy of all the best in love. May they both find it in each other and God Bless them.

(Continued on page 9)

MODERN MOVIES' CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE

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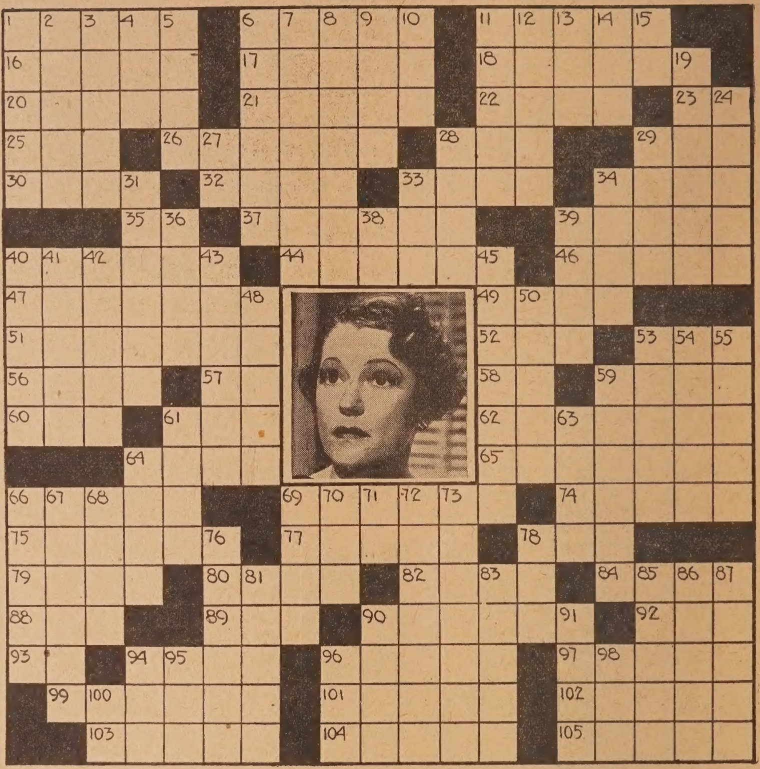


HORIZONTAL

1. & 6. Star in "Mama Steps Out"
11. First name of feminine star in "Beloved Enemy"
16. A German title
17. Eagle's nest
18. Actresses do not eat these in kissing scenes
20. Correct
21. Frolics
22. Handicaps
23. Toward
25. Half a score
26. Feels
28. Prefix meaning 'before'
29. Found under movie seats
30. A paradise
32. Kind of sign in front of a movie house
33. Stared at
34. Wings
35. What Clara Bow had
37. Sharp-shooter
39. What the actress does to the villain
40. First name of male star in "Sing Me A Love Song"
44. Went by boat
46. What Boy does to Girl (from a movie title)
47. One from whom property is transferred
49. Opens (poet.)
51. Part of your car
52. Kind of meat they feed the movie lions
53. First name of a movie star in "The Irish in Us"
56. Decades
57. Accomplish
58. Force behind mesmerism
59. Vein of ore
60. Before
61. What some movie actresses do often
62. Treachery
64. Take the part of
65. Last name of a male player in "Sing Me A Love Song"
66. The month even stars get fooled
69. Last name of female star in "Outcast"
74. Tender spots
75. First name of female star in "Gold Diggers of 1937"
77. Make use of
78. By
79. Pealed out
80. Kind of rubber
82. Part of a machine
84. Killed
88. Termination
89. Work diligently
90. Glossy paint
92. Kind of wine vessel
93. Latin conjunction
94. Ring of light
96. Salty solution
97. Consumed
99. Untidy person
101. Man's name
102. One who acts for another
103. Actresses seldom get this way
104. Popular drinks
105. Droves

VERTICAL

1. Lessen
2. Injured
3. First name of female star in "Theodora Goes Wild"
4. Scan hastily
5. Ambitions
6. She plays in "Three Smart Girls" (last name)
7. Excuses
8. Foreign country
9. Sags
10. There are a lot of these men in Hollywood
11. Male star in "Gold Diggers of 1937" (last name)
12. Completed
13. Drive out
14. Fame or praise
15. Half an em
19. She starred in "Wanted: Jane Turner" (last name)
24. Signs
27. Same as 15
28. Burning pile
29. An adhesive
31. Compounds of nitrogen
33. This poor fish is slippery
34. Tarzan played with these
36. Cloth shelter
38. Jumbled type
39. Kind of bird
40. Squander
41. Change
42. A S. American vine
43. Filled with a strong grass
45. She played in "Craig's Wife" (first name)
48. Wear away
50. Spanish father
53. A difficult question
54. Love
55. Temporary abodes
59. Works
61. This is how gals get about Robert Taylor
63. Gaelic language
64. — Me A Love Song
66. Coincide
67. Seeds
68. Tear
69. She kept a diary (first name)
70. Eggs
71. The Sun god
72. Substance used as coal
73. Boy! Does she dance in "Born to Dance!" (first name)
76. A fruit (pl.)
78. Prefix meaning "before"
81. Woman—. (a movie title)
83. Terminations
85. Subsequently
86. Make changes
87. Desires
90. Eagle
91. She starred in "Holy Terror" (first name)
94. Part of a wheel
95. Farewell (L)
96. Girl's name (abbr.)
98. Grow old. Movie stars conceal this
100. Behold

Happens in Hollywood

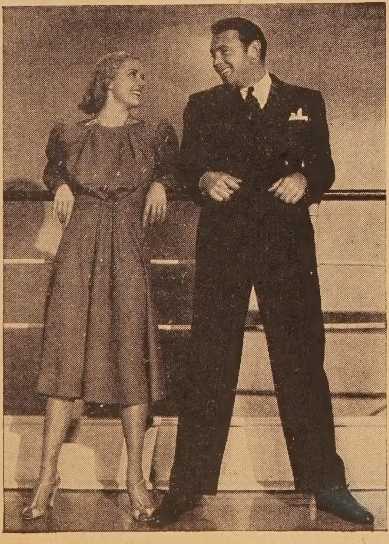
(Continued from page 7)

T-uneful, charming Alice Faye
O-nly sets her heart one way
Never believe the Power rumor
Y-oung Martin suits her present
humor.

Right you are, Tony Martin, that big, pleasant lad with the big pleasant voice is "right on the tip" the tip of her heart. That's our guess; but then, of course, where filmaidens are concerned a guess can go only two ways—and both of them are usually wrong. For the present, however, all is lovely, and the best of luck to them. They're two grand guys and have a raft of things in common. Every chance for happiness, you'd think, and lots of folks would like to see them take it. As far as Tony's concerned what he wants is more and more Alice Faye, and that likeable six footer's emotional barometer is set at "Faye-r and warmer."

Grace Moore besieged by autograph seekers. Hubby Valentin Parera (looking over her shoulder) appears anxious to "get it over with."

SO the biggest, most spectacular, exciting and gala party of the year was Marion Davies' circus party for Mr. Hearst; and it was a three-ringed circus and no mistake. The list of guests might have been a Hollywood "Who's Who." Prominent in the proceedings was that gay jester, George Jessel, the only guest uncostumed—that is not in fancy dress. A sign he had across his suit read, "I'm a tiger, but they didn't bring the costume." Al Jolson cracked, "That's George all over—one hundred per cent, genuine, unshrinkable American. The stars and stripes for ever—hold that tiger!"



Anita Louise and George Brent having a merry moment on the set of "The Go Getter."

SPEAKING of the Davies party: Carole Gable and Clark Lombard—pardon us, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable—were very much in evidence, costumed as cowboy and cow-girl. An interesting sidelight on the progress of this spotlighted romance was the fact that they brought one present between them—a Shetland pony. Someone—could it have been Winchell — asked something about "Middle-aisling," but Carole just smiled and said, "Ah, that's a horse—or do I mean pony—of a different color."

They call him Mary's little lamb
But Buddy doesn't care. He
Really doesn't give a—Sam
Hill, if he marries Mary.

AND the plans are all set, signed, sealed and delivered. They'll be married at the end of June, not in England as formerly supposed. A new Pickford producing firm to be affiliated with United Artists brought Mary harking back from London and the coronation, so it'll be a Hollywood wedding after all. Best of luck and happiness to both!

DROP into Lucey's restaurant near the R-K-O lot any day at lunch, or of an evening dine at Victor Hugo's, and you're bound to spot an interesting and new twosome. That's Herbert Marshall and Lee Russell, the tall, willowy, and attractive sister of Rosalind Russell. That suave and charming Englishman seems to have lost his customary reserve for the nonce—or should we say, for Lee? They make a fine couple, both tall and slim, and the whispers are going about that it's awfully in earnest. Well, Lee, they say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, so keep up those luncheon and dinner dates!

J-ust to prove that they're good
friends
A-nd that there are no loose ends
C-onstantly you see Elaine
K-nighted by her former swain.

'SFACT! Elaine and Jack Barrymore, having cut the Gordian knot, are still stringing along together. They're seen about quite frequently, dining, dancing, and at the theatre. Saw them at the Biltmore Theatre lately, laughing at the quality quips in "Tovarich," the play about Russians. Is Jack still "russian" Elaine?

IT'S Joe Penner who's added a new high for interior decoration. He's wired his entire new home at Holmby Hills, a hidden receiver and transmitter in every room. There's even

(Continued on page 11)

SPOTTED FOR STARDOM

Joan Fontaine — sister of Olivia de Havilland—has been raised to the ranks of the stars.

CERTAIN qualities make the studios keenly watchful of certain players. On the continuance of those qualities in a given actor, the executives base their hopes for possible stardom. Sometimes the rise is so meteoric, the public acclaim so tremendous, that a star is born overnight. At other times, the progress is more leisurely and not so certain.

But conditions being favorable, the slowly growing player's success is more likely to be permanent. Sudden stardom sometimes proves disastrous.

Norma Shearer and Jean Arthur are examples of a none-too-quick rise in screen fortunes. Both will stay before the public—if they so wish—a long, long time.

Olivia de Havilland has recently risen spectacularly to fame and her star is still in the ascendant. On the other hand, Joan Fontaine is an instance of slower but most promising progress, and, incidentally, Joan is a sister of Olivia.

But now Joan, too, is spotted for stardom. The public's approval of her acting became so marked that R. K. O. executives knew their appraisal of her was correct. She will make her debut as a star in "Curtain Call."

She has already acted with distinction in several pictures. She first appeared as an actress in the stage play, "Call It a Day." Two weeks later she was under a long term contract with Jesse Lasky, now an R. K. O. producer. A week later she was cast with Katherine Hepburn in "Quality Street." Shas since appeared as the feminine lead in "The Man Who Found Himself" and will play opposite Preston Foster in "You Can't Beat Love."

Under her mother's direction, Joan early became interested in the theatre. In the International Settlement in Tokio, Europeans and Americans are wont to amuse themselves with amateur theatricals. Here Joan found many opportunities to develop her budding talent. She acted in a number of Shakespeare's plays and holds the record of having been the youngest Ophelia of all time.

She is sincerely eager in her attitude toward acting and motion pictures. She constantly attends film performances, not only because of her enjoyment of them but to study the technique of other actresses as well.

Still much under twenty, she has initiative and courage. In her contract it is written that no publicity is to be given the fact that she is a sister of Olivia de Havilland.

Joan was born in Texas, educated in Saratoga and San Francisco, and has a flair for water colors and drawings. At three years of age her intelligence quotient showed 160, ten per cent better than genius.

She is 5 feet, 3¾ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Her blonde beauty is a real asset, for it carries with it unusual qualities—great animation and amazing sincerity. She is sensitive and impressionable—vital assets for an actress.

Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 9)

one hidden near the highway in a hydrangea bush. So beware the parting guest, no cracks or quips about the host, for the very walls have ears—and more than ears, a voice. Joe is well known as an accomplished ribber, so woe-betide the visitor who should happen to drop an unfortunate remark.

However, Joe's such a nice fellow anyway, that probably all he'll overhear will be enough to keep his ears burning. He'll probably have a lot more fun with the loud speakers. He can rib the departing couples, giving them the bird from the bush; and as everyone knows, a bird in the bush is worth two near at hand!

CLOSE-UPS and close-downs on Hollywooing: The Franchot Tones (Mrs. Tone, Joan Crawford—remember?) are still lovey-dovey, and fiercely resent any suggestion to the contrary. Quite right, too—they are one of the happiest couplets in Hollywood—check and doublet check . . . Tyrone Power doesn't seem to have lost any sleep over Sonja Henie since she left town—he still thinks she's a swell skate, of course, but no more. At least if he does, he's not saying anything . . . Rochelle Hudson and he are still seen about, and Alice Faye is by no means out of the running . . . more Power to both of them, say we . . . Olivia de Havilland looks lovelier and sweeter and gayer than ever. Not that she isn't at all times, but the new escort Phil Huston, six feet something of brawn, muscle, and charm seems to have added an extra sparkle in her eyes. Nothing serious as yet, but they make a grand couple. Phil looks as though he were enjoying life himself. Wake up and Olivia . . . Eleanore Whitney has a wistful look nowadays. James (Buffalo Bill) Ellison married Grace Durkin, and though Eleanore isn't saying anything, she thought that Jimmy was pretty nice. It's an ill wind, though, and that up-and-coming youngster Mr. Johnny Downs is wearing a wide smile and his heart on his sleeve—all for Miss Whitney. It's up to her. After all, Eleanor must choose her own ups and Downs . . . Glenda Farrell transatlanticalls Drew Eberson from Merrie England. If that isn't good business for Cupid at least it's good business for the telephone company—or maybe it's both? . . . and Elizabeth Young and Joseph Mankiewicz, who reconsidered and re-united, have now re-reconsidered and re-separated. Still good friends, but this time the break is for good.

A trick shot of that inimitable, lovable "gangster," Eddie Robinson. He's called for "Service" and how they give it to him!

FIRST Hollywood actress to date the man who makes a business of providing dates for Hollywood actresses, Ted Peckham, was Helen Burgess. Mr. Peckham has dabbled in more data about dates for undated damsels than anyone to date. He is at present busy with his Escort service in London, or perhaps by this time is back once again in Hollywood. It's hard to make any forecasts about a man who makes pleasure a business or vice-versa, but in the matter of extra-business dates to date Helen seems to have the inside track. This is one time that if the news is dated it's okay.

HERE'S a touching little human interest story from Hollywood the golden. Hat's off to Buck Jones, too, for a swell gesture!

In New York, little Joe Collins fell down a dumbwaiter shaft. He was badly hurt and had to go to the hospital. But he didn't cry, not Joe! He explained his fortitude thus: "Buck Jones wouldn't have cried."

When Buck heard about the boy he sent him a radio, and when the actor went East, he visited the little fellow and presented him with a cowboy suit.

Not only that, but it's an expensive business at the moment to visit Buck Jones' office. His production manager has a jar on her desk and everyone has to contribute for little Joe Collins.

Yes sir! If we may borrow one of Mr. Winchell's orchids we'd like to send it to Buck Jones.

OUT on the Warners lot there's an exclusive little club known as the "Bachelor's Dozen." (A "baker's dozen" is thirteen, a "bachelor's dozen," eleven.) Their names? All right ladies, sixteen to sixty, here they are!

Dick Foran, the Western star. Been married once but that's all over.

Barton MacLane, tough as they come on the screen, but as gentle as they come in the home.

Lee Dixon, that eccentric dancer and generally gay blade.

Wayne Morris. You haven't seen him yet, but he's coming along in "Kid Galahad." Voted to have the most contagious smile in pictures.

Gordon Oliver. He lost a fortune in the stock market, is making another on the screen.

Dick Purcell, favorite dancing partner at the moment of June Travis, but no ties as yet. Hurry, hurry, hurry!

Craig Reynolds, than which is none whicher among Hollywood's fluttering hearts.

Willard Parker, new to Hollywood, stands six feet four in his socks. A man among men!

William Hopper, son of the late DeWolf Hopper.

Fred Lawrence, good looker, good singer, good actor, good fellow.

And that perennial of perennials, George Brent.

There they are, lovely ladies, fancy-free and footloose, unmatched and available for Cupid's arrows any day now!

RUMORS still continue to waft abroad that Columbia and Frank (It-Happened-One Lost-Horizon) Capra are at the parting of the ways. Mr. Capra, it seems, is anxious to splash on another spectacle like "Lost Horizon" and the Mr. Cohens of Columbia are none too sure that they would like to spend another two and a half millions just yet, even if they could duplicate the smash hit that "Lost Horizon" undoubtedly is. The film under consideration is "Chopin," which has already been

(Continued on page 15)

MODERN MOVIES Presents for Your Convenience

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

More Review on Page 80

SHALL WE DANCE — R.K.O.-RADIO

The best comedy vehicle the terpsichorean twins have had since "Gay Divorcee." Gay, whimsical, melodic and charming, "Shall We Dance" presents Ginger as a famous musical comedy star, Astaire as "Petrov," the great ballet dancer with a penchant for tap dancing. In his own inimitable way Edward Everett Horton starts a rumor which spreads to every newspaper and radio station in America that Ginger and Fred are married—that they are even going to have a b-a-b-y! That starts the fire-works and furies, the fun and frolic in spite of which La Rogers and Le Astaire, fight, romance, dance and sing themselves into each other's hearts.

Naturally, the routines are magnificent, but you'll find the roller skate sequence and the big number at the end of the show top-notchers. Astaire and Rogers are splendid—so splendid that one resents almost that it is their last picture together. The picture only misses four star rating by reason of slow-paced direction.

WAKE UP AND LIVE—20th CENTURY-FOX

Another merry musical from the fabricators of "One In a Million" and "On The Avenue," this film is notable because it presents Walter Winchell, who turns out to be a very nice fellow and a darn good actor. The old maestropiece, Ben Bernie, is there with all the lads and some very good laughs, and Alice Faye and Jack Haley head right for stardom.

The story concerns a lad with "mike fright," who inadvertently, and unbeknownst to himself, wafts his pleasant voice out on the air and becomes an overnight sensation. This happy accident provides a series of hilarious situations and a number of songs that you will somehow find yourself whistling for weeks afterwards. Winchell and Bernie continue that pleasant, if verbally acrimonious feud, that ultimate disapprover Ned Sparks wanders in and out unhappily, and Patsy Kelly provides the howls as Winchell's Girl Friday.

A STAR IS BORN — UNITED ARTISTS

Certain of selection as one of the ten best pictures of the year, this excellent film makes a definite bid for the season's highest honors. Not only is it an amazingly successful adventure in the hazardous realm of technicolor, but it is a triumph of direction, story, casting and acting. An inside story of a small-town girl who seeks fame and stardom in Hollywood. "A Star is Born" follows none of the well defined paths for such a story, but blazes a new trail of its own; and it is a trail that you will follow through the two playing hours with breathless interest. You'll laugh and you'll cry, and you'll come out of the theatre remembering that not only have you seen a great picture but you have watched the motion picture industry take a great stride forward.

Janet Gaynor's performance should put her right on top again, and Fredric March's clear cut, restrained acting is his finest since "Les Miserables." Award the palm, too, to Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, and Andy Devine. And make no mistake; although it is a great picture, it's a picture that *everyone* will enjoy.

The Best of the Latest Films

These pictures have been selected because of the excellence of their story, acting, and direction

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Janet Gaynor in *"A Star is Born"*
Freddie Bartholomew in *"Captains Courageous"*
Spencer Tracy in *"Captains Courageous"*
Robert Montgomery in *"Night Must Fall"*
Fred Astaire in *"Shall We Dance"*
Ginger Rogers in *"Shall We Dance"*
Walter Winchell in *"Wake Up and Live"*
Elisabeth Bergner in *"Dreaming Lips"*

DREAMING LIPS — UNITED ARTIST

This story of a love triangle is done in the modern key. It shows not only a woman's struggle within herself because of her love for two men, but it reveals also something of the psychology that creates these emotions. Elisabeth Bergner, the wife in the story, shows again her rare talent for subtle roles. Her remarkable technique makes situations that might easily be "just another" love scene, tense and poignant. Her seduction of Raymond Massey, playing the role of a famous violinist, is nature itself.

In her betrayal of her lovable but gullible husband, her own heart is torn to shreds and her sleep is broken by dreams — dreams readily interpreted by anyone having a smattering of psycho-analysis. With a character so finely strung, so sensitive, the situation can end only in tragedy, and she destroys herself in the river. This is a truly great picture but it remains to be seen whether it is the type that will appeal to the popular taste.

Miss Bergner receives excellent support from Rodney Brent as *Peter,* her husband, and from Raymond Massey as the great violinist.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS — M.G.M.

Once more the men of Gloucester go down to the sea in ships, and the Kipling classic is as alive as though written yesterday. Freddie Bartholomew as the spoiled son of a millionaire starts the great adventure by falling overboard a transatlantic liner and being rescued off the Grand Banks of England by a Portugese fisherman, Spencer Tracy. In the narrow confines of a fishing smack, the subsequent action of the story takes place, and surprisingly, this limitation is really an asset for a scenarist, actors and director.

The plot is chiefly concerned with the unfolding of Freddie's true character. His association with Spencer Tracy is often compellingly moving and the friendship that develops between the two is as fine and touching as anything you have ever seen on screen or stage. The film ends in tragedy with Freddie unconsolable for his great loss.

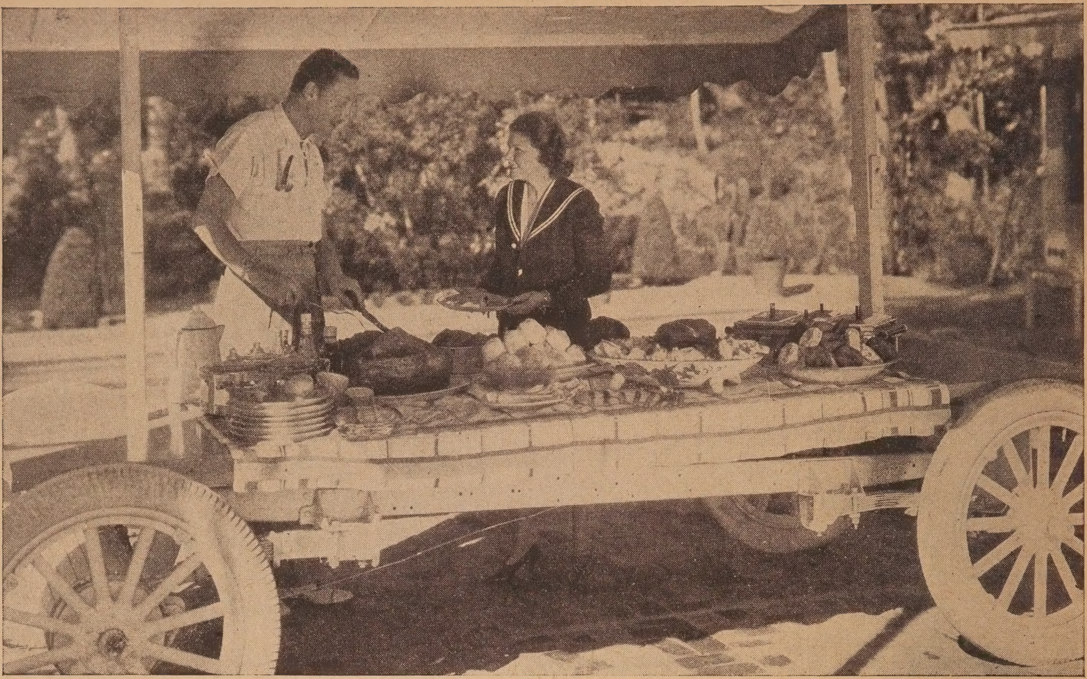
Unquestionably one of the greatest productions of the year and perhaps for many a year, this film has universal appeal for men, women and children. The cast is invariably excellent. Tracy and Bartholomew are at their best. Lionel Barrymore and Mickey Rooney are worthy of special comment. Superb photography and superb direction.

NIGHT MUST FALL — M.G.M.

Here's a picture that may cause a revolution both in Hollywood's selection of stories and of casting, and responsibility for all this rests upon the shoulders of Robert Montgomery. Having reached the top of the ladder as much by his pleasing personality as by his noted acting talent, the debonair Bob becomes a pathological murderer. The story is based on the stage play of the same name.

Montgomery, perhaps for the first time on the screen, really steps out of his own personality and becomes a character utterly alien to himself. There is a fusion of the old with the new, but this only intensifies the potency of the role and makes the portrayal devastatingly terrible. "Night Must Fall" unquestionably a shocker, but it is one that even highbrows will appreciate.

Merle Tottenham, Rosalind Russell, Dame May Whitty, give Montgomery excellent support.



The unique outdoor table-on-wheels which the Warren Williams use for summer buffets. Ladened with food it rests beside their pool.

FOOD TASTES BEST OUT-OF-DOORS

NO two people are of the same mind about eating in the open. The ardent picnickers want to roast and broil things over a camp fire and the hazards of flies and ants are of no great consequence. The porch-and-lawn diners are more finicky and want everything pretty de luxe before they stray from their comfortable dining rooms. The Warren Williams are between these two extremes—they have rigged up a novel serving table, on wheels, which gives the finicky eaters all the trappings they require, while Warren has a barbecue grill that more than satisfies the picnicking group.

The William serving table is an ingenious affair. The table part rests securely upon the white painted chassis of an old automobile. A wooden canopy protects the whole contraption from the sun. Mrs. William spreads the table part with a peasant linen cloth and uses earthenware and wooden accessories. It's the sort of thing any of you could make, or have made, for very little expense.

THIS movable serving arrangement permits your guests to eat where they like and it's a boon to easy entertaining in the hot weather. A typical William's outdoor buffet consists of one

(Continued on page 77)

Shredded raw cabbage and carrots molded in gelatin for a delicious summer salad.

A quick cooking meat loaf, served cold and surrounded by cooked, cold vegetables.

(Continued from page 11)

done in Europe. No decisions yet, as so far as the contestants are just sparring; and it'll be a tough decision to make. Spend two and a half million or lose Mr. Capra. Heigh-ho, we quote the odds as two and a half million to one, but we're not saying which way!

THERE'S a gardener in Hollywood who's probably still running! It seems that Mr. Karloff, who has developed the world's weirdest fancies in make-up, when faced with a straight part in "Night Key," was much troubled over how he ought to look. Pondering the problem he wandered home, to find a new chore man pruning some bushes in his garden. He looked at the fellow's unruly shock of hair, his dropping sauerkraut mustache, his thick-lensed glasses. Then the idea struck him. Here was the perfect make-up for his part of the inventor! His deep set eyes blazed with interest and delight.

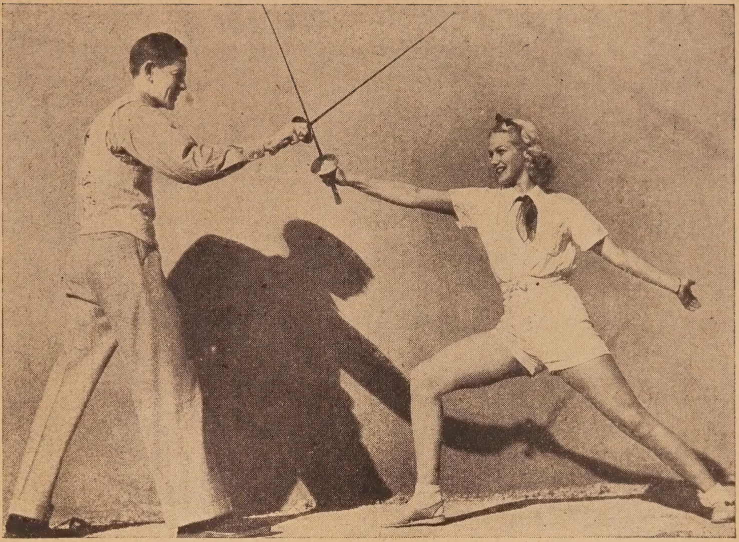
Now the new choreman had been engaged to do extra work for a family named Pratt (Karloff's real name), so you can imagine his frozen horror when he suddenly looked up to see the diabolical Karloff glaring at him He decided quickly that some geraniums on the other side of the garden needed mothering. His shuffling gait and stooped shoulders interested Karloff even more.

"I say!" he boomed out in his rumbling bass.

That finished it. With one frenzied backward look the gardener disappeared over the horizon, running as though all the fiends that Karloff ever impersonated were hot on his trail.

So if you should find the counterpart of Karloff's inventor in "Night Key," crouching alone in some desolate ditch, or living in a backwoods cave, please tell him that all is forgiven, and that the bad man of the movies has reformed at last. Sic semper tyrranis!

SPEAKING of departures, here's a pleasant note at the opposite end of the scale. Gloria Swanson is at last returning to the screen in a leading role. She will appear under the banner of Columbia in "The Second Mrs. Draper." This is Gloria's second big comeback. She had bad luck on the first one, should have good luck on this one.



To keep those perfect stream lines, blonde Martha O'Driscoll, to be seen in "When Love is Young," fences with her brother, William, in her recreation moments.

A NOTE of appreciation on Bob Montgomery, who has been making new history for himself. Bob has always been one of Hollywood's beloved, but the revolutionary change in him lately has been winning him more than love and friendship; he is now universally respected, admired, and looked up to. Not only has he made a radical change professionally, but personally.

Naturally he has made screen history with his splendid characterization in "Night Must Fall." But this is no sudden development. For a long time he has been at odds with the studio over the type of part he had to play. He was tired and bored with being the gay playboy, the debonair lover, in short, with being just Bob Montgomery. He saw "Night Must Fall" in London, persuaded Metro to buy it for him, and despite all the pre-screening doubts and wails of anguish, he more than justified his hunch. He's swell!

But the amazing thing is what has happened to Bob as a person. He was always gay, happy-go-lucky, and irresponsible. Suddenly all that has changed. He is now, in his capacity of President of the Screen Actors' Guild, an important force in the practical side of the business; and his interests and efforts are all directed toward bettering the condition of the working man, the bit player, and the extra in Hollywood.

For his work on the screen, for his new career, and for his invaluable work behind the screen, then, hats off to Bob Montgomery!

HERE's a comic little item about number one bad man, Brian Donlevy. It seems that after shooting late scenes on his current flicker, "Midnight Taxi," California decided to run up one of those rare (?) rainstorms. Brian tried for some two hours, unsuccessfully, to start his car; no luck. Anxious to get home quickly and comfortably through the storm, he developed a little storm of his own. His little brainstorm was to borrow the taxi which he drives in the film. Speeding home, refusing indignant fares right and left, he was picked up by the boys in blue, who were quite puzzled and perturbed over an unknown man with a California license driving a New York taxi with New York plates. They were so puzzled, in fact, that they decided that Mr. Donlevy had better spend the night in jail while they figured things out.

TWO more movies and Paul Muni and the silver screen will have pfft! Immediately after completing his last movie, the 42 year old star will start a vagabonding cruise around the world. Oh, he may come back! If, as he says, "Getting to be my own boss gets too boring." And everyone hopes he will. With his departure the screen loses one of its most distinguished actors.

Did They Get There

An analysis that explains why a dozen famous stars have such a tremendous feminine following.

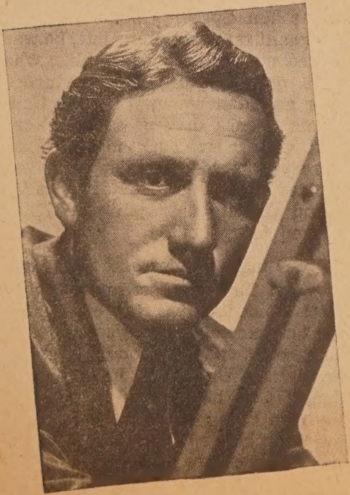
SINCE the striking rise of Robert Taylor in the affections of film fans—mostly feminine—there has been a throwback something akin to the days when Rudolph Valentino rode the Pegasus of skyrocket fame. In those now far-off days the hearts of schoolgirl and matron alike palpitated when the swarthy Rudy carried off Agnes Ayres to his desert tent to teach her the meaning of love. How the girls envied Agnes!

The present Taylor vogue is something else. Robert is also a great lover, but of a different stamp: his is a more gentle technique. Nevertheless, both of these stars are comparable in one respect—sex appeal. Still another similarity: Valentino was accounted a very handsome man, and you all know the plight of husbands whose wives compare their plain features with those of Taylor.

Essentially, the screen's new great lover is a ladies' star, the impression being that he represents perfection in masculine appeal. Imagine, then, the writer's surprise when told by a dashing girl of metropolitan manners that while she admired Taylor and Gable, she found just as much, if not more, of the S. A. in Spencer Tracy.

You could have knocked me over with a crowbar. Spencer Tracy—the tough guy with the heart of gold, who in real life would probably lash out with a wicked right if anybody called him handsome; Spencer Tracy, whose pictures have placed him in many a rough and tumble scene, whose language suggests the New Yorkese of "Thoid Avenoo" and "ersters," who appears to a

Key figure here is Robert Taylor, draped with beauties. Above, Bill Powell; below, Spencer Tracy, Taylor (again), Adolphe Menjou.



On Their Looks?

by

HARLAND PETERS

Gable is handsome—yes, but what about Gary Cooper (left) and Jimmie Stewart (below)?

mere male to shun such delicate matters as love and sentiment. But there could be no mistake—she meant it.

"Explain please," was the question put to the erudite—and pretty—girl.

"You fellows seem to think that a girl finds no appeal in a man unless he's terrifically handsome," she answered. "That's a mistake almost all men make. They think we go no further than the surface. Naturally, we like to be seen with a handsome man, but when the cards are down it is magnetism, both mental and physical, which counts most.

"Taking Spencer as an example, do you realize that, despite the sort of role he has played most of the time, he has a certain glow, which to you is simply a theatrical gesture, but to many women spells throbbing appeal?"

"Well, no, I hadn't thought of it that way. But aren't you an exception—and isn't he?"

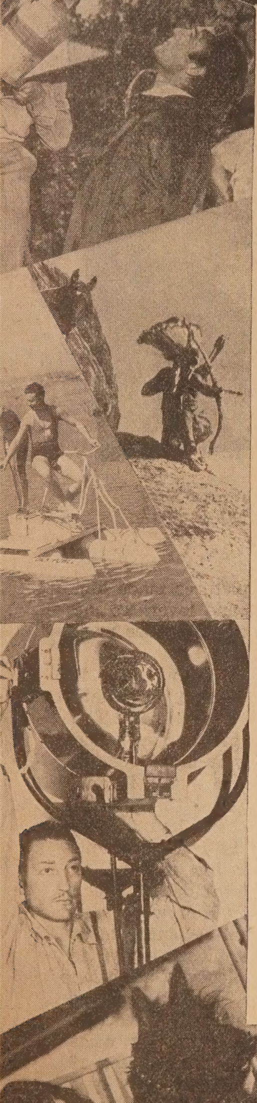
"You know, I'm sort of giving up on men. Don't you realize it isn't a bit unusual for women to like the unhandsome picture stars as well—and sometimes better — than those with the perfect forms and chiseled features? As for Spencer being an exception, he's only one of the many players not possessing male beauty who still holds a thrill for women. I like others myself."

At that statement the pink light of dawn spread surely through the cranium of the writer—this evidently was not a special case: there were other "unbeautiful" male stars who appealed to women in a romantic way. Who were they? We'd find out.

"Well, who are the others?"

"Not so fast, Lochinvar. That requires thinking, and I always avoid that unpleasantness if I can. However, you might consider William Powell. Some women undoubtedly think Bill a very handsome man, and perhaps he is— I wouldn't know. That's all a matter of personal opinion. But I do know this: he has a certain something that makes him a favorite with the girls. Maybe those 'Thin Man' pictures made him appear as the perfect husband and lover. To me Bill is not handsome, but he certainly does pack plenty of that stuff called 'it'."

Going back to the memories of silent days it was easily possible to remember Bill as the villain in the pictures made by Richard Barthelmess. The two were great friends and the films were made, for the most part, in a now forgotten studio on 44th Street in New York. Bill had a habit of going to lunch without taking off his makeup or costume. That doesn't mean anything in Hollywood, but, since his eating place was at least eight blocks away, he attracted plenty of attention from the always curious Manhattanites. It is certain that those who saw what looked to be an Apache of the most dangerous type sauntering up 48th Street would never have thought this unusual person would turn out to be Philo Vance and the "Thin Man" of the suave — if somewhat cockeyed—manners.



Double Romance

A SUCCESSFUL motion picture reflects the emotions and longings of the audience. A film like "A Star is Born" goes deeper than mere entertainment. Over and beyond its tears and laughter we feel we have a part in adventure, in the zest of living.

Much of its happiness the world must take by proxy. Therein lies the infinite power of the screen. From it beckons glamour, success, gaiety—it offers life not as we always find it, but as we would like it to be for ourselves. That feeling accounts in large measure for the eighty million admissions to picture theatres that Americans pay each week.

Robert Taylor, Bill Powell, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, each and all represent romance. What they do off the screen has become almost as important to the public as their studio activities. Their play personalities merge into their real ones. Powell *is* "The Thin Man;" Jeanette MacDonald *is* the sweetheart of "Maytime."

In essence a motion picture magazine is not dissimilar to a motion picture. The former is largely a projection of interests that the screen has already aroused, and these interests are constantly growing, changing, widening. Between the two, romance is doubled. Association with the young players gained from such a film as "Three Smart Girls," for example, is too delightful to be lost. To come upon them in the pages of a magazine is comparable to a reunion with chosen friends.

A beautiful actress appears on the horizon. She has charm, ability, every promise of romance. There must be a lucky man, we say, and wonder who he is. Then we read Olivia de Havilland's own statement, "Love isn't important at twenty." We become curious. Love, no matter what our age may be, is an emotion to which we always respond and we find ourselves inquiring, via the printed page, into this unique girl's life. It's an impulse we can't resist.

The motion picture magazine complements the magic of the screen. It enlarges and prolongs the dreams born there. For that alone, it is invaluable; yet something further is expected. We ask for service as well as entertainment.

And of prime importance among these service features are trustworthy criticisms of forthcoming pictures—criticisms by skilled observers who are looking at the screen through our eyes, and who know what will tune in with our emotions. They tell us which films will entertain us most and advise us which to avoid. A department of picture reviews represents, of course, only one of the forms of special information we seek. There are a dozen others of scarcely less importance.

Modern Movies is designed to meet all these interests of the movie goer. It's editorial formula is simple: To print not only all the important news of Hollywood, but to print such news while it is in the making; to forecast trends and events; and, above all, to give service. From the beautiful photographic cover of Deanna Durbin, to the last line on the last page, you will find this policy exemplified in the copy of *Modern Movies* you hold in your hands.

WILLIAM T. WALSH

Shirley's Bedtime

Hollywood's most popular actress retires with a stretch and a yawn. Cute? But wait till you see Miss Temple in her latest film, "Wee Willie Winkie!"

Gene Raymond

GENE RAYMOND has the best reason in the world for this happy smile—he is counting the hours now till June 17, when he leads to the altar the lovely girl on the opposite page.

JEANETTE MAC DONALD, the other half of the big romance, seems already to be looking toward far-off Hawaii, where she will honeymoon with Gene, "away from it all."

Jeanette MacDonald

TALA BIRRELL and JOHN BOLES in "As Good as Married"—a perfect title, we think.

At right, IRENE DUNN and RANDOLPH SCOTT do ditto in "High, Wide and Handsome."

JIMMY CAGNEY continues his march of cinematic triumphs in "Dynamite." He is growing handsome, the ladies say.

FRANCES DEE will delight you next in "Souls at Sea." She is always as refreshingly lovely as any ingenue.

TYRONE POWERS deserves all the recent raves about him. His latest success is with Loretta Young in "Cafe Metropole."

LORETTA YOUNG caught in a dreamy mood by the alert cameraman. This is one of the most unusual portraits ever made of her.

"Love

by JAMES REID

And the strangest thing about
exactly what she says—yet

"When I fall in love, I'll fall in love, and there will be nothing I can do about it . . . Love is a frame of mind . . ."

"LOVE important—at twenty?" Olivia de Havilland considered the matter, with mock-surprise in her voice. (A voice, by the way, that recently won a prize as the most expressive in Hollywood.) But a smile was hiding in her eyes. (Very brown, very clear and very honest eyes.)

It was such a shame—such a delightful shame—to disappoint an inquisitive interviewer!

She shook her head. "No," she said, "—speaking strictly for myself."

She implied that she might be a minority of one—and that now the questioning would have to take another direction.

It was the inquisitive interviewer's turn to smile.

Here was one of the prettiest, most intelligent, most talented girls in Hollywood—saying that love was not important to her at twenty. Moreover, meaning it. And she expected to change the subject!

Why did she say "No"?

Seeing her on the screen, you would never expect that to be Olivia's answer. She isn't a typical ingenue, more decorative than emotional. At twenty, she is a star—*because* of her ability to express emotions. Particularly romantic emotions.

Her eyes can glow with the glory of love, be poignant with its sadness. Her whole being says that life is exciting and thrilling, because of love. All of her thoughts and actions seem inspired by love—on the screen.

Who would suspect that, in reality, she has never been in love? And, what's more, never particularly longed to be?

Yet she comprehends love perfectly.

There is proof of that in "Call It a Day." This is a modern, sophisticated story. It details the heady effects of the first day of spring upon a susceptible English household. Olivia plays *Catherine*, the young daughter, who, with all the tragi-comic intensity of youth, believes that her life is empty because love has thus far passed her by. And who decides that something should be done about it before another day passes.

Olivia can put herself in the place of that girl. She can understand her. She can portray the girl so that *you* will laugh at her understandingly, pity her understandingly—her dreams and impulses and youthful romantic longings.

But Olivia, herself, is not that girl. Olivia has not yet been persuaded to the idea that love is important at twenty . . .

It isn't because she has had no opportunities to meet men. Hollywood is full of men. And it isn't because men aren't interested in her. Actors in the same cast with the little de Havilland find her irresistibly teasable (a sure sign of

Isn't Important at 20"

SAYS OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

this statement is that this rising young star means her acting shows she comprehends love perfectly

popularity); directors grow hoarse, hymning her praises; and actors, directors, writers and publicity men fight to pay her lunch-checks. Yet there are no romance rumors in her life.

"Maybe I just haven't met the man I could fall in love with," Olivia explained. "Or if I have, I didn't recognize him at first sight. Feminine clairvoyance failed me.

"I haven't tried to dodge romance, frantically, any more than I've tried to foster it (as *Catherine* does so frantically in 'Call It a Day'). I haven't made any five-year plans for staying single, as I've read I have. I haven't made any resolutions whatsoever about romance, either pro or con. I know very well that love laughs at resolutions.

"When I fall in love, I'll fall in love, and there will be nothing I can do about it. Any more than I can do anything now about *not* being in love. If it's to happen, it will happen. Like a lightning bolt. Just as spontaneously, and unpredictably, and uncontrollably.

"It hasn't happened yet. Perhaps because so many other things have been happening. Perhaps I have been too busy; perhaps I haven't been in the correct frame of mind. Love seems to thrive best on leisure. And love, to a certain extent, *is* a frame of mind.

"At twenty, I feel as if life is an airplane, taking me I-don't-know-where, although my hands are the hands at the controls. I am at last embarking on a solo flight, and that's the important thing. It's a tremendous thrill. Up to now, I've always had instructors with me, telling me how to handle the plane and—myself. Now I'm on my own. And I'm so intent on applying what I've learned, so intent on avoiding any accidents, so eager to see exciting far horizons, nothing else seems a tenth as important at the moment."

And "nothing else" includes love. Because:

"At twenty," says Olivia, "you still believe in the dreams that grew to be ambitions. Dreams of what you can become, if you really try.

"You still are young at twenty. At least *I* still feel terribly young. It's still too early to give up trying, too early to compromise

"At twenty, you still believe in dreams that grew to be ambitions. Dreams of what you can become if you really try."

Olivia is variously described as "the girl with the beautiful voice," "the beautiful figure," and "the beautiful smile." She interests men intensely.

She looks like an ingenue, but her screen roles reveal a deep emotionalism.

with those dreams. Later on, you may have to compromise. But not yet. Not if your dreams have the slightest nourishment or encouragement."

I reminded her that most of the girls she has played haven't had any dreams except romantic dreams.

"Don't forget, though, that most of them have been girls of bygone eras. It was a man's world in those days. No girl had a future except as some man's wife. So, naturally, she geared her dreams to marriage, and early marriage. She had no choice except to try to be attractive to the most attractive man in sight.

"It's a different world today. The girl who is still single at twenty doesn't have to be pitied. She isn't automatically destined for lonely old age. The chances are that she is a girl who is waiting to marry until she is sure that she has found love. She can afford to wait. She is as self-supporting as any man. She has a future in her own right. She has something important to live for, even if she isn't married." Olivia smiled, and added, "Or in love."

"Little girls today grow up with the urge for self-expression," she said, still smiling. "Maybe they always did, only they couldn't do much about it in the old days. Now they can. And they're discovering what they suspected for ages — that self-expression has its own alluring satisfactions.

"Maybe they don't have a word for it. Maybe they don't call it self-expression. But that's what it is. They want to make something of themselves, prove themselves as individuals ... . For a long time, their ambitions may be aimless. They may not be able to decide just *what* they want to do, or be. But by the time they're twenty, they usually know."

And is Olivia fairly certain of what *she* wants to be?

"Yes. An actress. A fine actress."

She said that with utter sincerity. The fact that she is a star at twenty impresses Olivia de Havilland less than anyone else in Hollywood.

Stardom doesn't make her a great actress. Only experience can do that. And simply because Olivia knows it, she has infinite potentialities for "proving herself as an individual."

She feels as if she has had woefully little experience. She has been acting "only a little more than two years." Note that "only."

She didn't grow up with the dream of

(Continued on page 70)

Olivia is a normal, happy girl who can afford to wait until life offers to her its very best.

Acting Began At 58 for Sam Hinds

by ROBERT DEAN

IN HOLLYWOOD you never know when, or whom, the lightning is going to strike.

It's a town where anything can happen—to anybody. And nobody ever knows why.

Today you are butcher, baker, candlestick maker, or school girl. Tomorrow you're a king or queen in the glamorous, make-believe world of the film studios. But who ever heard of a case like that of Samuel S. Hinds?

As those who have seen him on the screen—and who hasn't?—can attest, Hinds is a fine figure of a man. His hair is silvery, his carriage erect, his features finely chiseled. Meeting him on the street, you might easily mistake him for a diplomat, a university president, or a distinguished jurist.

And you wouldn't be so far wrong. For Samuel S. Hinds went to Harvard, and he holds a degree from New York University. For two decades he was a leading member of the New York and California bars.

Then came the depression. Sam was one of its victims. Suddenly, one day, everything was gone—a profitable law practice, the investments of a lifetime, a handsome home on exclusive Orange Grove Avenue.

About all Sam had left was a fine social position among Pasadena's elite, an excellent wardrobe, and an expensive automobile.

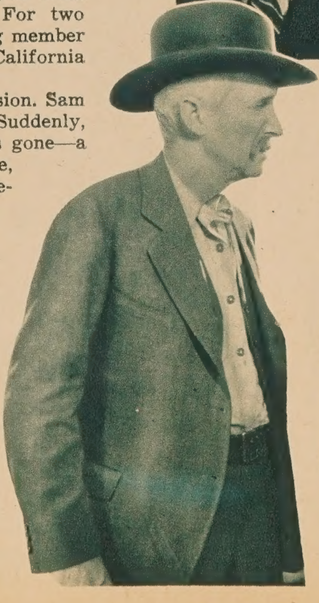
And he was 58 years old!

For awhile he thought about starting anew in law. But somehow he didn't have the heart for it.

And suddenly his

(Continued on page 71)

Samuel S. Hinds has played 100 screen roles since the depression took him to Hollywood.



Above and at left you see him in one of his character parts in the film, "The Mighty Treve."

OFF the

Laughs in picture-making

REINING CATS AND DOGS

With a troupe of dogs on separate leashes, Fred Astaire unexpectedly went through some fast capers while making "Shall We Dance." Came the set mascot—a cat. The dogs bolted en masse, Fred at the end of the leashes. The group, dashed madly around the stage until each master seated in different parts of the set, whistled for his dog. Responded the dogs, with Fred imagining he was holding reins on a cyclone.

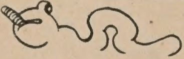
Fred promptly designed a dance based on his dizzy whirl.

HOT FOOT BROTHERS

While the camera was taking a closeup scene, one of the Ritz Brothers slipped up from behind and gave Adolphe the well-known and painful hotfoot . . . sticking lighted matches between sole and side of shoes.

Menjou yelled and then jumped, cracked the recording instrument diaphragm because of the high pitch of the yelp, and then got sore. He pointed out that his shoes had been ruined, and demanded that the pranksters pay him $75, the cost of the pair which he had had imported from London.

The brothers came through, and imagine their consternation when they discovered the laugh was on them. The shoes were domestic made and only cost the standard $5. Adolphe gave the money to a worthy cause.



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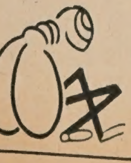


While Fredric March and Janet Gaynor were waiting for the order for "action" on the set of "A Star is Born," a property man defly-ed both cast and set.

Deflying is another word for getting rid of insects that otherwise would make funny a serious scene.

CAKE EATERS

Director Lee gave his okay for the cast and property department to "go" on a cake, 18 feet long and 13 inches wide.

The cake was decorated with twenty sugar swans pulling a sugar gondola loaded with candies and other sweets.

FILM

that never reach the screen.

DO NOT DISTURB

MARX BROTHERS SLEEP

While cameras were grinding the Marx Brothers' "A Day at the Races," Director Sam Wood hunted the trio. They were found sleeping. Instead of canvas-back chairs supplied by the property department, the Brothers had ordered beds for their convenience.

STYLE SETTERS

As Director Richard Thorpe gave the order for "action" on "Night Must Fall," Robert Montgomery was missing. Off in a corner, he was getting crocheting instructions from Rosalind Russell, the feminine lead. He was learning the mystery and intricacies of the shell and chain stitches.

RAIN PIPE

Behind scenes, Hugh Herbert was trying to devise a method whereby he could walk into a rainstorm and still keep his pipe lit.

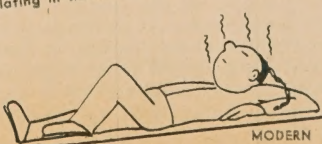
In a small candy store he found a toy umbrella which he brought back to the set with him. Then, rain was turned on, cameras began to grind, the pipe was lit, and Hugh Herbert began to smoke.

GETTING OILED

For realism's sake, Randy Scott, on an oil field set in "High, Wide and Handsome," was doused with auto oil. The stuff got in his eyes; rubbing inflamed them. Shooting was held up. Mechanic's soap removed the grease from his hair that night.

A FAINT TIE-UP

In "War Lord," a Chinese "prisoner" about to be "executed" fell into a dead faint. Not from fright or a sense of realism, but from the fact that the property man had bound the wrists so tightly that the blood had stopped circulating in hands and arms.



Are Second

Happy with their "seconds" are these movie queens. Above, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone; center, Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders; below, Claudette Colbert and Dr. J. J. Pressman.

MOST marriages aren't made in heaven; they're made in Hollywood. There are more weddings per capita there than anywhere else in the country. During the few minutes it takes you to read this story, chances are another Hollywood bride will say "I do," and wedding bells will toll for another ex-bachelor. If you put the marriage certificates issued to movie-colonists in one year end to end, they'd reach to Reno and back. Did you ever hear of a Hollywood spinster? Well, hardly ever. And even Lloyds wouldn't insure a man against the Wedding March in the film city. It's a marrying town. Everybody does it—once, or twice or even more.

But scan the records in this city of nuptials and you discover the surprising fact that out of these many unions, it's second marriages that seem to last. Somehow, it doesn't "take" the first time in Hollywood. First marriages, — in spite of the beauty of youth, sweet romance, and their pictures in all the papers—too often wilt with the bridal bouquet. Look in on filmdom households, and you'll see that in many of the happy ones, mister or missus, or both, have an ex in their pasts.

There's probably no family in the United States happier than the Wallace Beery's. Their's is a home of peace and contentment and deep affection. Everybody in Hollywood knows and respects their happiness, and many there are who envy it.

You see a fellow coming down the street, grinning proudly. He stoops a little as he walks because the yellow-haired child hanging onto his hand isn't very tall. That's Wally Beery and Carol Ann. Maybe you're been lucky enough to visit in his home, and know his wife, Rita, with her lovely calm face and quiet ways. Then you've seen Wallace Beery's eyes light up at the sight of her and a smile spread over his face at the sound of her voice, and you know that in that house dwell happiness and love.

Out from Hollywood a ways is a place swarming with children and noisy with their shouts and laughter. It's a gay, mad place, "bossed" by a slender little woman with wide, anxious eyes and a wistful voice. Her voice isn't really wistful — for she's as happy as the children. And her eyes aren't really anxious, either, because, for a long time now, nothing but nice things have happened to ZaSu Pitts.

Yet, probably nobody in the world was ever more devastated by a tragic

Marriages Best?

The records of Hollywood wedlock present a startling answer to this question. Do you agree with the findings?

by

MILDRED MASTIN

Hollywood is sure that the second choice of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell is perfect. And at left we have Helen Vinson with her mother and second hubby, Fred Perry.

marriage than she was. Her first marriage, you know, was to Tom Gallery. With ZaSu, marriage was for keeps. As Mrs. Tom Gallery, she settled down to making a home and bearing a family. Then her world began to fall apart. With horror she saw her marriage, her home, her very life it seemed, dashed to bits. There was a long separation, and finally a divorce. ZaSu kept the children. Extremely shy and retiring, a person who lives almost entirely within her little family and has few intimate friends outside that charmed circle, ZaSu must have found the months following that break-up a black hell of despair.

But when she chose, finally, a second husband, she chose wisely and well. Today, as Mrs. John E. Woodall, she is ecstatically happy. And there isn't a more pleasant household in all California than the Woodall *menage.*

Probably one of the most famous of Hollywood's second marriages is that of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. It's had lots of hazards to hurdle, too. For one thing few marriages—even in Hollywood—get as much publicity as theirs has. From the first time Franchot sent Joan a gardenia, their romance has been kept constantly in the public eye. A less sturdy affair would have withered and died in the bright light of publicity long ago. But the Tone-Crawford romance, happily, seems to flourish and grow in spite of it.

"Too much publicity" was cited by many as the cause of her first marriage hitting the rocks. If she glanced at Doug Fairbanks, Jr. once without smiling, if he scowled—even though the scowl was caused by a cinder in his eye—rumors flew thick and fast, and all the columns printed predictions. It's pretty hard to keep a romance fresh and sweet when everything you do, everything you say, comes out in black ink. Friends of Joan's say she tried hard to keep her marriage with Fairbanks from collapse. She is proud and clever and good, and was miserable over the failure.

But probably while muddling through that failure, Joan learned the secrets that make her second marriage a success. If Mr. and Mrs. Tone buy a new stick of furniture or go for a swim, the world is told. If Mrs. Tone frowns at Mr. Tone, columnists raise an eyebrow and a question. If Mr. Tone dances with another man's wife, everybody writes a paragraph. But has it made any difference to the Tones? No indeed! Joan smiles up at Franchot and he looks down at her and winks, and they go home together, thinking about something besides Reno.

And talking about second marriages that seem to be wreck-proof in spite of hazards, take a look at the Helen Hayes-Charlie MacArthur union. They've been married nearly ten years now—in Hollywood and out. And until last summer there was scarcely a day of that time free from ugly litigation hung over their heads by MacArthur's first wife, Carol Frink.

People less wise would have allowed the constant irritation, the unpleasant publicity, spoil their happiness together. In his salad days, the impetuous, freedom-loving MacArthur probably would have left his home and fireside and moved to a distant land, beyond ear-shot of Miss Frink's discordant accusations.

But the older, wiser Mr. MacArthur, having muddled through a first, unhappy marriage, prizes his second one highly. And so, he and Helen weathered the litter of litigation and came through it, their faith in each other strengthened, their happiness even more secure.

Ann Harding is one who is banking heavily on the success of second marriages. For so long her first marriage, to Harry Bannister, was looked upon as an ideal union. The Bannisters had lived quietly and to themselves, and it wasn't until plans for a divorce were actually announced that anyone suspected they were finding matrimonial seas rough. Their marriage crashed, it was said, because the popular blonde screen star out-shone her husband. He was "Mr. Ann Harding." A clever man in his own right, he was constantly handicapped by filmdom's limelight.

Wiser by her first unhappy experience, Ann Harding chose for her second marriage a man whose name is greater than her own. He is Werner Jannsen, known the world over as a great musician and so well established that his dazzling wife can't possibly dim the brightness of his own fame.

Another Hollywood favorite who is betting on a second union is Joan Blondell. "Incompatibility"—which, incidentally, most people didn't suspect,—was said to be the cause of her divorce from George Barnes. Some people hazarded the guess, "Maybe he was jealous of her leading men," but nobody seemed to know. Anyhow, her new husband won't be jealous of her screen lovers. For Dick Powell has already established himself as Joan's leading man—off the screen and on.

Over in England there's a bright, British star fast becoming an American favorite, who can offer proof that second marriages are happiest. Her name is Jessie Matthews. She was working in pictures with a young man named Sonnie Hale. She had gone through the despair of a first-marriage crack-up, and Sonnie Hale was picking up the pieces after his smashed romance with first-wife Evelyn Laye.

But past sorrows for Sonnie and Jessie are now forgotten. They are completely happy and deeply devoted. Sonnie is now directing Jessie's pictures—and doing a grand job of it. They refuse to take assignments unless they can work together, and neither gets farther away than the next sound stage from the other. The only heartbreak they've had since their wedding day was the death of their baby. For this loss they have sought to compensate by adopting a little girl. When they aren't busy on a picture, they are out on their farm, not far from London, sublimely happy and convinced that nothing can mar their happiness.

Helen Hayes and Charlie MacAurthur stood by each other through serious crises. The lower shot catches them in a rollicking mood at a burlesque ball.

Helen Vinson, too, discovered that a second marriage has a firmer foundation. Helen's first husband was a wealthy man several years her senior. Everyone said, "Lucky girl. He can give her everything!" And yet, the golden-haired young wife wasn't happy. She left him finally, and there was a divorce. For several years Helen said cynically, "I don't think I'll ever marry again—an actress is better off single—"

And then she met Fred Perry. The young

(Continued on page 76)

Yodeling, High-Riding Gene

Cowboy Autry is tearing right up the highway to screen fame. He's a sensation

by

MARGARET WAITE

HE'S the Lawrence Tibbett of horse opera, that yodelin', smilin', square shootin' young hombre, Gene Autry. Judging from the results of a recent popularity poll, there's been no one to equal him since old Colonel Selig first started shooting cowboys along the Canadian Pacific tracks back in the old nickelodeon days, and if the figgers don't lie, Gene can give no less a hero than Robert Taylor a run for his money, when it comes to fan following.

With an assignment to find out just what this lad Autry has that other cowboys lack, I treked out to the Republic stronghold at North Hollywood with two lumps of sugar for "Champion" and a list of ten questions for Gene.

The redskins were biting the dust thick and fast when I appeared at the studio gates trying to stare down the watchman.

"Have yer got a pass?" he asked truculently.

"No," I admitted, "but I'd like very much to see Gene Autry. I want to write a magazine story about him."

His face broke into a broad grin. "Why didn't yer say so? A pal of Gene's is a pal of mine . . . Walk straight to yer left."

Walking straight to my left, I encountered three technical appearing gentlemen in overalls. "You one of the Fiesta dancers?" one of them asked.

"No," I said politely, "I want to interview Gene Autry—"

"Right this way, lady, an' you'll find him one swell gent."

With all this build-up, I decided, Autry'd better be good!

I waited some moments watching more redskins bite the dust, and wondering what a "six-shooter" was and why it couldn't be a "seven-shooter" or an "eight-shooter," when at last Director Mack Wright hollered "cut," and Gene came galloping up, dismounting Champion in one instant and greeting me heartily in the next, just as though I'd been brought up back in Tulsa, too!

The most remarkable thing about Autry is his smile. Swift, dazzling and genuine, it has a warmth to it that one doesn't forget. One reason why Autry fans go back again and again for more, and the Republic cameras can't grind fast enough to turn out enough musical westerns to supply the demand.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," he said in his friendliest Oklahoma drawl. "We had to kill Monte Blue three times this morning before it took."

"He's a die-hard," I ventured flatly, still dazzled by the Autry grin.

"We always have production trouble when I try out a new pair of spurs," he explained. "It's a sort of jinx."

I looked down to admire the "new" trappings and he told me that they had once belonged to Kit Carson, and were the newest addition to a large collection of spurs which includes Buffalo Bill Cody's, General Lee's, the Tracy brothers', as well as those belonging to the jockey who rode "Man O' War" to victory.

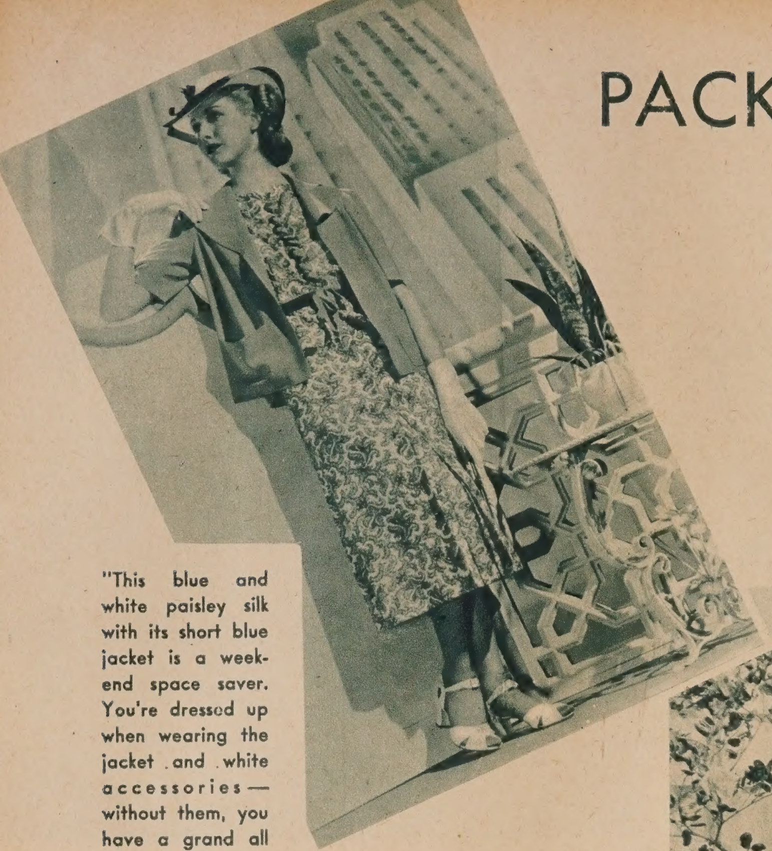
"I've tried to get Napoleon's three times at auction," he said, "but some tenderfoot always overbid me."

I offered appropriate sympathy, but Gene already had a large crowd around him and was plunged in the midst of a hilarious anecdote which convulsed us all. On the fringe of the crowd I spotted Smiley Burnette, Gene's perpetually bewildered stooge, who is to an Autry picture what cheese is to apple pie. Smiley

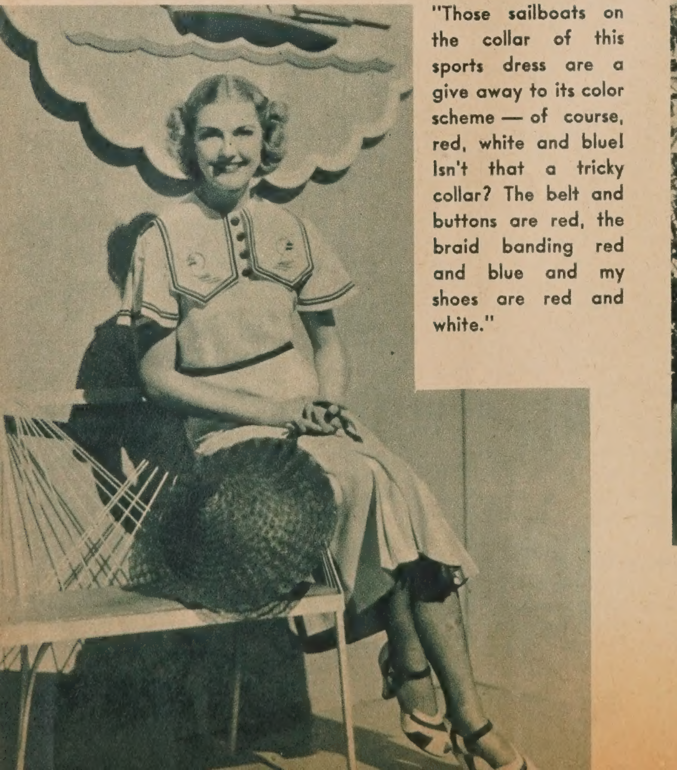
(Continued on page 72)

PACK COLORFUL and ROMANTIC

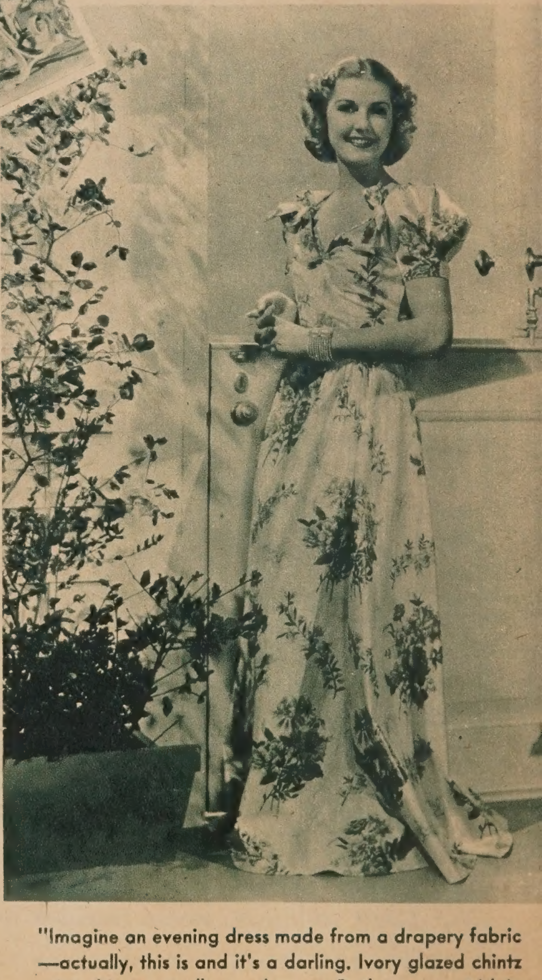
Fashion sketch of Anita Louise . . . Anita Louise is one of those lovely natural blondes . . . honey colored hair, delicate, flawless skin tone and vivid blue eyes. She's slender and of medium height. Loves blue in all shades, brown and green. Wears a lot of white in the summer and much black in the winter. Likes simple clothes with an individual twist. She has a natural smartness and buys her own clothes with a sure hand. She's currently appearing in "The Go-Getter" with George Brent.



"This blue and white paisley silk with its short blue jacket is a week-end space saver. You're dressed up when wearing the jacket and white accessories— without them, you have a grand all 'round sports dress."



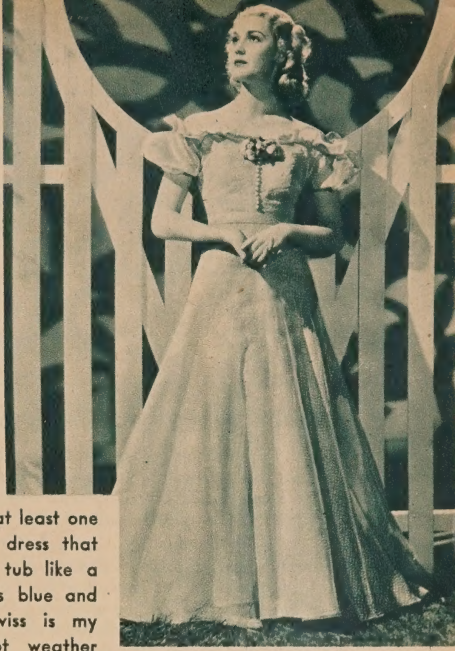
"Those sailboats on the collar of this sports dress are a give away to its color scheme — of course, red, white and blue! Isn't that a tricky collar? The belt and buttons are red, the braid banding red and blue and my shoes are red and white."



"Imagine an evening dress made from a drapery fabric —actually, this is and it's a darling. Ivory glazed chintz printed in rose, yellow and green. Rather peasant-ish in the puffed sleeves, fitted bodice and full gathered skirt."

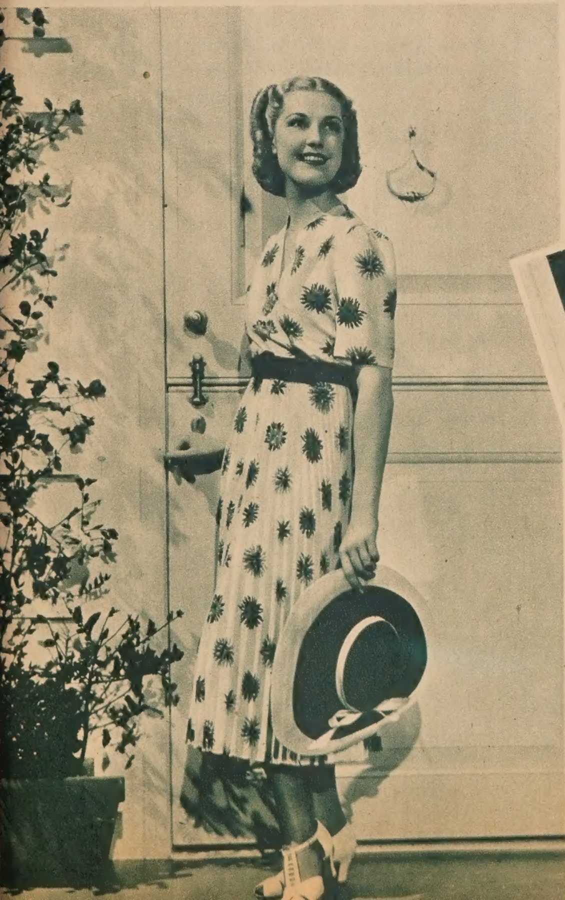
PLAY CLOTHES
EVENING THINGS
For
Real VACATION
FUN

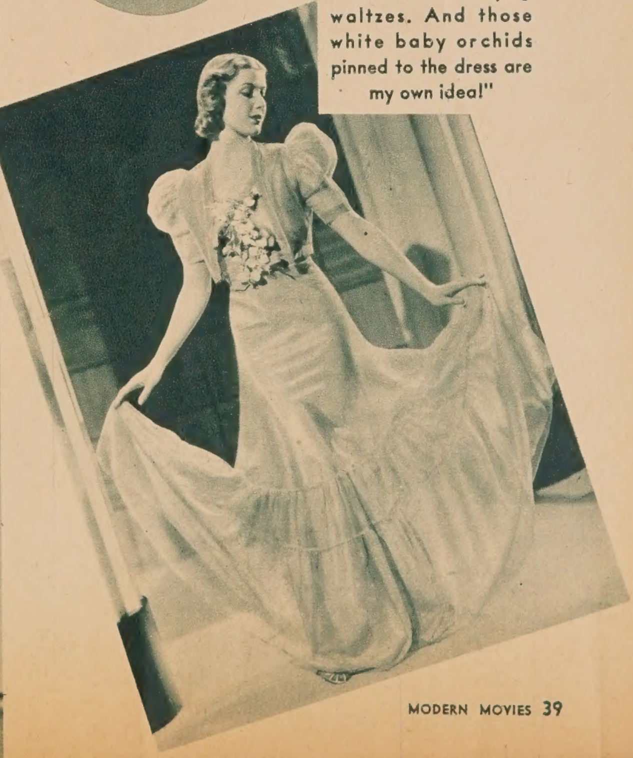
ANITA LOUISE says:



"You must have at least one summer evening dress that can go into the tub like a handkerchief. This blue and white dotted Swiss is my stand-by for hot weather partying. It's always fresh and crisp."

"My favorite summer print is this yellow crepe splashed liberally with rust red and brown flowers. Lots of freedom in that full pleated skirt. My hat is brown with yellow organdy trim."





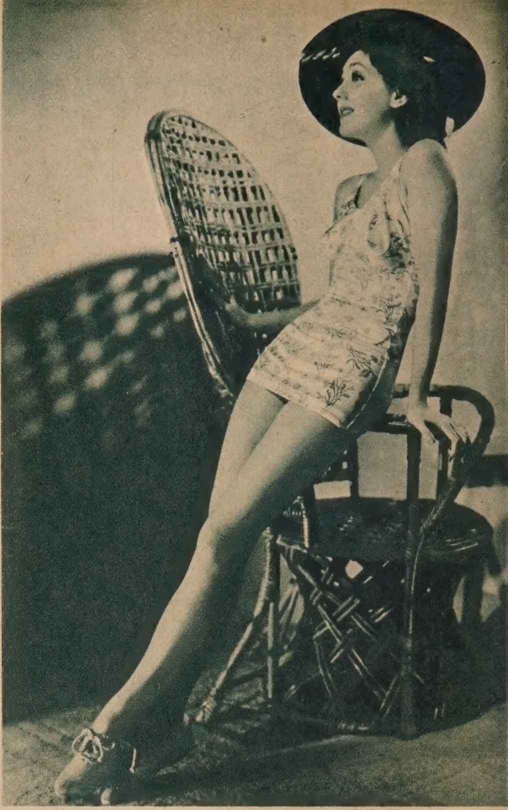
"Romance and glamor all in one lovely dress of slate blue marquisette over taffeta. The skirt is made for swaying waltzes. And those white baby orchids pinned to the dress are my own idea!"

SUN DAY SUITS

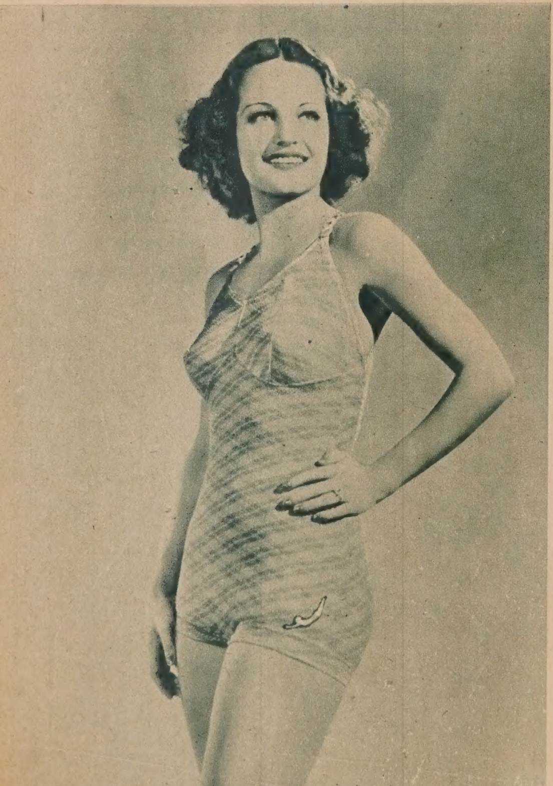
WIRED FROM HOLLYWOOD

. . . For swimming pool use, Hollywood has gone wild over huge towels which are thirty-eight by seventy-two inches and are decorated with man-size caricatures of life guards, sailors, etc.

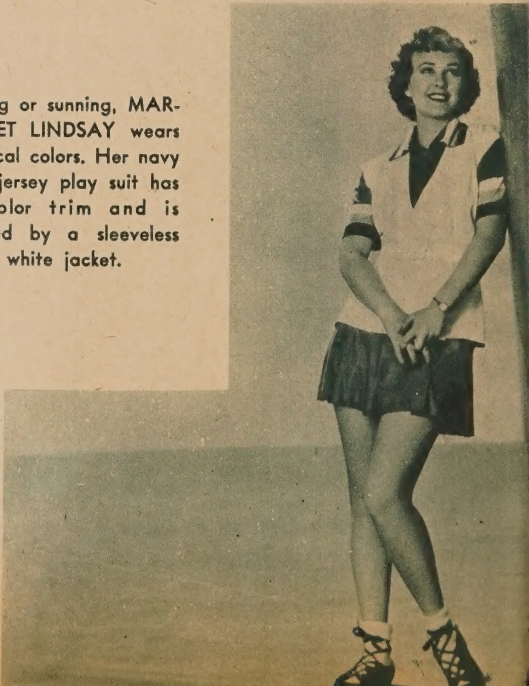
. . . Luise Rainer has an eye for fashion trends which may pop up in strange places. She has had the straw sandals copied which Paul Muni wore in "The Good Earth." She is wearing them at the beach this summer. The sandals have thick soles of braided straw and fit well over the foot.



A beach beauty is JEAN PARKER in her slick white satin-and-elastic bathing suit printed with sprays of California poppies.



A gay gingham plaid is woven into this wool-and-elastic knit, one-piece suit which ROCHELLE HUDSON chooses for active swimming.



Sailing or sunning, MARGARET LINDSAY wears nautical colors. Her navy blue jersey play suit has tri-color trim and is topped by a sleeveless white jacket.

WIRED FROM HOLLYWOOD

. . . Travis Banton, Paramount's ace designer, believes that under slips should be fitted just as carefully as our dresses. He declares that even washable dresses should be worn over a well-fitted slip this summer.

(Left)

White pigskin is the unusual medium used for this summer motoring coat worn by BINNIE BARNES. Her gloves are of the same blue which trims her linen-like straw hat and her shoes.

(Below)

All-over soutache braid comes out of the past to make this attractive two-piece afternoon dress of ALICE FAYE'S. The braid idea is echoed in the stitching on her yellow straw hat with high crown.

JEAN PARKER'S colorful red, yellow and white printed cotton ensemble doubles for active and spectator sports use. The sleeveless dress, with full skirt, has a short jacket for topper. Gay and cool.

SUMMERY IDEAS

WIRED FROM HOLLYWOOD

. . . M-G-M's designer, Adrian, has been asked to design Jeanette MacDonald's real life wedding gown and the gowns of her attendants. Adrian, who has been responsible for innumerable "synthetic" weddings will have his first fling at designing for an off-screen one. Jeanette, as you know, will marry Gene Raymond in June. The gown and dresses of the attendants are to be kept a secret, Adrian informs us.

It's Smart

Harpo, the maddest member of the famous Marx trio, says silence conquers all—even to dating a girl.

HE was alone with his harp. It towered in his room like a golden monument to his dizzy genius. My first impulse was to ask him to play something. But, somehow, that seemed like asking as much from a man who roomed with a steam caliope.

After all, it was enough that Harpo Marx, dumb in public, should talk in private. And I must say his speech had a refreshingly liquid quality. For his first words were:

"What'll you have?"

As he whisked out an ancient and honorable bottle there was opportunity to study the maddest and gladdest of the mad Marxes. It was something of a shock to find him quite sane. Only in his darting eyes was there that flickering light of the star-shot zany. For the rest, he was astonishingly substantial. Yet he moved with that same earth-free ease which makes him so eerie on the screen, flitting about as though at any moment he might flick himself up the wall and hang by a skittish ear from a frieze of cherubs. But he lighted at last with two conjured glasses and:

"We'll be all right here for awhile, then the place will go mad."

I took this to mean that his riotous brothers were on the loose and soon would come roaring in and playfully throw the furniture at one another. By comparison the thought of his professionally imposed silence was blissfully restful. Drinking his

Harpo, Chico and Groucho in one of their moods of wild, sweet music. Below, they are shown somewhat out of control in "A Day at the Races."

To Be Dumb

by CHARLES DARNTON

health—and he seemed positively vulgar with it—I wondered how long he had been making a living by keeping his mouth shut.

"I haven't spoken for twenty years," he said. "My keeping quiet was wholly an accident. In vaudeville I found I could sneak in and around scenes without conflicting with them, and it was this idea which led to my sticking to pantomine. Anyway, our first skit couldn't run longer than forty-five minutes when we put it on down at Henderson's Music Hall, Coney Island, so we kept it within the time limit by having me play around the edges in dumb show."

I could only remark that it must take a smart actor to be dumb.

"I don't know about that," was his modest reply. "But I do know Chaplin is right and that he should never change. He's a god. In my case I've found out that, for some reason, I have the sympathy of an audience. Maybe it's because they think I'm deaf and dumb. Whatever the reason, I realize that if I get sympathy without trying for it that's good. But if I deliberately go out for it that's bad. When we were in vaudeville we found our sketches were far more popular when they had pantomine in them. Maybe audiences like it because then they have nothing to think about. I try to convey what I mean. But to be able to do this I must believe it myself from the start. Then it's easier than dialogue, easier to get a laugh, I mean. In dumb show the laugh may depend upon the slighest gesture, a mere glance, or the faintest expression. Usually it's some little thing."

"What's the biggest thing you've done in pantomine?"

"Making a date with a girl," he grinned. "Quite a while before I was married, of course. She sure was one I'd never seen before. That was in New York. We were playing at Loew's Forty-second street—yes, the old American Music Hall—and she was sitting in a box. I noticed she was lovely. Then I noticed she was noticing me. At first I couldn't believe it. But after a while I saw she was flirting with me, turning on a smile and doing some fancy eyework."

"And what did you do?"

"The nerviest thing of my life. But I had to wait till the end of our act. As a gag I always took a call by hanging on to the back-drop when it was raised and lowered. This time I told a stage-hand to hold it at the top a few seconds. I thought it would be a unique way to meet a girl, so as I hung by one hand I pantomined with the other for her to wait for me outside. She was right there. 'You're crazy,' she said. I agreed with her, and I guess that's what made her like me."

Harpo actually blushed before going on, a wistful, nostalgic note in his voice:

"We went together for two years. And whenever we played in or near New York there would be Rosie—her name was Rosie—sitting in a box."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, you see Rosie was a natural homebody and didn't like chasing around all over the map. She wanted to settle down, so she married an undertaker and now—"

The telephone rang.

(Continued on page 73)

The face (left) that won pretty Susan Fleming, "the girl with the million dollar legs." And, (below) the happy couple shortly after their marriage last September.

Joan Now

She started as the Cinderella of the family and fought her way to the top alone

by

SARAH PAXTON

The last of the Bennetts? Anyhow, Joan, at the moment, is the star of the family. The lights have dimmed for the others.

THE theatre did not call her. Alone, of the three famous Bennett sisters, Joan, the youngest, was not marked for stardom. Constance was born to the stage. Barbara's dancing feet turned eagerly toward it when she was still a child. But it was Fate that put Joan, the littlest Bennett, the shrinking one, before the footlights. And a need more compelling than talent, more urgent than ambition, that drove her steadily to the top.

Today, Joan is THE Bennett. Her star burns brightest. She outshines Sister Connie, the dancing Barbara, and even Father Richard himself.

But — "Acting isn't for the 'Baby'," was her family's attitude. "She should keep on with her study of Interior Decorating. Joan's a home girl. She isn't born to the Bennett tradition." If those weren't just their words, they might as well have been. And they seemed right—then. For Joan had no desire for the theatre and no apparent talent for acting.

Then something happened. Joan married, had a baby, and presently found herself forced to support it. She's proud, that little Bennett! She kept her desperate needs to herself. Barely eighteen, without training for work of any kind, practically penniless, she timidly approached a casting director and asked for a job as an extra.

Three days passed before someone on the set discovered she was the daughter of Dick Bennett. Studio officials promptly insisted on a screen test. All the other Bennetts were more than good. Why shouldn't there be a find here?

But there wasn't. The test was a flop. "Why don't you train yourself for some other line of work? Why do you wish to be an actress?" the studio executive asked her gently. Joan couldn't tell him that she and her baby were living in a two-room flat and that she needed money desperately.

Shortly after this brutal disappointment, her family learned of her plight. Her father was casting for "Jarnegan" in New York. He gave her a small role in the first act of the play. Her gentle personality caught the public's fancy and she carried the role gallantly. Movie scouts discovered her slim, blonde loveliness. She was offered picture contracts. No screen tests were needed now, for she was on the stage.

She signed with Samuel Goldwyn. He confesses that he was dubious about the possibility of her success in the role he cast her for — opposite Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond." Goldwyn admitted she had simplicity, youthful appeal—everything except experience and glamour. There were times when his heart sank as he thought of the fortune he was risking on this untried unknown.

But at the end of the first day's "rushes" he was exultant. "She's got it!" he shouted. "I had not counted on the magnificent melancholy of her voice."

And yet, the long, uphill road was ahead. For Joan had tremendous handicaps, chief of which was the fame of her sisters. While Constance blazed through a brilliant career and lovely Barbara dazzled the capitals of Europe and the bright spots of New York with her sensational dancing, the youngest Bennett was determinedly strug-

Heads The Bennett Clan

gling with the tremendous problem of her own salvation.

And then, there was the domination of Constance. Always so sure of herself, Constance played the role of "big sister" with her innate magnificence. For years she directed Joan what to do, chose her clothes, advised her every step. Connie could never quite understand that Joan was no longer "baby sister." Even after Joan had lived through, alone, the dark days following her first tragic marriage and the worries of young motherhood, Constance thought she still needed to tell her what to buy, where to shop, and with whom to be friendly. All this kept Joan uncertain of herself. In situations in which Constance would have been bold and demanding, Joan was retiring.

She says now that it has been only during the last few years that she has grown up and away from Connie's influence, and has been free to map her own line of conduct. This same situation, with all the best intentions in the world, is duplicated in thousands of families.

Timid by nature, hating publicity—the very life of an actress—dominated at home, Joan had still another handicap to bear. "There goes that stuck-up Bennett girl," Joan heard a woman exclaim one day. "She doesn't know her old friends." Those words were literally true. She doesn't know them, because she can hardly see them. Her eyesight is bad—very. And because of that, some have thought her dull, slow of comprehension. After she married Gene Markey, he came to the rescue and so helped her avoid these accusations. He devised a set of private signals. Thus he indicated, "Mrs. So-and-So is approaching on the left," or "Wave to that passing car; it's Mary and Bill." And so smoothly did this little subterfuge work that you could be with Joan and Gene

(Continued on page 81)

Above, when Connie was tops and Father Richard a movie favorite. Left, Connie, Joan and Barbara before careers had touched their lives.

"Too Sweet" For His Own Good

Why the women of Hollywood rushed to give Don Ameche the "protection" he didn't need

by

WALTER FULTON

STAR, cowboy, extra, "grip" or Indian — all alike greeted with pleasure the approach of this kindly, gentle, smiling newcomer, but all, alike, shook their heads sadly at his departure. For they had visions of what Hollywood was going to do to him.

They thought he was "regular" — but perhaps too gentle for his own good. They felt that the real danger was he would be cast to too sugary parts.

The women grew rather aggressive in their qualms concerning the possibility of people imposing on Don Ameche. In short, everybody liked him, but they were all afraid he was "too sweet." The studio gambled on him because it thought he had that indefinable quality known as "charm," and because it felt that his physical appearance and his voice would mark him as a super-romantic triple threat.

"Don is fine," mused the picture and Hollywood-wise Pauline Frederick, "but I shudder to think what the brutality and double dealing back there," indicating the general direction of the film capital, "will do to his feelings, his attitude and the sensitiveness that must accompany his gentleness and unfailing consideration of others. I hope a little steel has in some way managed to get under the polish of that charming character of his."

No matter with whom one talks, the universal attitude toward Don Ameche is that a very swell and unsuspecting lamb is being led to slaughter.

But before starting to mourn the sacrifice, let's have Don tell us something about his "sheltered youth."

"Being the son of an Italian saloon keeper, and being born on the wrong side of the tracks," he says, "I didn't get along so well with the other kids back in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Maybe it was an inferiority complex, or a defense mechanism, but I got started in life with a chip on my shoulder. My deep-seated resentment of the treatment I received from the other boys gave me a cocky and skeptical, even a bitter attitude.

"By the time I reached the Georgetown University in Washington, this attitude had changed to one of recklessness. At Georgetown "U" bridge, poker, races and dances took up most of my time, and as a student I was nothing to boast about.

"But I was fortunate — or maybe I should say plain lucky. For my greatest fault proved to be directly responsible for the break that proved to be the turning point of my career. It actually introduced me to my future work.

"I was at the University of Wisconsin then, one of the boys in the frat house where I stayed was going to try out for the University players, and I went along with him.

"Personally I hadn't the slightest notion of trying out, but that old cockiness of mine seemed to decide that it was a dare, and before I realized what had happened I was up front. I gave the script the once over and said I was ready to show them how it ought to be done. It was the part of *Dick Dudgeon* in 'The Devil's Disciple,' and I half-gagged through it.

"The coach told me it was fine.

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Deanna Durbin

A GIRL IN 20 MILLION

The secret of an unparalleled success that amazes even Hollywood

by

ELSPETH GARRICK

Real name, Edna Mae Durbin; born Winnepeg, Canada, Dec. 4th, 1922; eyes, blue; hair, brown; height 5' 2"; weight, 100; nationality, American, of English descent. In 1936 she was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to play Schumann-Heinck as a girl in a picture which was never released. Now under contract to Universal, she first jumped into national prominence on the air, as guest star on Eddie Cantor's program. In this year of grace, 1937, her first picture, "Three Smart Girls," made her a star overnight.

IN Winnepeg, Canada, 1923, at the Annual Baby Show a pink-faced baby with a devastating smile electrified the judges and the assembled mothers with her lusty squalling; so much so, in fact, that they presented this ten month old mite with a first prize. Now, all over the United States that same baby goes on to greater triumphs. Critics and assembled audiences have been electrified by the purity of that voice, and have stayed to give the dainty fifteen year old maiden with the still devastating smile something far greater and more precious than any prize—their hearts.

Less than two years ago Deanna Durbin was a little Los Angeles school girl — Edna Mae Durbin to her school chums, "Bubbsie" to her family. Today, her name is a household byword, and her tiny feet are twinkling skyward up the ladder of success.

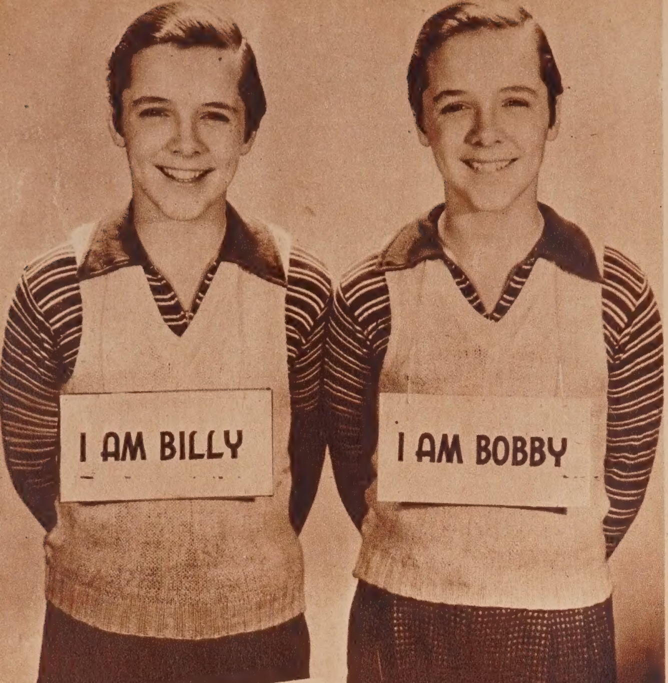
At a conservative estimate, 20,000,000 Americans will have paid to see "Three Smart Girls," her first picture, by the time you read these words; 20,000,000 people will have gone into a theatre to see a show and come out smiling and starry-eyed leaving a bit of their hearts behind them; 20,000,000 people by right of their prerogatives as audiences and fans will have made little Deanna Durbin a star of the first magnitude.

Why? Because she has a glorious voice? Or because she is unusually pretty? Or because she is an amazingly clever little actress?

Let's consider her voice first. Andres de Segorula, her famous teacher, says that it is a voice in ten million, and having sung at the famous Metropolitan himself, he ought to know; besides it is a fact that no one will dispute. Deanna's glorious, pure, clear soprano would undoubtedly in itself have brought her success. There is no doubt that in three or four years at most she will make her debut at the Metropolitan and take her rightful place with the great sopranos of history. Months before she made her film, too, Deanna had won acclaim and a following on the air with Eddie Cantor.

But a lovely voice is no surety of such overwhelming success. People may appreciate its beauty, but they do not give their hearts to it, they do not accept a voice as a friend; a voice alone, could never

(Continued on page 78)



Those Mauch Twintuplets

Bobby and Billy bring a new problem to the studios. Not even their mother can tell them apart

by

MICHAEL STRONG

I FOLLOWED Mrs. Mauch into the room. Shoulder to identical shoulder the two twelve-year-olds surveyed me with clear unblinking blue eyes—the honest, questioning stare of a boy meeting a new acquaintance.

"Billy, I want you to meet Mr. Strong," said Mrs. Mauch.

He extended a small, firm hand and shook mine.

"How do you do, Mr. Strong." His smile was slow and warm, a little hesitant, and his eyes suddenly burning clear and sparkling.

"And this is Bobby."

Again "How do you do," and again that firm little handshake; but this time the smile was quicker and wider, and little imps of merriment sparkled in his eyes.

I could feel my eyes travel from face to face in sharp little glances which I could not control; the resemblance was more than startling, it was perfect! I had a sudden feeling that there must be a mirror somewhere.

The twins exchanged a quick, oblique look, politely trying to smother a little spontaneous gurgle of merriment. The brief pause of introductions was suddenly filled with the hum of an approaching airplane. The four blue eyes were suddenly ablaze with interest, but good manners kept them politely at attention.

No doubt as to who is who at top of page, but when these boys tear off their labels and go roller skating or biking, one guess is as good as another.

All history isn't made at night. The Mauch twins do their share daytime, too.

I felt that it was now or never—and besides, who doesn't like to look at airplanes?

"Hot dog," I said, "an airplane." My questioning glance at Mrs. Mauch assured me that I had done the right thing.

"Will you excuse me?" she said, and went out.

One quarter of a split second later we were all three at the window.

That was the beginning of one swell afternoon! Down came the bars and we settled down to high old orgy of discussion of Bellanca and Boeing planes, of the relative merits as fliers of Lindbergh and Eddie Rickenbacker, of stamps, of air rifles, and of the Mauch twins' latest hobby—chemistry.

Bobby was a veritable volcano of action, and spilled out words and ideas with the rush and vehemence of an oil gusher. He punctuated his statements with "Wow!" and "Gee!" and boiled over with genuine excitement and high glee over each new subject of conversation. He has an amazingly practical and eager mind, and a fine gift of instinctive leadership. He is quick to seize on the possibilities of an idea and capitalize to the full on it.

Billy, I found quieter and more subdued, his mind just as eager and intelligent, but more apt to let a new thought lie in his brain while he savors it slowly, almost tastes it lovingly, like a first bite of ice-cream on a hot day. He is richly imaginative and when excited becomes tense. He says little, but oh boy when he does say something, it's right to the point.

We examined the kids' camera—or rather I examined it while Billy and Bobby chattered along about new experiments in shooting pictures with it and lighting effects they were after.

"You oughtta see the pictures we took of Ginger — that's our dog — with this. Wow! I bet we took a million feet!" said Bobby.

"Anyway a thousand," said Billy. "Gosh, she oughtta be in pictures. She's a beaut!" His blue eyes shone. You could just see him picturing Ginger in a thousand thrilling escapades. Ginger towing her drowning master from the swirling flood, Ginger hurling her long grey body at the gunman's hand, Ginger carrying that important document through the enemy lines; Billy planning, imagining, dreaming . . .

Then Bobby, the practical, eyes ablaze, words boiling out:

"Gee! Hey Billy, I betcha we could make a picture of Ginger. I betcha we could make her a big star—like Rin-tin-tin or Tuffy or Sylvia or somethin'—we could get Bill to direct it, an'—"

Billy looked at me. "Do you know Bill?" he asked.

"No, I guess not," I admitted.

"Bill Keighley," said Bobby. "He directed 'Prince an' the Pauper' an' he's the tops. He's got a sixteen millimeter camera—ours is on'y eight, an' he's teaching us all the tricks, and how to get angles, an' close ups an' trick shots an'—"

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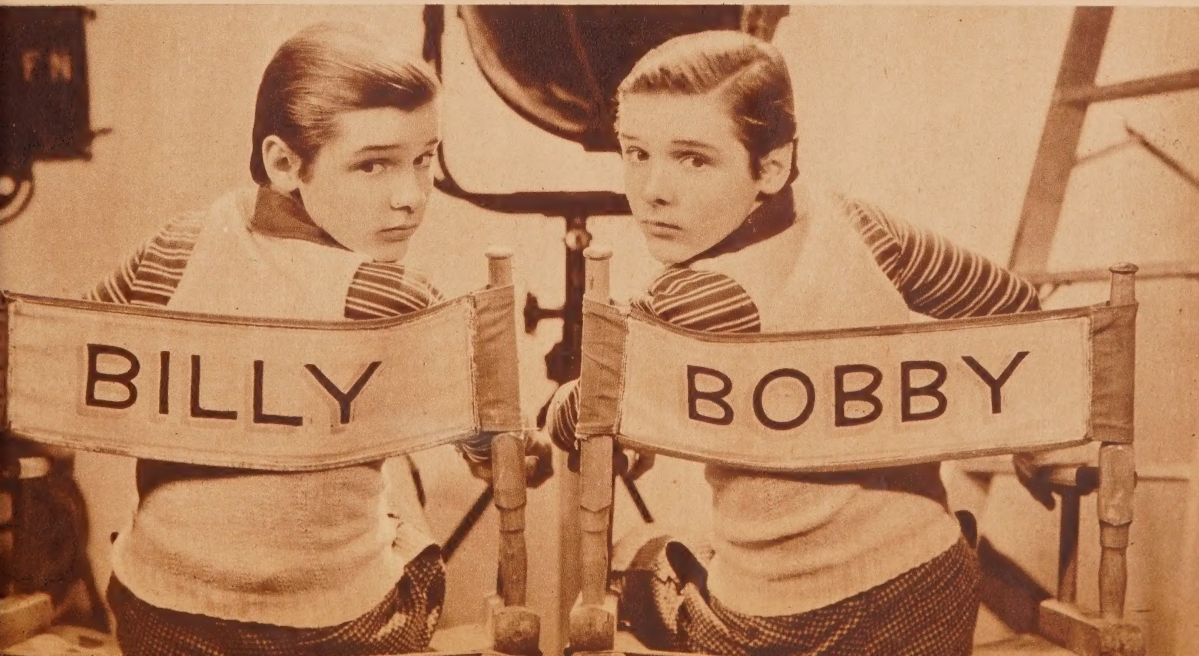


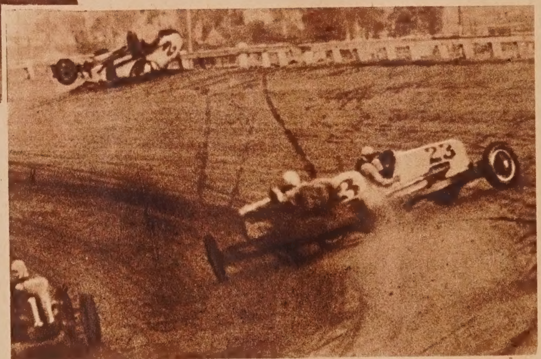
Don't let the signs fool you. That's just one of the studio tricks the boys play.

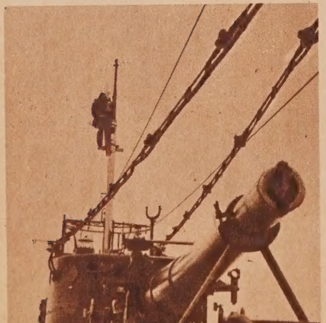
They Race With Death

Newsreel cameramen must reach an accident before it happens. Here's how they achieve the "impossible"

by

WILLIAM F. FRENCH





MERVYN FREEMAN, newsreel ace cameraman, said to me: "Lieutenant Uhlm and his party had fallen somewhere in the endless expanse of the Pacific below us, and for five days we had been flying from dawn till dark, searching the water for trace of his plane.

"Out of Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, at five in the morning and back at eleven at night, Patrol Squadron V. P. 10, of the United States Navy had, it seemed to me, combed every inch of the glistening waters three thousand feet below us.

"We had come a long way, flying in a pattern that jumbled directions. So the only way out, our chief navigator said, was to fly back over our same route. With chart and log, he attempted to navigate the plane back over the figures we had described in our search.

"Hours passed without our seeing any trace of another plane. Then darkness closed in on us—abruptly. Our plane had a cruising radius of 1750 miles, but even with our reserve gasoline, the gauge showed we had only enough fuel for another three or four hours at the most.

"We climbed to eight thousand feet, so we could locate lights at a greater distance. I asked the chief navigator what would happen if we ran out of gas.

" 'We'd make a forced landing on the water,' he replied. 'The fuselage of this plane is seaworthy, even with its wings gone. The other planes would locate us in the morning.'

"I told him that would make the story of the year—

No two jobs alike. Above, newsreel cameraman makes a trick shot of a hippo's snout. Center, a double bagger: while one racer turns turtle, a second skids dangerously. Left, the cameraman — on the mast — stuck till the sub, submerging, splashed water on the camera lens.

FORETELLING ACCIDENTS

A car leaking oil in an auto race means the car following may skid.

A deflated tire means a prompt smash-up unless the driver is flagged from the pit.

A reckless driver is inviting disaster. So are drivers who show flashes of anger.

A nervous stunt flyer is a likely spot on which to focus for trouble.

The newsreel cameraman watches for these and other danger signals.

stranded in a plane in the Pacific, and what a scoop I could get of the rescue in the morning. It would be terrific.

" 'My job is to bring this plane in,' he answered, in a manner which suggested that perhaps I was trying to bribe him.

" 'And mine's to get an exciting reel,' I came right back at him. 'So it's a cinch one of us is going to get a break.'

"After that, I was looking for a light. In about half an hour the pilot located a glimmer way over to our right. It wasn't any bigger than a pin point—but our chief navigator ordered the plane about and we ran for that light. Traveling at 115 miles an hour, it took us two hours and fifteen minutes to reach it. We then came down low enough to see the land below us.

"Then we were able to talk to the base by radio and they asked us where we were. We told them over an island, and said we could see the reflection of lights in the sky about eighty miles away—which we figured were the lights of Honolulu. They told us we were over Molaki island, and then directed us in by talking to us over the radio.

"It was after one thirty A. M. when we reached our base—and I sure hated to see the landing lights of the field. Because I knew I had lost my chance for the biggest picture scoop of the year."

Yes, it was a newsreel cameraman who was bemoaning his ill fate at not having been forced down in the ocean, three or four hundred miles from land. For tempting fate for exclusive shots is a hobby with Mervyn Freeman.

On another occasion, in order to reach Winslow, Arizona, before the army planes went into the air to fly over the high mesas and drop food down to the starving Indians who had become snow-bound there while picking pinion nuts, this same cameraman risked his life three times within a period of twelve hours.

It was well after noon when Freeman learned the army planes were leaving the field at Winslow at daybreak—and Winslow is a long way from Hollywood.

As no planes were flying toward Winslow that day, he shopped for a plane to carry him across the dessert and mountains. It was risky flying at that particular time, but eventually he found an independent pilot who was willing to take the chance with him.

Leaving Burbank, California, at four in the afternoon, the two started their race against time. This pilot did not know the route and soon they were lost, and had to battle to spiral their plane over a high range of gale-swept mountains. They were forced to land once in an open field and twice in the dark on an unlighted emergency landing field.

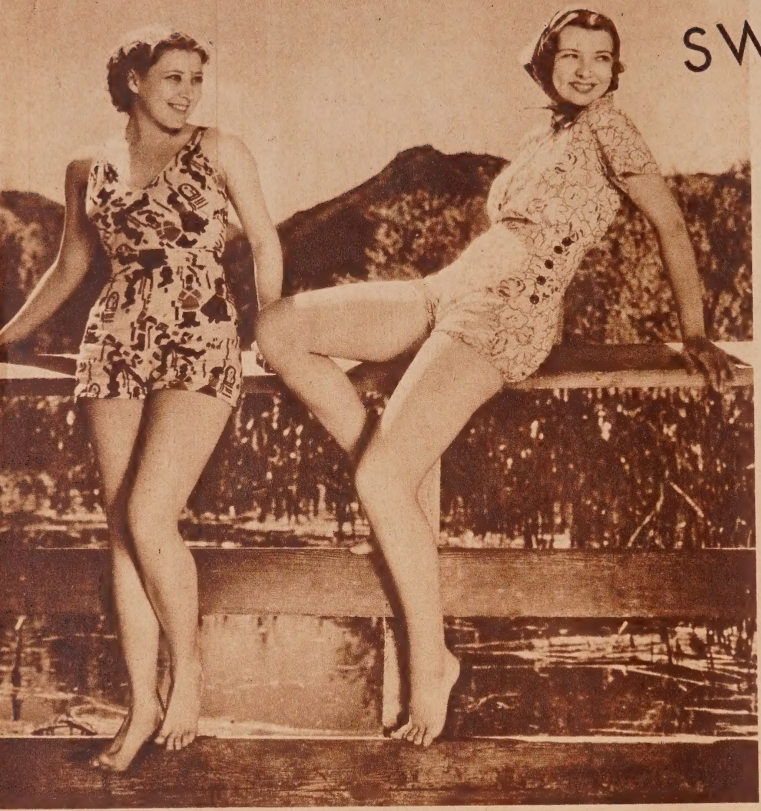
Advised by the attendant of the dark field to fly into the mountains to locate a remote beacon, which was the first of seventeen leading to the Winslow field, they became lost above snow-covered peaks. Seeing a light flashing in the distance, they travelled a hundred miles out of their way to discover it was merely the headlight of a freight train.

Later they learned that

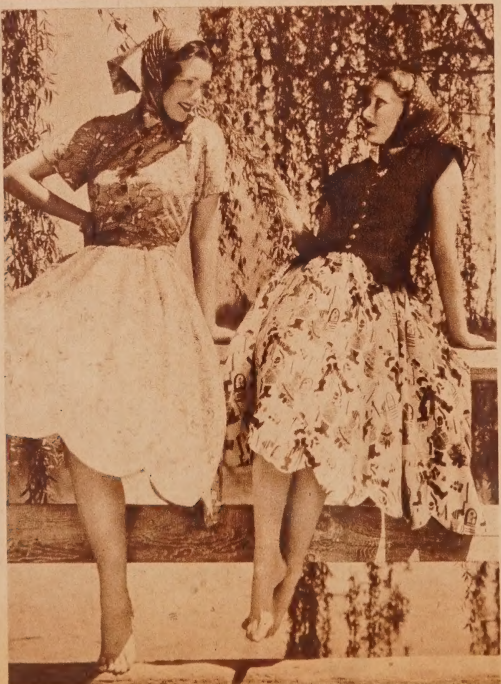
(Continued on page 82)

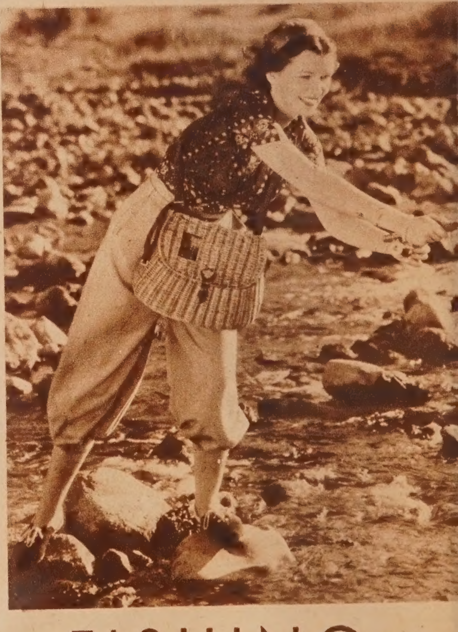
This man follows the auto racers and though you don't see him on the screen, he shares every risk with them.

SWIMMING



Left: Ready for a swim JEAN ROUVEROL, newcomer to the screen, soon to appear in the Universal production "The Road Back" selects a one-piece cotton suit with peasant figures, in a riot of color, forming the pattern. The suit boasts a red zipper up the back. POLLY ROWLES picks a romper suit, white background splattered with large pink flowers, that buttons up the sides and down the front. Below left: After the swim full peasant skirts are put on. Jean also adds a short black linen jacket. Outfits from Marjorie Montgomery. Below: Polly shows the correct attire for the girl interested in fishing. Knickers solve the problem; topped by a Mexican bandana blouse and kerchief for the head. From Irene Bury.





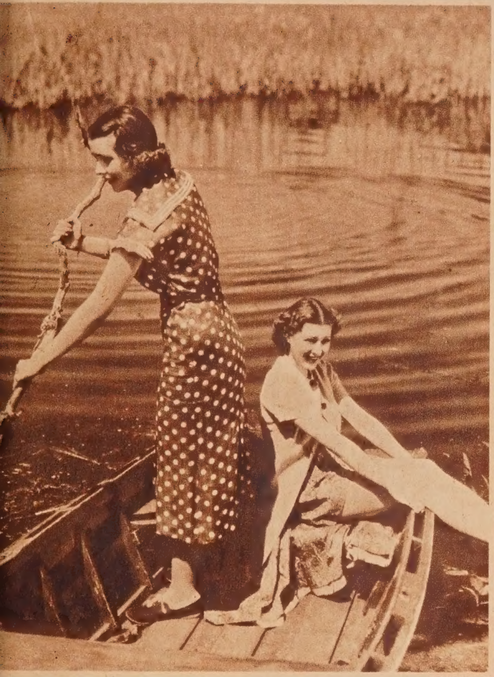
FISHING

Photos
by
RAY
JONES

TRAILER TROUSSEAU

by

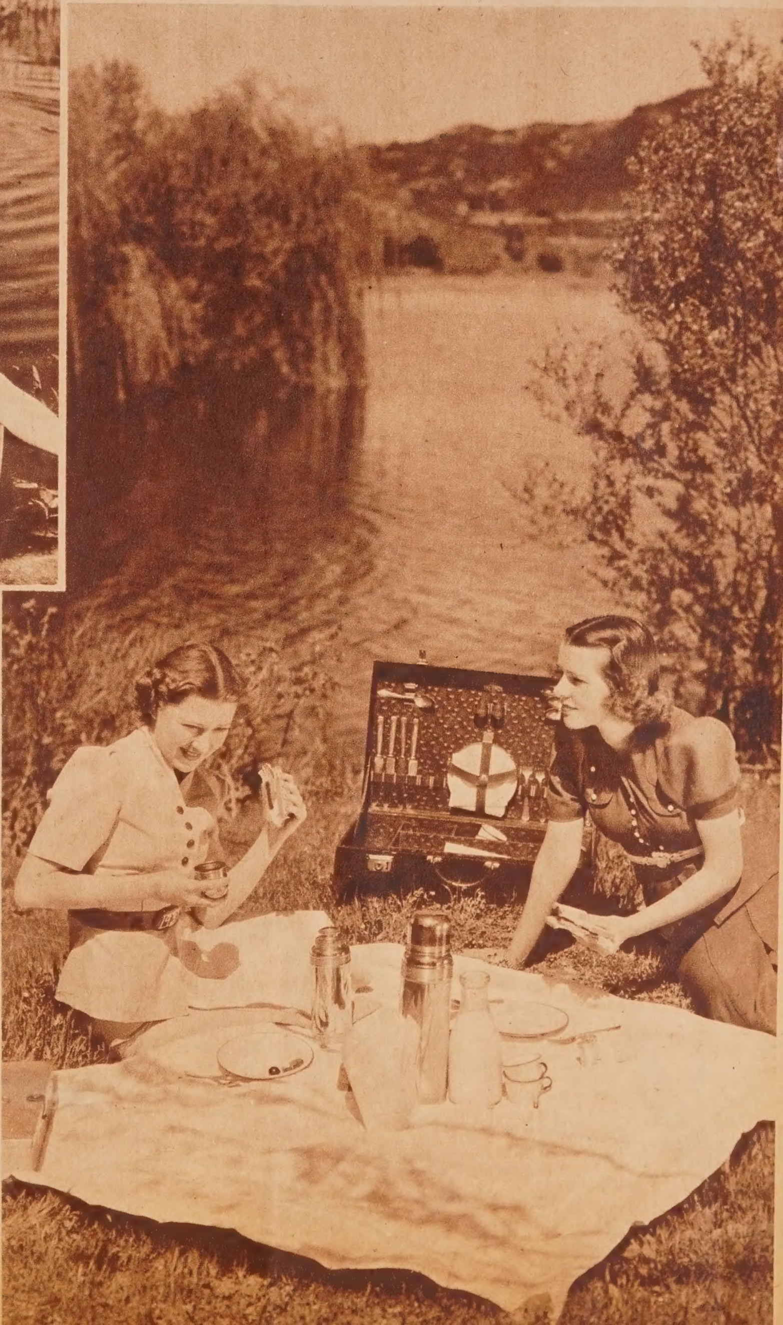
SALLY MARTIN



BOATING

Above: If your trailer is parked by the side of a lake, boating becomes the favorite pastime. Polly pushes off in a brown and white polka dot linen made in nautical fashion trimmed with braid. Jean (right) prefers the role of passenger in print shorts and beige coat dress lined with matching print. From Marjorie Montgomery. Right: Lunch on a grassy plot overlooking a lake or stream is the camper's delight. Two-piece sports dresses are ideal for such an occasion. Jean wears aquamarine trimmed in red. Note the year, 1937, used as a belt buckle trim. Polly selects brown contrasted with white pearl buttons and string belt. From Joseph Zukin.

PICNICKING



"LET'S CALL THE WHOLE

(From the Fred

TOMORROW — SOLOS. —

THE ASTAIRE OF ——

THE TEAM — THAT — —SWEPT THE—

THING OFF!!!"

Astaire-Ginger Rogers R. K. O. Radio Picture "Shall We Dance"?)

— THE TEAM OF — ROGERS AND ASTAIRE — IS — NO MORE!
DANCE — TO GLOWING — SUCCESS!

THEIR LAST PICTURE TOGETHER!!

Wanted—Joel McCrea

The "perfect family man" is eagerly sought by feminine stars for their films

by

HOWARD CHASE FARWELL

THE striking foreign-looking young man stopped his Fiat car at what is now the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Nichols Canyon Road, and beckoned to a young horseman coming down from the hills.

"I've been watching you for the last week," explained the man in the car, "and I came out today to see if you could help me. I want to brush up on my riding. I wonder if you have a horse you might rent me."

"Sure have," replied the youth. "Those two staked out over there are mine. I traded for them," proudly.

"I have my own saddle," continued the man who the youth decided was either a Spaniard or an Italian, "and hoped we could make a deal. If we can, I'd like you to ride with me.

"I'm in the movies," the foreign-looking young

Home scenes in the life of Joel McCrea and his pretty wife, Frances Dee. Joel is an expert cowboy.

man confided. "I'm getting a hundred and seventy-five dollars a week, just for doing a couple of dances with one of the stars. And that isn't all, pretty soon I'm to start in a picture where I play a real part and ride a horse. Then I'll get twice as much as I do now."

"When Rudolph Valentino said that to me," explained Joel McCrea, "I determined on the spot to be a movie actor and get paid for riding horses in front of a camera. Also, I thought Valentino was pretty swell, and figured that if he was in pictures, that was where I wanted to be. Those rides gave me a new hero.

"Valentino and I became good friends, because I admired his big-heartedness and generosity. You probably know that he gave away almost everything he had, including Eagle, his marvelous Arabian horse."

JOEL'S boyhood admiration of Valentino led directly into the movies—over the hard route. No other player in Hollywood ever reached stardom with such absolute lack of ballyhoo. So little noise has Joel made in his rise that it is only when we check back over his outstanding successes that we realize just how brightly he shines in the movie skies today, and understand why every major studio in Hollywood is trying to borrow him.

There is nothing startling about Joel. His personality doesn't slap you in the face; it seems to settle comfortably in the easy-chair of good-fellowship. After you've been with Joel an hour, you sort of feel he has always been around.

Nor is there anything startling about his performances. As one casting director says, "He seems to fit so perfectly in the parts he plays that there's nothing to make a fuss about." Unlike the average ballyhooed star, Joel's greatest noise is heard in the casting offices, and amplified by box office returns.

With pictures in prospect for Paramount and M-G-M following his co-starring with Miriam Hopkins in United Artists' "Woman Chases Man," and with Barbara Stanwyck in "Banjo On My Knee," Joel will be in greater demand than ever.

Publicity has played little part in his career. He worked long in pictures without having his face seen or his name mentioned. Even while playing opposite the biggest stars in pictures, his quiet manner caused writers and publicity artists to pass him by. As a result, few people really know much about this headliner.

An incident that occurred during the making of Universal's "Two In A Crowd," starring Joel and Joan Bennett, illustrates this fact. The scene was the shooting of Joel with "Hector's Pal," the race horse in that picture. While cameras were being set up for the shot, an assistant director walked over to Joel.

"Look, Joel," he explained, "we want to shoot you fondling the horse. Take this apple and go up and get acquainted. You don't need to be afraid," he hastened to add. "He won't hurt you."

Rudolph Valentino was the inspiration that made Joel an actor. Horses brought the two men together.

No one laughed at the thought of Joel being afraid of a horse. They didn't know that almost as soon as his parents moved to Hollywood from Pasadena he bought from Rex Bell, Clara Bow's husband, and then school-mate of Joel, a horse, saddle and buggy—all for eighty dollars. Half of this he had earned, and half his mother loaned him. He was but twelve then. They were also unaware that at the age of fourteen Joel was neck-deep in horse trading and that at fifteen he was working as a hostler for Ruth Roland and other stars, and was within a month or two to start his career as double in serials and westerns.

Joel has doubled for Ruth Roland, Priscilla Dean and Marion Davies, falling off a runaway car in the latter's place in "The Fair Co-Ed."

And yet an assistant director assured him he need not be afraid to feed an apple to a horse!

WHEN explaining his transition from double to recognized player, Joel said: "I guess I was pretty lucky. Marion

(Continued on page 78)

TENSE drama of the Russian revolution. Through circumstances, A. J. Fotheringill, a young Englishman in pre-war Russia is involved in a revolutionary plot against the government. An associate attempts to murder a cabinet officer. A. J. gives him shelter and both are exiled to Siberia. War and the Bolshevist uprising follow. Now a commissar, A. J. meets Alexandra. She is under arrest in her own palace. Sent to Petrograd for examination, she is conducted by A. J. Love quickens and they fall asleep in each other's arms. Attempting to escape to the White Army, both are arrested. The guard falls in love with Alexandra and romantically shoots himself. A. J. and Alexandra hide under logs on a barge. Reaching the White Army, Alexandra is sent to a hospital and A. J. arrested as a Red. Again he escapes and takes refuge in the American hospital. A. J. and Alexandra finally reach the border. The cast: *Alexandra,* Marlene Dietrich; *A. J.,* Robert Donat; *Duchess,* Irene Vanbrugh; *Colonel Adraxine,* Austin Trevor.

"KNIGHT WITHOUT

MARLENE DIETRICH
AND
ROBERT DONAT

UNITED ARTISTS
RELEASE

ARMOR"

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

in

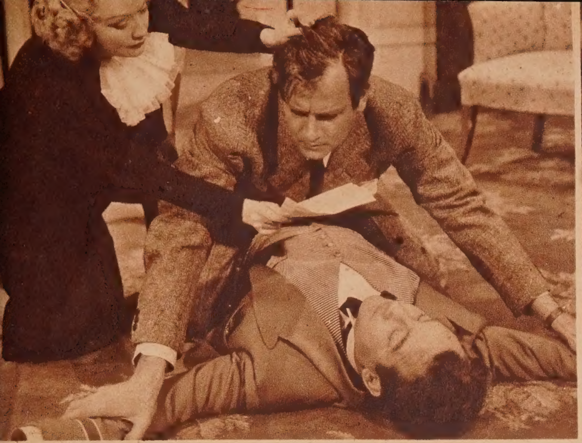
"NIGHT MUST FALL"

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

A STUDY of a man with a twisted mind. Danny, bell-boy in a hotel, murders a woman and places his victim's head in a hatbox. He obtains employment in the home of Mrs. Bramson, a wealthy invalid. Olivia, companion to Mrs. Bramson, makes the discovery of the contents of the hatbox, but she is half-way in love with Danny and says nothing, not even to Justin Laurie who wants to marry her. Danny knows it is time to disappear but intends first to rob Mrs. Bramson. Circumstances combine to leave the invalid alone. She is hysterical with terror until Danny returns and reassures her. Then he smothers her to death. He robs the safe and is going when Olivia appears. He brags about the double murder and Olivia knows she is doomed, too. But the detectives arrive in time to arrest Dan, who is led off whistling. Olivia falls into Justin's arms. The cast: *Danny,* Robert Montgomery; *Olivia,* Rosalind Russell; *Mrs. Bramson,* Dame May Whitty; *Justin Laurie,* Alan Marshal.

"WOMAN CHASES MAN"

A UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE



DELICIOUS, fast-moving farce. The story: B. J. Nolan is flat broke and his son Kenneth, who has backed him in his previous follies, refuses to give him $100,000 to float Nolan Heights. Kenneth is interested in Nina Tennyson. Unknown to him, she and Henri Saffron are sweethearts. Virginia Travis comes to B. J.'s office to sell him her sketches for model houses. Beset by bailiffs, B. J. takes her to his palatial, but foodless home. Kenneth arrives with Nina and Henri. Nina is jealous of the amorous Henri's attention to Virginia. Virginia tries to sell Kenneth on Nolan Heights, but fails. Intrigue brings Kenneth and Virginia into the tree tops after dark. The struggle to sign is renewed. The perfidy of Nina and Henri is discovered. Finale — Kenneth signs and proclaims his love for Virginia. The cast: *Virginia Travis,* Miriam Hopkins; *Kenneth Nolan,* Joel McCrea; *B. J. Nolan,* Charles Winninger; *Henri Saffron,* Erik Rhodes; *Nina Tennyson,* Leona Maricle.

FRANCES FARMER

CARY GRANT

The TOAST of NEW YORK

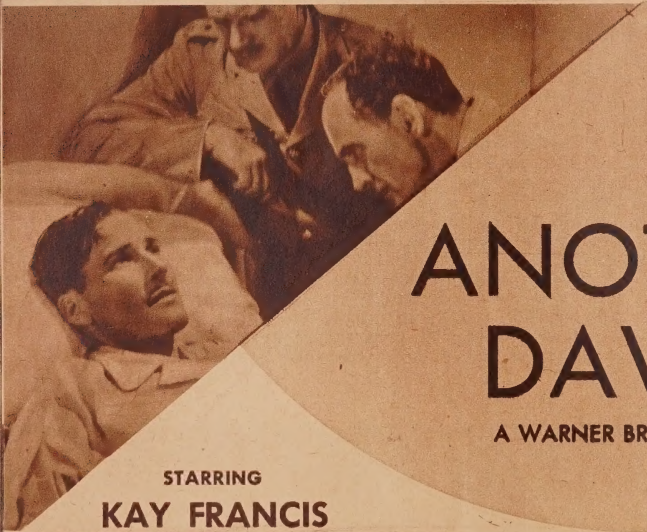
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

THELMA LEEDS

EDWARD ARNOLD

A POST Civil War drama. At the start of the war, Jim Fisk and his pals, Nick Boyd and Luke Hawkins, are in the South, selling notions. They learn that cotton is worth two dollars a pound in the North—if it can be smuggled through. Fisk sends Luke to Boston to open an office, while he and Nick, disguised respectively as a Southern Colonel and an Englishman, return to the South. Jim and Nick are arrested as Yankee spies, but escape execution as the war suddenly ends. They hasten to Boston, only to discover that Luke has invested their profits in Confederate bonds—worth exactly nothing. However, Fisk cleverly enters into a railroad war on his reputation as a successful financier. To celebrate his victory over Drew, Fisk, with Nick and Luke, goes to a theatre. Fleurique, the rage of the moment, tries to win his favor, but fails. Instead, he takes Josie, Fleurique's maid, to dinner and eventually gives her a chance to sing. And Josie becomes the toast of New York. Intrigues, however, upset her career. Meantime, Fisk corners the gold market, but is broken by a golden flood the government releases. A mob wounds Jim, who realizes that Josie loves Nick. In his last moments he joins their hands together. The cast: *Jim Fisk,* Edward Arnold; *Nick Boyd,* Cary Grant; *Josie Mansfield,* Frances Farmer; *Luke,* Jack Oakie; *Daniel Drew,* Donald Meek; *Fleurique,* Thelma Leeds.

HEATRE
ARDEN
Delight



ANOTHER DAWN

A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

STARRING
KAY FRANCIS

WITH
ERROL FLYNN
IAN HUNTER

LOVE and war in India. Col. Wister marries, in London, Julia Ashton, with the understanding that he give her only his name. He returns with his bride to his military post on the frontier where Julia meets Capt. Roark. An irresistible attraction draws the two together. Col. Wister, discovering this, remains silent. Tribesmen, by means of a dam, cut off the post's water supply. Wister and Roark toss a coin to see which shall bomb the obstruction from an airplane. The lot falls to Wister. He succeeds but his plane is shot down in flames, leaving Julia and Roark free to marry. The cast: *Col. Wister,* Ian Hunter; *Julia Ashton,* Kay Francis; *Capt. Denny Roark,* Errol Flynn.

HOT WEATHER LOVELINESS

How to enjoy summer sports while maintaining your midwinter beauty

by ARNELLO GUFFERD

Ginger Rogers' new hairdress has the merest wave and the ends curled under.

IT'S the easiest thing in the world to slip into slovenly beauty habits now that the languid days of summer are here. But don't permit yourself to. Sidestep the summertime beauty pitfalls. What are they? Well, there's the important matter of your hair. The sun has a mean way of taking unkind strokes at your head—fading and streaking your hair until it looks a sight. If you crave to go hatless or wear those new crownless turbans, do it in moderation, don't spend entire days with the sun mercilessly drying out your scalp and bleaching your hair.

Wearing a satin and elastic suit and protective sun glasses, Ginger Rogers applies a special suntan lotion.

Then there's your skin—all the area that you expose to the same heartless sun. A good, healthy suntan is most attractive but a dark one, the shade of saddle leather, is not much in line with the romantic colorful clothes of this season. Most of you will find that tanning to a delicate golden brown shade is easy on your skin and a happy color scheme with both your daytime and evening clothes.

You'll probably have a trimmer and more beautifully proportioned figure in summer than at any other time of the year. That's due to the swimming, cycling, walking and dancing you do. But there are certain focal points of your figure that will need special care—your legs and feet must be groomed carefully, your whole body must not only look fresh and cool but *be* that, too!

And so, this month I offer you some practical antidotes for any beauty missteps you might take!

LET'S start at the top—with hair. Presuming that your hair is in fairly good condition at the moment, keep it that way. Don't expose your head to a beating sun but a few hours at a time. If you're playing or swimming at the beach—have one of those wide-brimmed beach hats to pull on every once in awhile. They are grand protection for your hair and also for your skin. A colorful peasant bandana tied over the hair is an easy way to keep hair from flying in your face as you ride in open cars or stride across the golf course.

How to use the sun as a benefit to both your hair and your scalp is something else again. One of the leading beauty authorities in this country advises you to sit out in the sun, gently brushing your hair. In that way you get the advantage of the brushing—and I know you are aware that daily brushing is the greatest boon to beautiful, healthy hair you can find—and the healthy reaction of sun and air upon your scalp.

To avoid drying out and streaking—have a definite regime of oiling the scalp. An oil shampoo will do the trick—or a liberal application of warm olive oil, rubbed into the scalp the night before a shampoo. In the summer, especially, be careful what you use on your hair in the way of shampoos or soaps — be sure that they are mild cleansers, not harsh ones.

AND why not give yourself a new hair-fix that's easy to keep well groomed and looks cool? Nothing is so hot and unwieldy as a great mop of heavy hair, too fussily arranged. Variations of Ginger Rogers' new "Page Boy" coiffure would be becoming to many types. This hair arrangement looks charming in both the length worn by Ginger and a shorter length for those who don't like a longer bob. The hair is brushed smoothly with just a mere tracery of wave in it. And the ends are curled under, instead of up in the rolls or curls which we have been wearing.

Claudette Colbert believes that a summer coiffure should be one that can stand a bit of mussing up. It shouldn't be so stylized and waved that you are kept miserable with the thought that it will look terrible in disarray. Claudette suggests that you test your summer hair-do by mussing it up the way wind on a walk or a fast game of tennis might. If it still looks flattering then that's your hairdress. If it won't stand a ride in an open roadster, give it up.

Joan Blondell keeps her hair from looking wispy by pinning up the curls into neat ringlets, whenever she has a moment for beauty care. Look at the picture of her receiving the finishing touches on her make-up at the hands of the studio make-up artists. Joan reaches the studio an hour earlier, when she's working on a picture, so that her make-up can be put on with infinite care to perfect detail. Before she turns herself over to the make-up man, she turns those ringlets up with bobbie pins. And her hair is drying into firm, well groomed curls while she is beautified.

(Above) A mascara-size brush keeps powder from caking around Shirley Ross' hairline.

(Left) Madge Evans uses a gray eye shadow and applies it with a paint brush.

Incidentally, look close at this picture because there's a tip in it for all you girls who use artificial eyelashes in your dress-up moments. Joan's make-up expert takes a narrow and long stick to untangle any lashes which have become twisted, smoothing the line out along the lid. He also uses this stick to separate the too heavily mascara-ed lashes and to give them a natural look.

That natural look, what's more, is the whole trend in beauty this summer. Try to match your own skin tone in your cosmetics And as you tan, change your make-up to blend in with it. The great stress which has been put upon the delicate and feminine fashions of the season, has had its reaction upon cosmetics, too. If you prefer not to tan at all, and court a delicate, white-skinned type of beauty, you must plan your make-up accordingly.

Make-up man for Joan Blondell straightens out her eyelashes with a long stick.

FOR the girls who want that fragile, gardenia-like look, beauty experts advise a light powder with the pearly sheen to it, a rouge that is on the rosy cast and a lipstick to match. Little or no eye shadow and a mascara that is brown, green or blue rather than the harsh black.

For you, who seek the sun and outdoor healthy glow, follow this method of selecting your make-up. Test the shade of your powder by puting dabs of several different shades on your skin—choose from these the one that most perfectly blends into your own skin tone. Choose a slightly darker shade prefferably, never a lighter one. Pinch your cheek till the blood rushes to the surface and match that natural tone with your rouge. Duplicate your rouge as closely as possible in your lipstick. And for true naturalness, no more of those tricky eyebrow effects. Pluck only the ragged hairs from underneath your brows, and brush until your own natural line shows up.

Perspiration around your hairline is a common thing in hot weather. Shirley Ross' make-up man has a suggestion for preventing your powder from becoming matted into the hair around this area. After he has made Shirley up, he takes a mascara brush, free from color, of

White cotton gloves, and cotton-wrapped fingers for Gloria Dickson's hand beauty.

course, and gently brushes all particles away from the hair. Doing this, moisture cannot leave an ugly tracery.

RECENTLY, Luise Rainer had the bitter experience of too much exposure to the sun. Luise always drives her car with the top down for she loves sun and wind. One day she went on a long trip and not realizing, the intensity of the sun, she drove with her hair flying and her face unprotected. The result was a brief lay off in bed with the painful burn making her miserable.

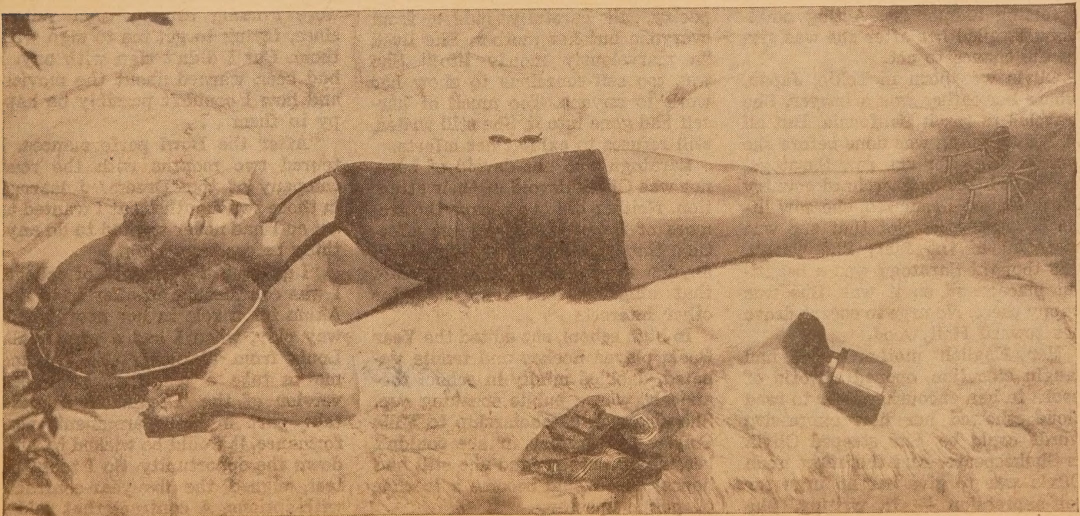
When you are going to be in the sun for long periods, protect your skin with oil or sun lotions. You avoid sunburn and the gradual drying out of the natural oil in your skin. Every good cosmetic company has wonderful suntan preparations at moderate prices. Many can be bought in small quantity in your local five and ten. Often these small quantities are an excellent and inexpensive way of experimenting until you can find the one most suited to you.

Besides the care of your hair and skin, take good care of your hands, feet and legs. Nothing is so unsightly in a bathing suit as superflous hair — and nothing quite so unnecessary with beauty depart-good depilatories of all kind. Remember that summer romance doesn't get a break, if you permit any needless ugliness of face or figure. Watch the care of your feet, too, especially with open-toed shoes so much in the fashion spotlight. Keep your toenails as well groomed as your hands —and don't use a bright polish upon them unless they can stand being called attention to! Guard against corns and callouses by taking means for erasing them. And when your feet are hot and tired, use this cooling recipe. Put your feet under cold and hot running water alternately. If you have both a tub and shower arrangement in your bathroom, put hot water in the tub, rest your feet in that, then turn the cold shower on and stimulate them with icy water.

DON'T overlook the refreshing effect of colognes either. Tired feet rubbed with cologne take on new vigor. And nothing is so cooling after a hot day for the whole body. Use powders, creams or liquids to keep a fresh sweetness about your body. And top all these precautions off with some delicate, summery scent in perfume. It's nice to have bath soap, bath powder, face powder and perfume all in the same scent—a flower or bouquet one for hot days.

If you swim a lot, keep your nails soft and pliable by using oil and applying cuticle creams. And if you're after that gardenia fairness, mentioned above, you better keep your hands well protected or use bleaching agents because you can't prevent the sun from darkening them otherwise. Gloria Dickson, after nourishing her nails and cuticle with cream or oil, wraps each finger in cotton separately, puts a protective bleaching cream on her hands and goes to bed wearing white cotton gloves.

Carole Lombard oils herself carefully for short intervals of suntanning.



All in an evening's sport, as Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas cluster around Claudette Colbert. The camera has caught the trio in one of their tense moments.

Love Isn't Important at Twenty

(Con't from page 30)

becoming an actress. Acting ambitions assailed her after she was given the chance to act.

Olivia was born in Tokio, Japan, where her father was a lawyer. She traveled to reach California. But all of her traveling was done before she was three. After she saw Saratoga, in the redwood and orchard country south of San Francisco, she saw little of the world. Not that she was resentful of the fact; She wasn't. She thought Saratoga was a beautiful place; and so it was. She was happy there. No urge to escape drove her toward Hollywood.

Her English mother, who had taught elocution, opened a world of books to her, encouraged her to read aloud, showed her how expressive words could be. She steeped Olivia in Shakespeare. And the effect upon Olivia was to give her an urge for self-expression — in writing. She dreamed poetry, lived poetry, wrote poetry, all carefully hidden from everyone but her mother. She lived "a marvelously moody life!" She was too self-conscious to show her work to anyone. Too much of herself had gone into it. She still writes, still refuses to exhibit her efforts.

Saratoga was not devoid of boys, nor was Olivia devoid of their attention. Neither did she escape the tremors of impulsive adolescent affection. But because she could not find anyone upon whom to concentrate that affection, she had time for other interests . . .

In high school, she edited the Year Book, played hockey and tennis, debated, dabbled mildly in school theatricals, won a public speaking cup. She also won a scholarship to Mills College in Berkeley. If she couldn't become an author (and she still had hopes), she would become a teacher of public speaking.

It so happened, however, that the last play of the school year was "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In it, she played *Puck.*

"The teacher who directed it knew how much I loved it. She told me that Max Reinhardt was going to present it in Berkeley during the summer and, if I wanted, she would introduce me to the assistant director (she knew him), and maybe I could help with costumes or something, and see how Reinhardt worked. 'If I wanted—!' I was crazy for the chance.

"So she took me up to Berkeley when the rehearsals began, and I met the assistant director. He said I could understudy *Hermia.* That meant that I was second understudy. But that was more than I ever dreamed of being. It was a tremendous opportunity. I could watch Reinhardt at work.

"From Berkeley, the company was going south to appear in the Hollywood bowl. Gloria Stuart, playing *Hermia,* had to report back to her studio for a picture. The first understudy was given the role. Then this girl fell seriously ill. They had just six days to find a substitute. Meanwhile, they had me running through the rehearsals. They couldn't find another *Hermia.* They were very nervous about using me. But they had no choice."

And if Max Reinhardt was worried, think of Olivia!

"I was just eighteen and had never acted professionally before in my life. I was scared to death. I went through the first performance like someone in an animated trance. But I didn't blow up once in my lines, and the reviewers were terribly nice to me. Next day, I was deluged with phone calls, and agents were sending around their limousines, trying to get me to sign with them. But I didn't sign with any. I had been warned about the movies, and how I couldn't possibly be happy in them . . .

"After the Bowl performances, I toured two months with the road company of the 'Dream.' I learned in those two months that I wanted to act as I had never wanted to do anything before in my life.

"I gave up the thought of college. I was considering an offer from Zoe Akins for a role in her new Broadway play, when I had a wire in St. Louis from Warners; they wanted me to take a test for the screen version of the 'Dream.' If I *could* take part in the 'permanent' performance, it would be wicked to turn down the opportunity. So I took the test, signed the five-year-contract-with-options. A contract that said I was an actress."

The "Dream" was months in the making, months in the cutting-room. In the meantime, the studio didn't know whether or not it had a "find." To keep her busy until the critics reported, Olivia was injected into two comedies as a leading lady. (In the pious hope that a merciful public has forgotten the error, let the comedies remain anonymous.)

Then the "Dream" appeared. The critics reported that Olivia had "great promise." The public saw her in "Captain Blood." And immediately liked her. "Anthony Adverse" followed. Then "The Charge of the Light Brigade." She has just finished "Call It a Day." Now she is cast in "A Gentleman After Midnight," with Leslie Howard.

In "only" two years of acting, Olivia de Havilland has had the outstanding feminine roles in five big pictures, each months in the making.

That sounds like phenomenal luck. It isn't.

She *was* lucky, with almost no acting experience, to have that first great opportunity. There her luck ended, for the eloquent reason that she had no momentum of experience to carry her forward. She had to work — physically, mentally, tirelessly—to be what she wanted to be. And because she is instinctively expressive, because she is so warmly alive, because she has a disposition that doesn't ruffle, because she is so self-effacing, few people have sensed the intensity of her struggle. She has never told.

But she did tell me, in an unguarded moment, "There are days when I have dreadful low moods, when I *don't* want to be an actress. Especially after I've seen rushes of my scenes . . . You think you're getting some effect in front of the camera; then, in a projection room, you don't even recognize it . . . This business of seeing yourself on the screen, with all your defects baldly revealed, can be harrowing. It takes a struggle to keep from saying, 'It's no use—I haven't got what it takes.'

"You couldn't continue, if all your days were like that. But there are other kinds of days, too. Days when you recapture the dream that one great opportunity gave you—days when the fulfillment of that dream seems the most exciting and important thing in life. And perfectly possible, too, if only you can try hard enough."

I knew she had been taking singing lessons, inspired by her singing scene in "Anthony Adverse." I asked her how they were coming along.

"I had to stop them. After getting up at six in the morning, to have my hair dressed, my costumes fitted, my make-up on, and be on the set by nine, and then working through until seven at night, I'm not up to practising vocal exercises. I'm almost too tired to eat dinner. After dinner, I get into pajamas, and relax, relax completely; and before I know it, I'm nodding — over the sketch I'm doing, or the letter I'm writing, or the book I'm reading aloud to my mother and my sister Joan in front of the fire.

"Boys drop around—Joan attracts them—and look baffled when I vanish so early. But I've discovered I need eight hours of sleep, or the cameraman will have his troubles next day, photographing me. Or I'll have *my* troubles, feeling alive, being alive, showing emotion . . . I can't have dates—and work, too.

"What do I do week-ends? Ride horseback, swim, play tennis or badminton. We live in the Los Feliz Hills, and I like to go hiking, with a picnic in tow . . . Vacations? Oh, I have days off—but I've never had time for a real trip, except one to New York. I'd like to see England—it's the ancestral blood wanting to go 'home,' I suppose—but it doesn't look as if I'll be going very soon.

"There are so many things I'd like to see, and do. I'd like to do a play on Broadway, for example — learn what it is like to do a complete characterization all at one time, instead of piecemeal. But every time I ask, the answer is flatly 'No.' I have too much ahead of me here. And I can't feel sorry when they tell me they can't spare me. I can't feel anything but lucky.

"I suppose that's the whole answer. I do feel lucky to have the chance that I have. Tremendously lucky. And as long as I do feel that way, my work will matter more than anything else. Nothing else can seem more important. Even love."

And I ask you: In Olivia de Havilland's place, would you or wouldn't you be of the same mind?

THE END

Acting Begins at 58 for Sam Hinds

(Con't from page 31)

thoughts began to wander—across a few miles of Southern California terrain from Pasadena, where he lived, to Hollywood.

"After all," he thought, "what have I got to lose?"

He went to the casting office at Paramount studios. "I want a job as an actor," he said. And, because it was Hollywood, he got a job as an actor, just like that.

Not much of a one, maybe, but a job, nevertheless. It was a nineteen-word part in "If I Had a Million." What an ironic title for a man who had just lost his shirt!

Later that same week Paramount called him back and gave him a four-word bit in a picture called "Crime of the Century." All he had to do was ring a doorbell, enter a room, deliver a package, and say, "Here, I've brought it." Then, for five whole days he reclined comfortably on a davenport in front of the cameras. He was supposed to be a banker in a hypnotic trance.

When it was all over, he was handed a check for $120. Sam says he was willing to remain in a hypnotic trance permanently—and isn't so sure he hasn't.

A little later he sallied out to Culver City where Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio is located, picked himself a comfortable spot on the casting office bench, and settled down. A few minutes later a young fellow named Robert Young walked by and saw him sitting there.

It happened that a few months before, Bob Young had become acquainted with Sam. He let out a whoop, and insisted on personally introducing him to Metro's casting director. That worthy took one look, and offered his caller the part of *Dr. Eastman,* physician to the President, in "Gabriel Over the White House."

In this picture Hinds received his first screen credit, and awoke, the morning after the preview, to find himself a Hollywood sensation.

After that it was smooth sailing. In four years he has played in more than one hundred pictures. Now he is one of the most successful character actors in Hollywood.

Hinds had a poignant experience early in his screen career. He received a studio call, and with several other members of the cast

Kay Francis goes very blonde in her new picture "Accused."

climbed into a studio car. Sam didn't notice where they were going. You can imagine what a start it gave him, therefore, to look up and find the car turning into the driveway of his former home. The movie company was using it as a background for exterior shots.

Hinds said nothing about it to his fellow actors.

There's one peculiar thing about this Pasadena place. Back by the garage stands a tree which sticks out into the driveway. According to the script the hero of the movie was to back his car out of the garage and speed down the driveway. But the script writers hadn't known about that tree. Sam Hinds stood there watching the lad becoming more and more tangled up with the oak. Then he told the director, "Have him turn it so, and then back it so."

The director was skeptical.

"I'll take the car out myself," said Sam. And did.

The director stood there with his mouth agape. He couldn't understand it.

When Hinds first came to Universal a dramatic thing happened to him. The studio's make-up wizard, Jack Pierce, was getting him ready for a part in a picture which was laid back in the gay nineties.

Pierce picked up a book which Sam recognized. Years before he'd seen it in his father's library. Its title was "Eminent New Yorkers." It contained the pictures and biographies of well known Manhattanites of the day. It is customary for studio make-up men to use these pictures in fashioning the sideburns, mutton-chop whiskers, etc., required for a movie laid thirty or forty years ago.

Sam asked to look at the book. He turned to a photograph of Joseph E. Hinds, President of the United States Playing Card Company.

"Could you make me up to look like that?" he asked, pointing to the picture. Jack Pierce nodded, and went to work with deft fingers.

And that is how it happened that Samuel S. Hinds walked before the cameras that day, the living image of his own father who had been dead for many years.

Hinds played the role of a judge in "Black Fury" which had Paul Muni for its star. He was called upon to render a long, involved decision, fairly bristling with legal verbiage. After the first "take" Michael Curtiz, the director, sang out, "Print it!" Then he turned to Sam Hinds, ex-lawyer, and said, "An attorney couldn't have done it better!"

But Sam isn't always a lawyer, banker or doctor in pictures.

Recently he played an important role in "The Mighty Treve." He was cast as an unkempt old sheep rancher and had to grow a scraggly mustache and be thoroughly disagreeable throughout approximately ninety per cent of the picture.

In "The Mighty Treve" he was supposed to be the uncle of Barbara Read, eldest of the feminine trio of "Three Smart Girls." And to this day Barbara calls him "Unc."

MODERN MOVIES

Dorothea Kent, all done up in cellophane. She's the girl, you know who wrote her phone number on Alan Mowbray's shirt front.

Sam has been related (in the movies) to practically every charmer in the business. Greta Garbo is just about the only feminine star who hasn't called him "Uncle" or "Dad" at one time or another.

In his latest film, "Wings Over Honolulu," he portrays an admiral. When the picture started he filed a protest with the director. "I object to being demoted," he said with a grin. "According to this script I'm merely the admiral in charge of Naval air operations. In 'Devil Dogs of the Air' I was the admiral in command of the combined United States fleets, no less!"

Today Sam Hinds is having more fun than he's ever had in his life before. Go back to a law practice? No, thanks!

The magic finger of Fate pointed at Sam Hinds — and all this happened. Sam doesn't know why. Nobody knows. The lightning just struck, that's all.

Yodeling, High Riding Gene

(Continued from page 37)

has elevated the prestige of the "fall" in modern comedy scenes so that now it ranks well above the "chase." He has fallen in washtubs, hog troughs, bull pens, oil puddles, chicken coops, but never with serious results until recently, when he fell in love. Miss Dallas MacDonald, a charming newspaper woman, claimed him as her blushing bridegroom.

Gene and I settled down in the shade of the prop rancho veranda and talked about everything under the cinema sun. There's none of your "Autry won't talk" reticence about this young man. Although reluctant to discuss his sensational success, he'll talk with graciousness and authority on any other subject, and he'll listen intently when you tell him your own grandpappy copped off Indians on the western plains—without asking too many questions.

When my time was up, and Gene was summoned back into action before the camera, I discovered that he'd told me nothing about his rapid rise to fame.

Nothing if not resourceful, I dropped into the publicity office and enlisted the aid of a long, lean, red-haired individual named Sam.

"Stuff for a story on Autry?" he said, hauling out a voluminous file. "Sure thing. And if you don't say Gene's a regular feller, you're no judge of men and human nature."

Gene learned to ride almost as soon as he learned to walk, for his father was a rancher 'way down in Tioga, Texas. Civic pride runs strong in Tioga, so strong that not long ago the natives seriously considered changing the name of the village from Tioga to "Autry Springs."

Gene did plenty of steer herding in his early days, and participated in his first rodeo at Achilles, Oklahoma, when he was only twelve.

Meanwhile, he began to develop his voice in the choir of his grandfather's Baptist church.

At fourteen he yearned for a saxophone, and decided that the best way to get it was to sign up with a traveling medicine show for a season, but the coveted saxophone was barely in his hands when he traded it for a steel guitar.

The guitar proved to be an invaluable investment. It helped Gene while away many a dull hour when at eighteen he was telegrapher on a lonely division of the Frisco railway. And it attracted the attention of a genial, kindly fellow Oklahoman who often came in to send messages — none other than the beloved Will Rogers.

"You're gettin' nowhere fast, son," Will warned him. "Why don't you pack up that guitar of yours an' git to town where your singin' will do you some good?"

Gene did. Within a year he was signed by station WLS in Chicago, and for three years was starred on the Sears Roebuck and Alka-Seltzer programs.

Summoned to the coast to play a small part in a serial, he became such an immediate hit that Republic signed him up for a series of musical westerns which are now well in their second year and going stronger every week.

Several times a year he packs up "Champion" in a specially built trailer and travels through the country on personal appearance tours. On such trips he's likely as not to join the kids in a corner lot game of baseball, and set them all up afterwards to ice creams.

"Champion" is his pride and joy. He estimates that the upkeep on the horse's trinkets runs well above the $3000 market. The saddle, bridle and breast piece are decorated with sterling silver.

It's Smart to Be Dumb

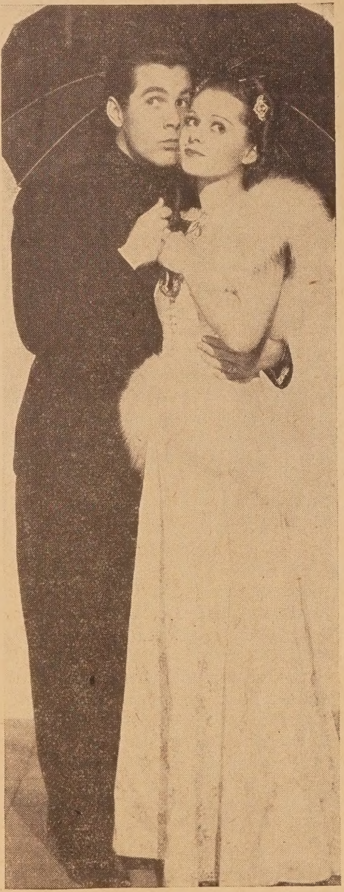
(Continued from page 43)

"It's started!" wailed Harpo. "I told you it wouldn't be long before this place went mad."

Jumping up, he grabbed the receiver as if to choke it to death.

We got back to women with a past — that is, some of those who had figured in Harpo's mad career.

"One nearly ruined it," he related. "That was in Dixon, Illinois. The theatre back of the curtain was the smallest I'd ever seen. You walked right off the stage into the washroom. There wasn't any door, not even a screen. You simply made your exit and arrived in the plumbing. I was out on the stage playing my harp when I heard the water running. So did the audience. I sneaked a look and saw a woman there. She was the Indian wife of a man who got out of a straitjacket in the show. Maybe she was born beside a waterfall, and didn't want to forget it. It wouldn't have been so bad if I'd been playing 'On the Banks of the Wabash' or 'Down Where the Wurzburger Flows.' But I was playing 'The Rosary.' When I finally tore myself away from my harp the woman said she had something to say to me. I felt the same about her, but stuck to my old principle of never having words with a woman. She explained she was going to a party that night and asked me if I would help her out by tying up her husband for her. I told her I'd like nothing better. She showed me all the knots and just how to tie them so her husband could get out of his straitjacket in four minutes — the world's record, as he proudly boasted. She didn't know it, but her husband was going to make a new record. Just before his evening performance I tied him up so hard that it took him over an hour to get out. And by that time his audience had *walked* out on him."



As loving as they look. Eleanor Whitney and Johnny Downs are like this off-screen, too. They're reported to be Hollywood's youngest sweethearts.

Of course, there could be only one answer to that knotty question — Harpo's love of his harp. No doubt it dated back to his first lesson on it.

"I never took a lesson," was his surprising reply. "I just grew up with a harp. My—"

Again the telephone.

"As I was saying," he evenly resumed, "my grandmother, who lived with us, was a harpist. Her harp was like part of the furniture, and I couldn't keep my hands off it. When I was three I could pick out a tune. But I don't know a single note of music. With me it's all by ear. I suppose I owe it to my grandmother, just as I owe pantomine to my grandfather, who was a magician. His hands were marvelous, and at ninety he could do tricks so fast that I couldn't see how it was done. He would sit right beside me and I learned dexterity from others as well as my grandfather. "All of us boys learned to be acrobats as tough kids in the streets down on New York's East Side. So it was easy when we had to take a backfall or do a bend on the stage. Over we'd go—"

And over he went to the telephone.

"and land on our feet every time," he blandly resumed. "Acrobatics are part and parcel of pantomine. My experience in Russia proved it was possible to give a whole evening's performance of pantomine. With only two people to help me I did that for four weeks at the Moscow Art Theatre.

"It remains to be seen," pursued Harpo, "whether the same thing can be done in this country. But the funny thing is I couldn't get a job in pictures till the talkies came in. Yet I'm still silent."

"Do you ever feel you must talk?"

"Never. Being dumb is soothing. It's my way of letting off steam, getting rid of an accumulation of nervous energy. It's second nature with me now. I seem to be in a different world. And I'm a different person, or rather two persons—like Jekyll and Hyde. I never expect to talk on the screen or the stage. For one reason there's too much competition, and I feel I'm fortunate to be out of it. There must be five thousand actors to ten pantominists, so you see I'm in such a nice spot that I'm going to stay there. I'd be dumb if I didn't keep dumb. I can't understand how anyone in my place could possibly want to be anything but silent."

diences as a regular fellow and a darn good actor, which remark was really very politic, for the conversational sidekick came through with a smile.

"You and the rest of your male tribe don't really know what kind of appeal Gary has. Of course, he's a good actor, but most women go to see him principally to watch him make love—and he's so good at it that it doesn't seem to be acting at all."

Here the writer kept some mental reservations to himself. If Gary could do it why couldn't almost any other man?

And think of some of the others the girls think have the old S. A. Edward Arnold, for instance, came through with flying colors, despite the mature type of role he usually plays and his not exactly svelte figure. Well, that seems understandable. But the score was also good on Adolphe Menjou—and this in the face of his steadily increasing comedy parts. Menjou, of course, has always had an appeal because of his smart clothes: but is that sex appeal?

"It isn't his clothes that makes Menjou have allure for the girls," came from the opposite corner. "He's smooth, and we like that."

"What about a fellow like Leslie Howard? I've heard a lot of women rave about him, and he isn't exactly handsome."

"He's a different case. Women feel more as if they want to mother him. He gives the impression of being awfully nice—the kind of person you can trust with your precious being."

As a matter of fact—it may be interesting to readers—in real life Leslie is decidedly a he-man, and perfectly able to care for himself. He likes old tweeds, pipes, fishing, a horse or two, and friends he has known through the years. Besides this, he has a grand sense of humor—the dry kind—which keeps his cronies in a constant uproar.

In interviewing our introspective girl it suddenly occurred to us that most of the players mentioned were easily eligible to attend their tenth or twentieth college reunions—which is a rather nice way of putting it. After all, success comes to few in the early stages of a career. However, we asked if there weren't some very young players who came under our category.

"Well," she answered, "if you mean those who seem pretty young and have the old stuff without being beautiful I must admit the list is limited. But how about Burgess Meredith for one? Did I get a kick out of him in 'Winterset', and did a

Did They Get there on their Looks?

(Con't from page 17)

Yet the Powell has made his mark as a player girls like and admire. It isn't so difficult to imagine women wishing for a husband so entertaining as the "Thin Man" and finding in him the stuff of which dreams are made.

"But," said our girl informant, "Tracy and Powell aren't the only male actors who have sex appeal without being handsome."

Admitting that her idea of which stars are handsome and which are not is limited to her personal viewpoint, we offer some of her selections.

Waiting for Katie O'Shea (Myrna Loy) on the "Parnell" set—that's what Clark Gable is doing here, and he pays attention to her pet cat, Erasmus, in the interim.

"I shouldn't call Charles Boyer a matinee type by any means," she explained, "yet he has won the reputation of being the kind of man women want. Particularly in 'The Garden of Allah' was this true, I think. He seemed like a worried man who didn't know what it was all about. You felt like telling him and taking him away from that desert to someplace more comfortable."

Undoubtedly many feminine fans will disagree with the edict that Boyer is not handsome in the way a picture star is supposed to be, but, of course, in making such generalizations there can not be a hundred per cent agreement. So, for the purpose of our theme, we shall continue to take our observer's opinion as gospel.

"I simply adore Philip Merivale," she continued, "although I haven't seen him on the screen lately. Of course, I think he's handsome, but most men do not. Anyway, he is certainly the kind women audiences fall for."

"How about Tullio Carminati?"

"Oh, he's definitely good looking. And, boy, didn't he have a way with him in 'One Night of Love.' When he appeared in that last scene to buck up Grace Moore at her operatic debut he won the sympathetic feelings of everyone, including the men."

A mere man might possibly disagree that Carminati is a leader of the masculine looks parade, but he will concede the charm of the romantic actor, a charm that stems from his Latin forbears.

Suppose, just by way of contrast, we turn to a strictly American type. The writer suggested Gary Cooper and received merely a thoughtful stare for several moments, then the girl observer replied: "Well, you might not call Gary handsome in the sense of collar ad beauty, but I'm afraid most women would not think of him as unhandsome. You can be sure, though, that regardless of whether he stalks across the screen in the rough and ready costume of a plainsman or in the dignified dress of Park Avenue, he sends out a thrill to us girls."

The writer then admitted that Gary was accepted by his male aumillion other girls?"

"Buzz," as his friends know him, has been one of the sensations of recent months for his performance as the revenge-bent youth in Maxwell Anderson's prize-winning drama. But it was his lofty and poetic quality that brought him such sudden fame in a field new to his experience. It had something to do with high blood pressure and a fast-beating pulse, which is only one way of saying that Meredith has the quality of "it"—and that doesn't mean "if". Many interesting things may happen when he finishes his enormously successful stage appearance in Anderson's 1937 stage hit, "High Tor," for he has a contract with RKO to appear in at least one picture a year for that company.

It was easy to see the girl was slightly hipped on Burgess, but that was all right because most men probably like him too. "But who else is in the younger class?"

"You might consider Jimmie Stewart, who has done such a good job in 'Seventh Heaven.' He's one of those players you either take or you don't. I'll take."

"How do you mean?"

"He has a quality of either you like him or you don't. But for those who do, he is—as the girls say—a honey, and for the others, a film actor who does a good job. He also has a splendid sense of comedy which is not an easy thing to combine with sex appeal."

"Well, are there any others?"

"How about Paul Kelly? And then there's Bill Gargan, who seems to have the correct heart beats. Fred Astaire is not noted for good looks, but he gets the feminine attention. Leo Carillo, despite his comedy proclivities and his wise manner, due to years of stage trouping, can still throw out plenty of magnetism.

"Then, you know, I have a yen for two other players not so completely well known to the average film audience. Walter Abel is one, Fred Keating, the other. Abel started his film career in 'The Three Musketeers,' following this with 'Fury,' 'We Went to College,' and 'Second Wife.' There's a lot of versatility in him, for those pictures range from deep-dyed melodrama to very light comedy.

"Keating, before coming to the screen, was a favorite in New York night clubs as a magician. You probably know about his famous bird cage trick. He would hold one of those wooden cages in his hands containing a live canary. Then he'd push it in front of some patron's nose, make a quick twist of his hands and the whole thing would disappear. We're still wondering how he did it. Anyway, Fred is doing very well for himself as a charmer, even when he plays the villain.

"And that completes my list. Now you can agree or disagree with the selections and let the chips fall where they may. But wait a minute, there's one more name to be added."

"Who?"

"We mustn't forget Jimmy Durante."

Here are the dogs the studios go to when they want four-legged actors. Lionel Comport is shown with some of his "contract players." He's been at this now 27 years.

"Too Sweet" for His Own Good

(Con't from page 46)

'Oh, yeah?' I cracked back at him. But he was serious. My impudence and cockiness was just what he wanted in the character, and instead of being kicked out of the hall, as I deserved, I was launched on my career — for I did a number of shows with the University players and also with the local stock company in Madison, Wisconsin.

"After playing the lead in 'Liliom' and a couple other plays during that summer in Madison, I went on to New York.

"My cockiness and my luck were still holding out, for on my third day in New York, I met a fellow on the street I had never seen before but who, in some manner, guessed I was an actor and asked me if I wanted a job. He told me that Fisk O'Hara needed a man for his play 'Jerry For Short' over at the Waldorf theatre. I got the part. I played a butler in this show for the rest of the run, but when it came time to go out on the road I decided I would stay on Broadway. Broadway was the place for go-getters, I told myself. Months without work of any kind followed.

"This was the first treatment for my cockiness. It was an experience that was starting me to think.

"I went home discouraged — but returned to New York just in time to get in on the big depression. In five months the only job I had was two weeks in vaudeville with Texas Guinan. It was during this period I got the bumps that finally tipped me off to myself.

"One thing I had learned, and that was to take grief as it came—and then forget about it. We had three days in which to rehearse for the Guinan show. The second day of rehearsing I discovered I had a carbuncle on the back of my neck. We rehearsed until about five-thirty in the afternoon, when we were let off until seven that night. The carbuncle had been bothering me to distraction, and so I went up to see a doctor. He put me on the table and started carving on it.

"After that I had just time to snatch a sandwich and a cup of coffee and get back to rehearsal. We rehearsed until 11 P. M. I discovered other people who were desperate for work went on in spite of grief. So I just gritted my teeth and hung on—getting my first real lesson in self-discipline.

"I saw how other people carried on in spite of bad breaks," continued Don, "and realized I had to do the same. A couple of old character actors who met nothing but disappointments behaved in a manner that shamed me, and set me to trying to see things from the other fellow's viewpoint.

"When I looked back a few years and realized how my father had done everything in his power to make up for the fact that his business had hung a handicap on me, how he had sent me to one college after another, hoping I'd finally become a lawyer and have a profession my children would never be ashamed of, and how he had always made allowances for anything I'd ever done, it suddenly struck me that it was only fair for me to give the other fellow a break once in a while.

"Once I learned to show other people consideration and to stop treading on their toes, the reward I got in companionship and appreciation more than paid for the lost opportunities to crack wise and to say smart things at the other fellow's expense.

"It just happens that I realized how lucky I was before it was too late. There's really no reason why I should have had the breaks that came my way, but since I did have them, I'm going to do my best to prove I appreciate them. And I believe the surest way to do that is to act like a human being."

It's hard to say how many people would admit that the character for which they have been acclaimed is not natural, but the result of an effort to overcome faults, and that the personality for which they have been praised is merely the result of a determination to "act like a human being."

But frankness and an absolute lack of pretense are the outstanding features of Don Ameche. Don freely admits that his personality is an "act" — but an "act" he will never abandon, and one that has become second nature to him. An act he believes in with all his heart.

Yet, knowing his background, and realizing that there is plenty of steel under this second nature of his, the kind-hearted ones who have been worrying about this unprotected "lamb" may now enjoy his pictures and marvel at his voice, his appearance and his manner without fear of the big bad wolves getting him.

But go on with the story of Don's arrival in pictures.

After his vaudeville act with Texas Guinan he went to radio station WMCA in New York and took an audition as a singer. Then, practically hopeless, he wired home for money. When he received this he left New York for Kenosha.

About two weeks after his arrival at home he received a notice from WMCA to go in for another audition. He couldn't enthuse sufficiently to go back, but later went to Chicago for a radio audition at the suggestion of a friend who played in college plays with him.

N. B. C. at Chicago liked Don's voice and put him on a program called the "Evening Star," for which they paid him $22.50 for one appearance. A week later they called him for an audition for a special program—and he was "on the air."

N. B. C. arranged for Don to come to Hollywood and take a picture test with M-G-M—but nothing came out of that and he returned to Chicago and went back on the air.

He was next asked to go to New York to make a test for Twentieth Century-Fox, from which he got a contract to come to Hollywood for the picture "Sin of Man." He was originally cast to play only the son in that picture, but after testing him for twelve straight hours, the studio officials were so impressed they gave him a dual role in the production.

Twentieth Century-Fox decided it had secured the services of an amazing sentimental and romantic star. So Don was cast to the part of *Allessandro* in "Ramona." When the studio was considering again casting Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven" she asked that Don be cast opposite her.

Don was cast opposite her in "Ladies in Love," despite his rather mumbled protests that he wanted to play comedy, and that he "felt" comedy.

Perish that thought: the handsome, romantic, soft-spoken Don Ameche in comedy! But he got his wish, principally because the studio wanted to please him, and to have him happy in the next romantic part for which he was cast.

He was tested for the hard-boiled city editor in "Love Is News." That jaw-cracking, wise-cracking, two-fisted part carried little hard-knuckled Domonic Ameche of Don's boyhood days right into the studio —and almost floored the executives when they saw the rushes.

Gone forever was the soft-spoken, sacrificing romantic Don, and in his place is a rip-roaring comedian who played a sophisticated comedy part in "Fifty Roads to Town" and is being co-starred with Loretta Young in a typical "Bill Powell Part" in "Love Under Fire."

So now, perhaps, it will be easier for the average movie fan, when he hears Don's caressing voice, to close his eyes and picture a black-haired youngster with clenched fists daring the other kids of Kenosha to come over to his side of the tracks, and to see, in his mind's eye, a cocky, self-assured student breezing his way through college with the eternal chip on his shoulder.

Are Second Marriages Best?

(Con't from page 36)

actress and the tennis champion have been married nearly two years now. Sailing has been so smooth, not even one little columnist has printed a discordant rumor.

Burgess Meredith, sensation on Broadway and hero of the screen, failed miserably in his first marriage and is now living happily-ever-after in his second.

He married his first wife—Helen Berrien Derby,—in a burst of boyish enthusiasm while he was playing in stock, five years ago. They were married on the stage of a summer theater, between performances. She worked in the box office at the little playhouse.

At that time Burgess had made no name for himself on Broadway and played in no movies. It was during the depths of the depression, when times were hard even for a man who had a job. And Burgess' jobs that next season were distinctly haphazard—mostly limited to playing the Dormouse in "Alice in Wonderland," and taking small parts in "Peter Pan." He was willing to starve for his art—and often had. But it's a little difficult for a wife, especially if she has no art to starve for.

At any rate, for whatever reason, the marriage which had started out so bravely, failed.

The next time he proposed, he chose an actress: Broadway's Margaret Perry. It's a second marriage for Margaret, too. When Burgess isn't busy in Hollywood, he and Margaret live in an old remodelled farmhouse up on the Hudson, not far from the New York home of Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur. Life, apparently, is one long happy song, and the singing stops only when Burgess dashes down to the City to give a performance. Then, as soon as the last act is over and the final curtain call taken, he is out of the theatre, into his car, racing back to Margaret and a peaceful country life.

Then there's Claudette Colbert whose first marriage (to Norman Foster) crashed, and who's happy as a lark now with her second mate, Dr. Joel Pressman. And Norman, himself, incidentally, is doing pretty well with little Sally Blane. There's Henry Fonda, who carried a torch so long for first-wife Margaret Sullivan, but is happily settled down with his second bride. The list of successful second marriages actually seems to be never ending!

Of course, once in a while—though not often—a second marriage that looks firm as Gibralter will fail. Probably the most famous example is Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks. For years their union was regarded as the great American Idyll. And its crash left thousands of movie-goers disillusioned. Now that Mary is launching into a third romance, there's not a soul who doesn't wish her well. Perhaps as Mrs. Buddy Rogers, America's Sweetheart will again be known as filmdom's ideal wife.

Usually however, third marriages are difficult to hold together. Perhaps it is that people who choose wrong twice, simply can't pick them. Or, maybe, if you don't profit by your first mistake, a second won't help you. There's the much-married Gloria Swanson, for instance, who starts out on each new venture with a brave heart and hopes high. If she marries again, the man will be her fifth husband. There's Connie Bennett and Pauline Frederick and a score of others who were never able to find happiness in marriage after the second union failed.

Yes, there's certainly some magic in second marriage. Out of the first heartbreak a woman learns tolerance and a man understanding. They know the bitter taste of tears and the futility of anger. They learn what to prize; what to avoid. Second marriages *should* be best! And the records indicate they are.

Food Tastes Best Out-of-Doors

(Con't from page 14

meat to be grilled over the charcoal pit—barbecued spare ribs are a favorite. There's always a big salad, either a mixed green one in a wooden bowl or a molded gelatin one that is kept solid by resting the plate on a bowl of cracked ice. Huge rolls are piled up awaiting hot frankfurters. there's usually a baked or boiled ham, dishes of pickles, condiments, sugared and plain doughnuts, coffee in a kitchen enamel pot of large proportions, and a set of three steam dishes with macaroni, scalloped potatoes and such in them.

Everyone dips in liberally and the food is so varied that every taste is well catered to. Mrs. William says that she has pitchers of iced beer handy, and for the non-drinkers, there's always a summer punch ready. This punch is an excellent one and the recipe for it is given here.

COOL MINT PUNCH

5 lemons
1 quart water
1 cup sugar
1 quart ginger ale
Large sprig of mint

Roll and slice lemons and let them stand in the sugar for one hour. Add water and ginger ale. Pour over ice in a punch bowl. Crush and bruise the mint with your fingers and add to liquid one-half hour before serving.

This recipe can be increased according to the number of guests and, of course, a liquor can be added, if desired.

THE whole joy of dining on your porch, on the lawn or in some outdoor setting this summer is to have foods that are prepared beforehand and look attractive when served in the heat. Several excellent recipes that meet these requirements are offered to you this month. All of them have been tested and require no great effort in preparation.

For instance, a meat loaf is an ideal hot weather meat course. It is as tasty cold as it is warm. And it can be garnished with vegetables to look colorful.

QUICK-COOKING MEAT LOAF

2 thin 2-inch slices salt pork, diced
2 tablespoons minced onion
2 pounds raw beef ground
½ cup Minute Tapioca
2½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2 cups strained canned tomatoes (juice and pulp)

Try out salt pork, add onion, and cook until golden brown. Add pork, onion and drippings to other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Bake in loaf pan in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes; then decrease heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 30 minutes longer, or until done. Serve hot or cold. Garnish with parsley. This recipe serves ten people.

A delicious summer salad which can be kept cool, as suggested, by resting the salad plate on a pan or bowl of cracked ice, is the Molded Carrot and Cabbage Salad.

MOLDED CARROT AND CABBAGE SALAD

1 package lemon flavored gelatin
2 tablespoons of vinegar
1 cup grated carrots
1 pint hot water
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup finely shredded cabbage

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in carrots and cabbage. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise. This serves about six. It can be molded in one form, as illustrated, which is better for outdoor serving.

IF you want to have an unusual sandwich to serve for outdoor buffets or picnics, try this delicious combination. Chop raw carrots up fine and spread them on rye bread or rolls, using butter on each slice and with a dash of mayonnaise for flavoring.

And just a word about outdoor table settings—you can get all your trappings for outdoor dining at the five and ten with a minimum of cost. Several yards of colorful and gay patterned oil cloth makes a charming table covering. Paper napkins, plates, cups and dishes abound in great variety. Brightly colored glasses are so cheap that breakage isn't a vital calamity. In fact, whole beverage sets can be assembled for about a dollar or less. Beverage sippers, coasters and all such gadgets are to be had there, too.

The object of outdoor eating is to have everything look as gay and colorful as the food is tasty.

I Want to Know

(Continued from page 6)

stage actress. From Broadway she went into pictures. Height, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight, 120 lbs.; eyes, blue; hair, light brown. Not married.

●

FERNAND GRAVET. — Belgian by birth; permanent residence, France. His father was a theatrical producer; his mother an actress. The war depleting the family fortunes, Fernand became an actor. Has made 27 pictures in Europe. Brought to America by Mervyn Le Roy of Warner Bros., he starred with Joan Blondell in "The King and the Chorus Girl." Height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 145 lbs.; hair, dark; eyes, brown. Married to Jane Renouardt of the Parisian stage.

•

BINNIE BARNES.—Born in England of Italian-English parents. Began theatrical career as a ballroom dancer in London. Became partner of a rope-spinning entertainer. Changed her name to "Texas Binnie Barnes," and did roping stunts. Went into stage play with Charles Laughton; a little later was cast in an English-made movie. Got a part in Noel Coward's famous play, "Cavalcade." Under Alexander Korda she made such films as "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Return of Don Juan." In America she has been featured in numerous screen productions, including "Diamond Jim" with Edward Arnold. Latest films are "Three Smart Girls" and "Breezing Home." Height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 122 lbs.; eyes, brown; hair, blonde.

•

PATRICIA ELLIS. — Her father is Alexander Leftwich, Broadway producer and director. She began as understudy in her father's productions and graduated to stock. Played in "Royal Family," "Once in a Lifetime," "Elizabeth the Queen." Discovered by Warner Bros. talent scout. Has appeared in a score of films. Height, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight, 115 lbs.; eyes, blue; hair, blonde; unmarried.

•

JOHN WAYNE. — Got into pictures when Director Raoul Walsh selected him for a Western film because of his physique and handsome features. Wayne made his debut in "The Big Trail." Latest pictures, "Sea Spoilers" and "The Showdown." Under contract to Universal. Height, 6 ft. 3 in.; weight, 210 lbs.; eyes, brown; hair, deep brown. Married to Josephine Saenz, a socialite, his high school sweetheart.

Wanted: Joel McCrea

(Con't from page 57)

Davies took an interest in me, because I was such a helpless sort of kid, I guess. She introduced me around and helped me a great deal. That led to me being invited to her parties, and going to the ranch at San Simeon. There I met producers, directors and other people who could do a young fellow a lot of good.

"My first good part was with Evelyn Brent in 'The Silver Horde.' After that, things just seemed to work out well for me."

And that is the modest, almost boyish, way Joel speaks of his career. "After that, things just seemed to work out."

Yet it was not quite that simple. There were many disappointments along the way. Cecil de Mille signed him to do a part in "Dynamite," which resulted in a contract with M-G-M. But that studio just let Joel stew in his own impatience to do something, and after six months, dropped him. Joel was just twenty-one, and felt he was losing valuable time.

"Disappointments and discouragements seemed to pile up—until I got that 'Silver Horde' part, and met Louis Wolheim," commented Joel. "I think I looked like a big lost kid to him, because he took me under his wing from the start. He became my friend and advisor, and taught me most of the little I know about acting. He told me just to be myself and act only in being sure not to do things that were against camera efficiency. He helped me in every way, but most of all, I think, in keeping up my spirits and confidence, and in constantly telling me to take it easy and never to fight a scene. 'Do what they tell you the way that's easiest for you, and that's all there is to it,' he used to tell me, again and again, with patience that seemed to know no limit."

Joel still claims he is not an actor in the real sense of the word—that he just does what he is told. Directors invariably express amazement at his ability to take direction and simplify difficult scenes.

"Following my experience with Wolheim," continued Joel, "I played leads. I was fortunate in being cast with fine stars."

Playing opposite such top-liners as Marion Davies in the "Five O'Clock Girl," Constance Bennett in "Born to Love" and "A Bed of Roses," Miriam Hopkins in "The Richest Girl in the World," and with Greta Garbo in "The Single Standard" and Will Rogers in "Lightnin'" established Joel in an enviable position in the casting offices of Hollywood. If his unassuming manner repelled ballyhoo, his never-failing performances primed him to co-star in such films as "Barbary Coast," "Splendor" and "These Three."

Many stars have caused publicity departments and writers to go "over-board" in booming them, only to fizzle out through mediocre performances; others have soared up in a colorful blaze of ballyhoo and come to earth with a sad thud—but how few are those who have risen quietly and steadily, to stay up there and burn brighter with each passing picture?

That is exactly what Joel McCrea has done—and in the most casual manner. There is something natural and restful about Joel that grows on you, personally as well as on the screen. Especially he grows on women. Where the Clark Gables, the Robert Taylors and the Errol Flynns appeal to their imagination, Joel McCrea appeals to their common sense. The romantic heroes are great for a thrill, they admit, but Joel is the type to make the perfect husband. Everything about him, they explain, speaks of dependability, kindness, consideration and security. He would make a good provider and a husband a woman could respect.

His private life seems to verify their claims. It is a reflection of his screen career; unpretentious, and yet outstanding in its success. Married to the charming Frances Dee, he is the father of two boys. His thousand acre ranch over near Simi boasts of a model home and eighteen thorough-bred Percheron horses, the start of what he plans to make a famous stock farm. Joel loves plain little cow-ponies most of all, and refuses to desert his first love to raise polo ponies.

Deanna Durbin

(Continued from page 47)

establish that intimate contact with its audiences that Deanna Durbin does.

Now for the second query: Deanna is fresh and young, and she does have a delightful, heart-warming smile. But the average American schoolgirl is just as charming and attractive physically; beauty is a national feminine trait in our country. Certainly, 20,000,000 people would not love Deanna Durbin simply for being the sweet and dainty little girl that she is.

Lastly, her acting ability. As an actress she amazed her studio every bit as much as she amazed her public. It was this extra, unexpected talent that moved Universal to star her in her first picture. She uses laughter and tears with the sure hand of an experienced old trouper. And yet, how many times on the screen have you watched an actor of unusual ability and admired his performance without feeling sympathy for the character he portrayed.

Behind every star is a personality, a combination of thoughts, impulses, longings — in short, herself; and therein lies Deanna Durbin's greatest appeal.

Naturally the other factors mentioned are important ones in her success, but for purposes of proof, let us relive what happened in the Universal projection room at the first preview of "Three Smart Girls."

The picture starts, the showmen exchange approving nods over the clarity and timbre of Deanna's voice; but they are wary. Can she act? Five minutes answers this question. She can—and how!

They look at her fresh, young face, her gay, irrepressible smile, the quick, graceful movements of her body. Wary lines disappear from around the observers' eyes. The kid's okay, the picture's swell everybody's doing a bang-up job, the story's tight and sure-fire—gay comedy, drama, bubbling, hilarious, irresistible; you can feel a warmth spread like a blanket over the house, and laughter wells as freely as spring water—the whole thing is so delightfully merry.

Here and there at first, some hard-boiled salesman whose job it is to get results from pictures, to exploit them, to consider them objectively as dollars and cents and percentages, furtively brushes a tear away.

No hokum this, but true. That's what little Deanna does. She has that most precious gift of any actress, the gift of making an audience cry. She is so completely appealing, so real, so close to her audiences. She has that indefinable quality of poignancy, of tenderness, that clutches right at your heart.

Take a look at Deanna's growing fan mail, and you begin to realize one of the great secrets of her appeal. Thousands of these letters are not, as you might expect, from children of her own age, but from middle aged men and women. Men and women who have loved children of their own and who have lost them; men and women with unfulfilled years of hungering after a child of their own stretching long and dreary behind them; men and women who have happy homes and children of their own. All of these are writing letters of genuine affection to dainty Deanna, because they see in her the child they lost grown up, the child they might have had and would have wanted to bear, or the child they want their own children to become. They write to her as freely and as lovingly as if she were their own daughter.

One more why, and that is all. Listen to Deanna herself react to her new glorious, unbelievable life; and ask yourself if she is not unaffected by it and because of it as anyone could be.

"It's all swell. I'm so busy that I haven't really had time to get excited. Maybe that's just as well. If I did have time to think about all the wonderful things that are happening to me I'd probably burst, or die, or something.

"You see, there's the broadcast with Mr. Cantor every week. Whether or not I'm working on a picture that goes on—rehearsals too. I have my music lessons all the time, often every day. I have to rehearse for recordings in the pictures and I have to pose several hours every week for still pictures. Then there are fittings, make up tests, hair dressing, wardrobe fittings and a dozen other things that are part of acting in the movies.

"And I have to eat; three meals a day are something I don't want to miss. And Tippy—that's my dog—I have to play with Tippy every day. Gosh! I don't know what I'd do if Mrs. West (that's my teacher) and the studio officials and Mum didn't map out my days.

"But it's all wonderful and grand and lovely. I'll bet I'm having more fun than any girl in the world."

There's your answer. Deanna Durbin is a tremendously real person. Behind that glorious voice, that pretty face and charming smile, and that amazing ability as an actress, she is your daughter, the daughter you should have had, the daughter you hope to have.

That's why she's a girl in 20,000,000.

Those Twintuplets

(Continued from page 49)

"An' everything," said Bobby. I looked at the two eager, shining little faces and felt a stab of envy for "Bill."

"Bill must be a swell guy," I said.

"You're darn right," chorused Billy and Bobby.

Over their stamp collection I asked them about their first picture together, "The Prince and the Pauper." I asked them how they liked it, seeing themselves on the screen.

"Aw, it was all right," allowed Bobby.

"Yeah," agreed Billy.

I wanted to know whether they liked being *Tom Canty*, the *pauper*, as much as being the *Prince*.

"*Tom Canty!*" yelled Bobby.

"You bet your life," chorused Billy.

"Why?" I continued.

"Aw gee," answered Bobby, "when you were the prince you had to speak just so—you know, an' you had to walk right an' stand with your feet at a forty-five degree of longitude or latitude or somethin'."

"That king business wasn't so good," said Billy.

"An' gee! You had to have your hair all curled up." Bobby was properly contemptuous.

"Sissy stuff!" was Billy's terse comment.

"One time," Bobby went on, "between shots we were out foolin' around by the lot, Billy an' me, an' a couple of kids went by an' saw us with our hair all curled an' everythin', an' I guess they thought we were sissies or somethin' so they started yellin' at us—"

"What happened then?" I was curious to know.

"Socked 'em," said Billy laconically.

"Did you clean up?"

"Sure!" Bobby turned a page of the stamp album unconcernedly.

"Have any more trouble after that? With other kids I mean?"

"Naw, I guess they told the other kids."

We all looked at each other and suddenly dissolved in gales of laughter.

Bobby was rushing on, animatedly about their motor scooters in Hollywood.

"We paced 'em by an automobile an' gee, we were goin' 34 miles an hour!"

I was properly impressed.

"I'd like to go fifty! Mebbe we will soon," said Billy.

"Want to know a secret?" This from Bobby, all agog.

"You bet."

"Don't tell Mum, but we're working on the carburetors now. I think we can fix 'em. If we get 'em fixed right I bet we could go a hundred. Wow!" That was Bobby again.

"Can you imagine what that would be like? A hundred miles an hour—gee! "Billy's square little hands were clenched, his eyes far away.

"If we could fix that carburetor right we could patent it—you know—an invention." You could feel Bobby planning it out—the blueprints, the patent, a new line of motor scooters—"Then Billy an' me could be partners. We could have a big business like Henry Ford."

"Billy and me!" I suddenly saw how close these two kids were—physically, mentally, spiritually; the truly grand relationship of brothers who are died-in-the-wool friends. I caught a glimpse of the amazing loyalty to each other and realized that it was one of the loveliest and most definite characteristic of Billy and Bobby Mauch. I thought of how beautifully they complimented each other as personalities, and of how completely each unconscious thought or desire included the other. One for both and both for one! Two twentieth century musketeers. A sudden thought struck me.

"Would you rather not be twins?" I asked.

"I should say not."

"Not on your life."

"Gee," said Bobby, "we have more fun. Once Mom bought me a ring an' I was supposed to wear it so people could know us better an' which was which—"

"So we switched it," continued Billy, a smile breaking.

"An' I used to play Billy was me —" Bobby's voice was beginning to fill with laughter.

"An' I was Bobby—" Billy was beginning to choke.

"An' sometimes even Mum didn't know the difference. Look, just for fun, turn around." Bobby's eyes were glinting with those imps of pure merriment.

I complied. There was a deal of scuffling and subdued giggles and then:

"O.K."

I turned around. Two solemn little faces which threatened at any moment to break into wide grins faced me.

"Which is me and which isn't?" one of the faces said.

I had thought that make-up on the screen must have been responsible for the perfect likeness but I couldn't for the life of me tell them apart standing less than three feet from them. I guessed — and was wrong.

They shrieked with glee—imps, both of them, but swell guys.

"Try again."

I thought I'd be foxy this time.

"First tell me which is which."

They did so. I carefully noted that Billy had on a blue coat, Bobby a brown one. I felt almost unfair, but after all the cards were stacked against me any other way. I turned away for what I would swear wasn't more than a second or two, turned back and guessed.

More uncontrollable mirth. I was quite calm. I explained that I'd caught them this time. The one who turned out to be Bobby shook his head, grinning with delight:

"But you didn't! Gee, that's funny!" He dissolved in laughter rolling on the floor.

"We switched jackets!" said Billy.

Just then Mrs. Mauch came in with some lemonade. There was a wild rush and yells of delight.

"They love it." Mrs. Mauch said, "This and chocolate peppermints."

There was no doubt about her being right; those drinks disappeared in record time.

"Gee," said Billy expelling a long pent-up breath.

"Wow!" said Bobby, "Is that swell!"

They looked enquiringly at their mother. The corners of her eyes were twitching, but she remained perfectly calm, chatting to me, pretending to take no notice. There was an exchange of glances between the twins. Evidently the decision was that it wouldn't be just right to ask for more before a visitor; or maybe they were waiting till I finished. The eager faces did for me; I forgot digestion and started to gulp mine down. Mrs. Mauch smiled at me gently and understandingly.

"Don't hurry, Mr. Strong. Bobby, you'll find a pitcher on ice if you want it." I caught a passing glimpse of the same twinkle in her eyes as I had seen in the twins'.

Bobby rushed at her, threw his arms around her and kissed her. "Gee Mom, you're swell," he said.

Billy was on the other side and his kiss was more gentle and more shyly given. "Thanks Mom."

Helter skelter they rushed toward the door. Suddenly they stopped, and together they retraced their steps. I had risen to leave.

"Are you going, Mr. Strong?"

"Gee, stick around."

"We're goin' to show you some pictures of Ginger."

I want to see pictures of Ginger more than anything in the world: I want to stick around with these kids who are just as regular as anybody could be: I want to laugh for the rest of my life with Billy and Bobby who have that precious gift for extracting joy out of every moment of living, who could have fun in a room with just four bare walls, who know the value of each other's true friendship, and who are as completely unspoiled as you would want your own boy to be: but I can't. I have to leave.

"Sorry fellows. Got to go."

We shake hands firmly. I'd like to tell them how swell I think they are, but among men you can't do that. I can only hope as their steady, clear, blue eyes meet mine over the handshake that they feel what I think, and understand.

I cross to the door and turn.

"Thank you again—and so long guys."

They are standing with arms around each other's shoulders, twin faces grave for a fleeting minute. Then as I turn, a voice cries:

"Hey Mr. Strong! Which is which?"

Their faces are lit with wide smiles, their eyes with candles of glee. I guess—and am wrong again.

Reviews

(Continued from page 13)

PRINCE AND PAUPER

Warner Bros.

A remarkably faithful transcription of Mark Twain's beloved story of Henry the VIII's son. Much as you may be inclined to disbelieve it, the Mauch (pronounced Mock) twins are actually two people, and two very charming and talented young people at that. This is a particularly

SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD PUZZLE on page 8

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unusual film in that it contains no shadow of a suggestion of love interest, but you will be surprised to find that you do not miss it.

Errol Flynn gives a fine performance as the handsome and dashing soldier of fortune who befriends the little beggar king and finally restores him to his throne. Particular interest should attach itself to the timely climax of the picture which brings before your eyes the whole glorious pageantry and pomp of the full English coronation ceremony. It's a tender and affecting story this, the tale of the young prince and pauper who looked so much alike that when chance reversed their positions the pauper almost became King of England and the Prince an unwilling thief; and Billy and Bobby Mauch invest it with a delightful charm. Two youngsters whose naivete and freshness will quickly win your hearts.

FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN—
20th Century-Fox

A gay, innocuous comedy-romance for anybody's money, and a guarantee of eighty pleasant moments any time. With just a tinge of mystery that serves to pique your interest, the story concerns itself with the escapades of a girl with blue-blood (Ann Sothern) and a boy with what seems to be more than a dash of bad blood (Don Ameche). Circumstances, the police, and the author combine to throw them together in a snow-bound cabin in New England back country, and from then on any amount of things suspected—and unsuspected—begin to happen. Don Ameche gives a pleasant account of himself when he forgets to remember to be charming, and Ann Sothern is plausible and lovely.

JANICE HOOD
One of Hollywood's younger stars.

Joan Heads the Bennetts

(Continued from page 45)

for hours and never realize that her beautiful — but near-sighted blue eyes are seeing very little.

Yet, in spite of these handicaps and struggles, Joan is the only Bennett who has dared to be careless with her career.

When she fell in love with Gene Markey, the writer, and married him, everyone said, "Some actresses might get away with it, but not Joan. How will her career ever weather marriage?" She was then playing young sweetheart parts. In these roles casting directors usually prefer to create an illusion of youthful innocence — girlhood romance. Hollywood had carefully hushed all publicity, all reference, to Joan's first marriage and the existence of her daughter, Diane. But Joan, actually the most daring of the Bennetts, was willing to take the risk. She went right ahead with her marriage to Markey.

Then came her second child. She was off the screen for more than a year—a period of hazardous obscurity. Little Melinda was born on Joan's twenty-fourth birthday, February 28th, 1934.

After the baby's birth, Joan received more picture offers. And everyone gasped when she refused them. She felt that a child's place is with its mother—at least until it is old enough to be entrusted to a nurse.

Then one picture, "The Pursuit of Happiness," and off to Europe with Gene, who needed a long rest. Again her career was dropped, the California home boarded up. "Of course, it's risky to leave Hollywood and sacrifice screen roles at this time, but—" and anyone looking into her calm blue eyes knew that Joan had made her decision and that was that.

But her lucky star was still with her. On her return from Europe she was cast in the most fortunate role of her screen career, the finest dramatic part she had ever been given —that of *Sally,* with Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer, in "Private Worlds."

She may be careless with her screen career. But she's smart, too. Her contract with Walter Wanger, at United Artists, calls for four pictures a year and the privilege of doing four free-lance films in addition. Joan won't take advantage of that contract. She considers eight pictures a year too many. Says the public gets tired of seeing the same face too often, and that the actress wears herself out making so many films.

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And nobody can question her wisdom. For she's gone straight and rapidly to the top—in spite of handicaps and frequent absences from the screen. A few months ago when United Artists was looking for a lead to play in their ambitious production, "Vogues of 1938," it was the littlest Bennett who was given the plum. Baby Joan, who still has youth and simplicity and appeal—plus experience and glamour!

What the future holds for her—nobody knows. She has a passion for radio, and there are some movie moguls who venture a fear that one of these days she will abandon films for the air. She admits that radio is "an exciting dramatic medium," and whenever asked, she will broadcast, whether it is from the most obscure little station, without pay, or on a coast-to-coast network.

Meantime Joan has found a new independence. Rumors would indicate that even in her married life this is so. Is Joan to follow the Bennett tradition and go bravely on alone?

They Race With Death

(Continued from page 51)

the seventeen beacons they were to follow were strung through the mountains all right, but that sixteen of them had not yet been wired for electricity and were dark!

After flying all night, they finally located the army planes already warming up for their flight. Freeman urged his pilot to start his motor back-firing and thus appear to lose control of his plane — so they would be permitted to make an emergency landing.

Jumping out, after a near crack-up, Freeman raced over to the government planes and climbed aboard. And so he got his pictures.

Being ahead of the news is a newsreel cameraman's job, and the ability to anticipate disaster is his best reference. Arriving with the newspaper men in time to interview eye witnesses is too late. He must have his camera set up and grinding when Fate calls "Action!"

Cameraman Freeman tells how he and his fellow operators manage to catch the accidents in an automobile race.

"Because speed accidents and air crack-ups happen so fast that no one could possibly focus his camera during their process," he says, "the cameraman must be able to feel what is going to happen, and to pick the car or plane it is going to happen to."

There are six human traits the newsreel cameraman uses as signs to point to thrills: carelessness, lack of experience, nervousness, over-confidence, anger and desperation.

"Carelessness," says Freeman, "has been responsible for some of the worst accidents and crashes ever recorded. In hunting carelessness on a race track we look for a car that is leaking oil—because sooner or later a car following that which is leaking oil is going into a skid that will pile the track with hurtling wrecks. We also look for a car with a partially deflated tire, for unless that car is promptly flagged into the pits, it is very likely to wreck its driver, and perhaps several other drivers as well.

"When we see a driver suddenly grow reckless on a track we put our cameras on him and keep them there, for he is perfect culture for the accident germ. We are constantly alert for flashes of anger and 'run-ins' between the drivers—for anger and vindictiveness are responsible for many track disasters. We are kept constantly advised regarding a driver who appears nervous before the race. We watch him carefully, for nervousness is one of disaster's staff workers.

"Once in an air glider contest, I ignored all the other gliders and kept my camera focused on one nervous youth. I caught a scoop when he seemed suddenly to climb vertically into the air. An instant later he was pitching to earth a thousand feet below."

An experienced newsreel cameraman's habit of bobbing up at the most unexpected places just before something thrilling starts may appear to be just good luck. But instead, it is experience, backed by very definite information. There is always a reason why a strike riot breaks out at some particular spot—and it is the duty of the organization behind the cameraman to help him learn that reason. He goes only where he has reason to believe something is going to happen.

The oddest source of newsreel material, the gags, is the most complicated of all, for it includes participating in almost every sort of a scheme the human brain can concoct. Every conceivable sort of idea—from that of the mother who knows the motion picture-going-public will be spell-bound by the antics of her twins and their kitten, to that of the hair brain who wanted to go over Niagara Falls in a base drum (yes; that was suggested to a drum manufacturer and a newsreel company)—is sooner or later put up to the newsreel cameraman.

Newsreels fight shy of gags that seem to invite disaster, though they occasionally fail to allow for every contingency—as in the case of the man who induced a cameraman to photograph him as he swung back and forth through the air like a pendulum, while a sharpshooter shot lighted candles from his chest. He was doing it to prove that his bullet-proof vest could turn any bullet. It couldn't—and he was killed.

Every week the newsreel companies receive hundreds of stunt or gag offers. They come from individuals who want a thousand dollars for performing the simplest feats and from others who want to attempt the impossible for ten dollars, or even five.

Press agents are continually and perpetually on the backs of the newsreel editors and cameramen. Ambitious beginners and ex-stars are forever advancing new schemes to get them on film—as they feel that the newsreel is one way into pictures.

People love to see their ideas, or the result of some act of theirs, in newsreels—and as a result newsreel offices are under constant bombardment of letters, phone calls and personal visits in which people are passing out tips regarding fires, riots, red meetings and even proposed murders. About ten per cent of this matter is valuable, and about three per cent leads to scoops.

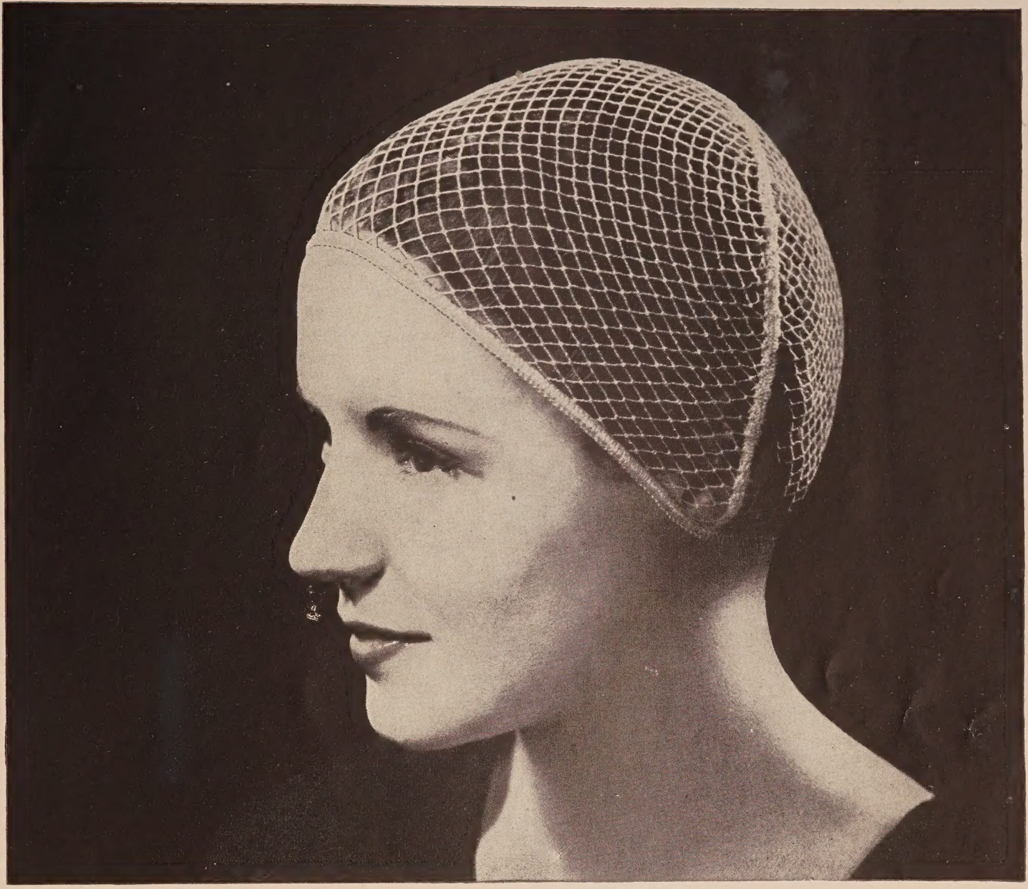
With television in the immediate offing, newsreel cameramen are worrying a little regarding their future. Will they have to become television operators, or will they have to look for entirely new jobs? That is what they want to know.

But, meanwhile—just how hazardous is their calling? Do the mad rushes to reach the scene of action and then the even madder rushes with exposed negatives to the airports, sometimes a distance of two hundred miles, put them into real danger?

The answer may be found in the fact that insurance companies do not insure newsreel cameramen and that practically all of them get their insurance while working as still cameramen or as studio motion picture cameramen.

Four newsreel cameramen never came back from covering the Spanish war. Two newsreel cameramen lost their lives in the Eastern floods this year, another was killed in a fire and several were seriously injured in strikes and riots during the last twelve months.

Yet they carry on, eager for the call to rush out to another thrill — for courting disaster is their business.



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AUGUST

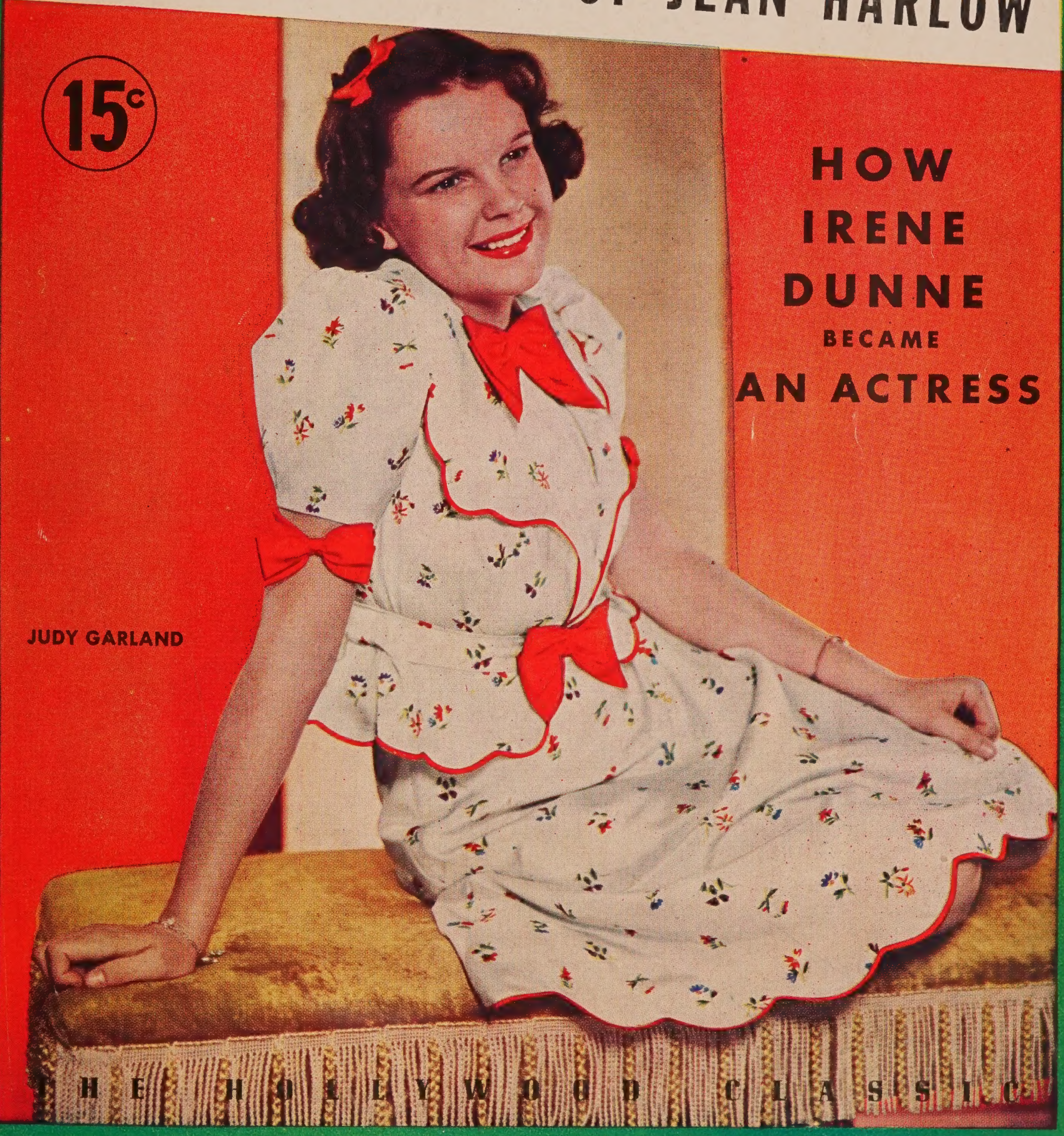
MODERN MOVIES

X 9

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF JEAN HARLOW

15c

HOW IRENE DUNNE BECAME AN ACTRESS



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THE HOLLYWOOD CLASSIC

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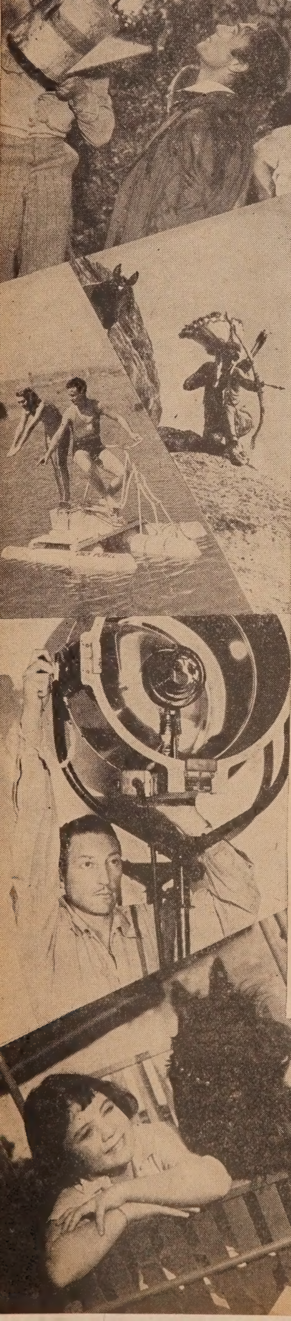


Flamboyant Youth

ONLY a few years ago, the world was worrying about Youth, "Flaming Youth," as F. Scott Fitzgerald so aptly phrased it in the title of his celebrated novel. Youth is still giving its elders anxious pains, but today there is a difference; adolescence is eagerly ambitious, and its achievements are truly astonishing in the world of screen and radio.

Once Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy, and Baby LeRoy were regarded as "infant prodigies," and admiration was divided between Robert McGowan for his genius in discovering and training such an organization as "Our Gang" and the Gang itself. Child actors continued to be regarded as wonders. Then along came Shirley Temple, and from seemingly nowhere sprang up an army of "infant" players.

A new turn in the scene, and Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin, among others, were shoving up the age interest into the adolescent period. Picture producers realized more and more that girls in their 'teens were big box-office draw; they had simplicity, naturalness, freshness, *and could act.*

Out went the call for young blood. Studio scouts noted every promising youngster in floor shows, radio studios; anywhere and everywhere the ranks were recruited. And the studios are still signing them up. In fact, the new trend has only just gotten under way. The 'teens have become the rich period in amusement life.

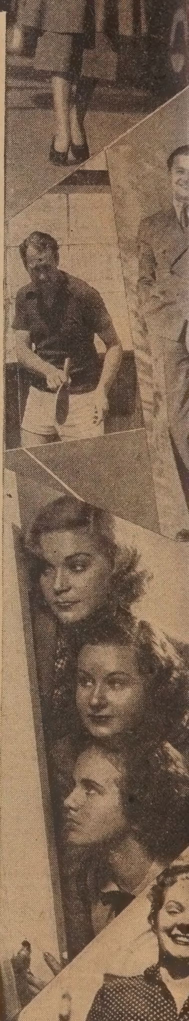
Though we scarcely realize it, youth is becoming much the same menace in pictures as it is in industrial and commercial life. Checked, disappointed, after the World War and more particularly during the depression, now it asserts itself confidently. It not only is seen and heard but it speaks and is listened to before its elders.

The whole motion picture world has been turned topsy-turvy. Girls of twenty who formerly played ingenue roles are presented to us on the screen as mature sophisticates; actresses who once would be cast as young wives are now appearing in matronly roles.

The bogey that the public does not want new faces no longer disturbs the dreams of the film magnates. True and tried stars find some "inconsequential" new-comer stealing the picture. Some producers have become slightly skeptical of the drawing powers of any one big star. It is not at all unusual now to find three or four in one picture; jealousies are forgotten, in part, at least, and the famous are glad to have their prestige buttressed by others equally famous.

But while the rising generation hollers for attention and gets it, too, it faces one grave danger: its term is short; it is growing up and *younger* youth, in turn, is pounding at its doors.

WILLIAM T. WALSH



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NO. 2

◦ MODERN ◦ MOVIES

AUGUST
1937

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On the Cover
JUDY GARLAND
Photograph in Natural Color
by Clarence Sinclair Bull
Ceccarine process

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ROSES AND RAZZES

Reprimanding Reno

THE article "Are Second Marriages Best?" in the July *Modern Movies,* has created a good deal of controversy among my friends. I have been out-voted and out-talked, so I want to get my opinion in print.

To my way of thinking, second marriages are no better than any third or fourth marriage. What about Peggy Joyce, Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett, Mrs. Wallie Simpson Warfield? None of their second matrimonial tries seemed to take. When I get married I know it will be for a lifetime. I think the Federal Government ought to close down Reno and make the people living there move somewhere else.

Anna Stockton,
San Antonio, Texas.

Saying "I Do" Twice

THAT question, "Are Second Marriages Best?" hits me where I live. I have been married twice and my first marriage was a terrible mistake. In my small way I think my emotional reactions are much the same as those of the stars. A lot of young couples never get adjusted, they are inclined to say things and do things that can never really be recalled.

The experience thus gained is of great value in a second marriage. Besides, one has learned by that time judgment and discrimination. Look how happy Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Douglas Fairbanks, Dick Barthelmess, Helen Hayes, and scores of others are now.

Anyway, my motto is, if at first you don't succeed, try again.

Violet Jones,
Kansas City, Mo.

Discovered—A Great Actor

I AM very glad that at last the producers have wakened and discovered that Robert Montgomery is a real actor. I have always liked his personality. But sometimes that over-shadows the role assigned to him. Now, in "Night Must Fall," he startled even his admirers by a tremendously fine and unique performance. His acting in this movie was so true to life, I shuddered all over. I have never seen a more thrilling play.

Teddy Bruno,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Thank You!

WHEN I saw *Modern Movies* on the newsstand, I was at once attracted by its very original and beautiful cover. I found its contents to be equally unusual. I have read it from cover to cover, and I can truthfully say that here at last is the motion picture magazine I have long been looking for. There is no rehashing of old facts. While not neglecting long-tried favorites, you have found room . . . plenty of it . . . for something about the new players who have suddenly come into fame.

ROSES AND RAZZES is your department, and you are at liberty to express your frank and honest opinion of motion pictures and players. Preferably, letters should be limited to a length of 200 words. You may sign either your name or your initials to your communication. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

If you continue to put out issues like this, you can count me as a regular reader of *Modern Movies.* Congratulations!

Henry R. Browning,
Chicago, Ill.

Too Candid

WHY are all our illusions concerning motion pictures being shattered nowadays by photographs they call "candid camera" shots? The beautiful Joan Blondell, who has always been my ideal, the perfect woman, with the lovely blond hair and sweet smile, was pictured recently in a whole series of photos, eating. Some of the pictures showed her with her mouth open and took from her all the beauty and charm. I am sure there is something wrong about these photos. A lovely girl like Joan could never have such expressions on her face. Wasn't this a camera trick?

Harold Murphy,
Grand Island, Neb.

Likes Our Recipes

AT last a fan magazine cooking page that means something. That's news! Instead of showing a star tasting soup at a stove, or merely sitting at a table, *Modern Movies* actually shows a novel and practical way of entertaining out-of-doors. I have tried the recipes that this article covers, and you should hear my friends' ecstacies over them.

I like, too, the beautiful portraits of the stars. I have never seen more interesting ones. And then there is that department "Pictorial Previews," . . . such a wealth of shots in the pictures, and the synopsis tells me exactly what I want to know.

I am keeping a date open for *Modern Movies* magazine next month.

Sally Carr,
Hartford, Conn.

Bob Disappoints

AM I disappointed in Robert Montgomery! I did not think it was possible that this star, whom most girls admire so tremendously, would play in a film like "Night Must Fall." The whole story is as sordid as the news of a murder in a tabloid daily. Why can't they give him lovable roles, such as he played in "The Man In Possession?" Everyone who saw that picture raved about it. But now I could hardly sleep after seeing my favorite do such terrible things, even if it was only on the screen.

Please ask the producers if they won't give back to us the Robert Montgomery we have always known.

Myrtle Hicks,
Clarksville, Tenn.

Those "Twintuplets"

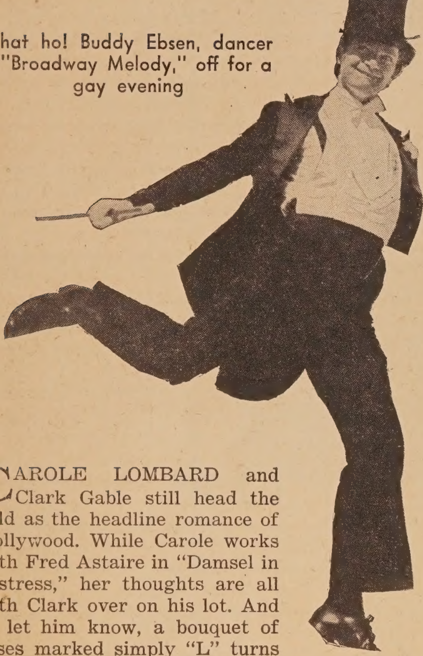
WHEN I saw "The Prince and the Pauper" I was sure that a very clever trick was being played on the audience. But now I know that there are really two boys—Bobby and Billy Mauch, twins so much alike that no one can tell them apart. I have cousins living in California who are twins, but no one has ever had any trouble in telling them apart. That is why I was at first suspicious. I am so glad that these boys are genuine. I hope to see them again soon in another picture. They are most fascinating.

Jeanette Jennings,
Wilmington, Del.

(Continued on page 70)

IT HAPPENS IN HOLLYWOOD

What ho! Buddy Ebsen, dancer in "Broadway Melody," off for a gay evening



CAROLE LOMBARD and Clark Gable still head the field as the headline romance of Hollywood. While Carole works with Fred Astaire in "Damsel in Distress," her thoughts are all with Clark over on his lot. And to let him know, a bouquet of roses marked simply "L" turns up, somehow, at his dressing room everyday. Mentioning "Damsel in Distress" by the bye, it might interest you to know that Fred Astaire is reputed to get $250,000 a picture, while Carole gets $200,000. That makes them the most expensive co-starring team in the business.

Back to Gable and Carole. A recent Sunday saw them both, accompanied by Bob Cobb and Gail Patrick, off for a dude ranch. A bit of riding, a bit of roping and—a bit of romancing? Anyway, they all rolled back via station wagon in the evening, jaded, but joyous.

EASIEST star to get to know is John Boles. You can speak to him almost any time, for any length of time, anytime you care to—simply by having a transmitting set. John is a rabid fan, and conducts long conversations on the short waves. He doesn't own a sending set, so the conversation is apt to be a little one-sided. But if you prove interesting enough, he's always delighted to dash over to a friend's house and talk back to you from there.

IF you are interested in any of the data about Connie Bennett and her comeback we can report this much. For that English picture, "Everything Is Thunder," she got a guarantee of $30,000 and ten per cent of the gross receipts over and above that from America. Heigh-ho! Remember when Connie used to get $150,000 a picture?

HERE'S the making of drama for you. Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward—he's a big New York agent—have settled down in Hollywood to live, romance, put the cat out, and have that expected heir. So they selected a charming house, a roomy house, a beautiful house and moved in. Imagine their embarrassment to find that they'd moved right next door to the Henry Fondas! Or had you forgotten that Mrs. Hayward is better known as Margaret Sullavan, and was Henry's first wife?

WHEN a star makes a lot of money and decorates his, or her, own house, you can just bet that the room which will receive almost more attention and have more loving care lavished on it is the playroom. After all, it's only when you get 'way up there on top that you can afford such a thing, but being able to afford it, the thing to do is fill it with all your cherished day-dreams, and make it a sort of wishfulfilment-dream-come-true.

Ginger Roger's is the sweetest idea—a complete soda fountain, any flavor. With all Ginger's strenuous dancing she doesn't have any calory worries, and can gorge herself anytime she pleases. What a paradise for kids, though? Just about the height of any kid's desire, to have a private soda fountain all to themselves.

But we're sorry to say that's all we can report about Ginger. The man doesn't seem to have come along yet, although Jimmy Stewart is holding the inside track still. Ginger's smart, though, and whatever her feelings about any one man, she's keeping them a secret. She keeps changing her escort from night to night and some wiseacres are beginning to couple her name with Al Vanderbilt.

Unless Dave and Virginia Bruce
Quickly call a sudden truce
Virginia and David Niven
To the altar will be driven.

'SFACT! This still continues to be one of those closed affairs. They're seen everywhere together, and that kiss the other night, when they were saying goodnight to each other in the lobby of a prominent night club, never would have passed the Hays office if it had been shot on the screen. You can't get them to say anything definite, but they're the only two in Hollywood who are not!

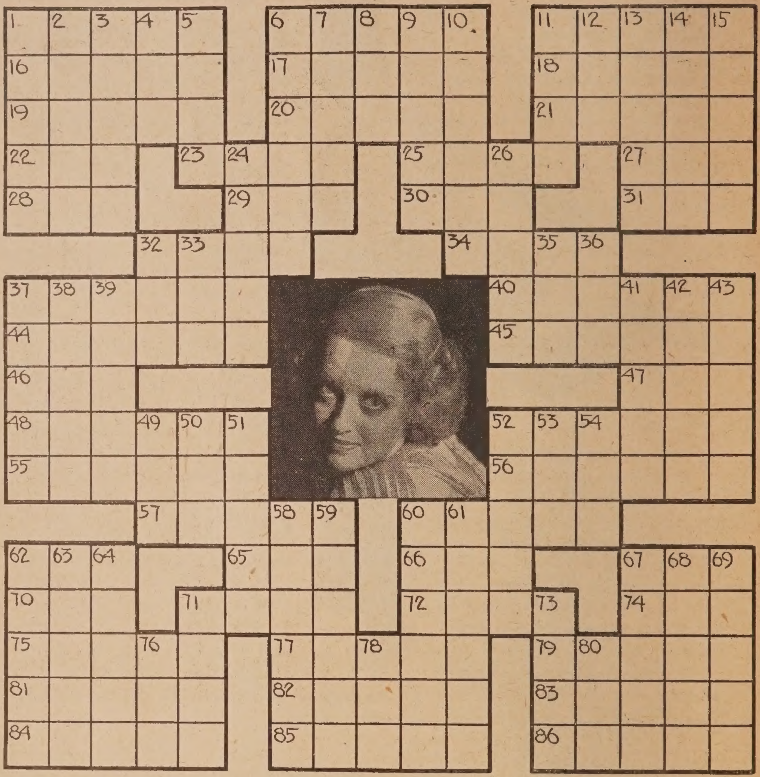
(Continued on page 9)

Madeleine Carroll, lovely English star, who was declared recently in a straw vote, the most beautiful woman of the screen

MODERN MOVIES' CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE

ON PAGE 80



HORIZONTAL

1. & 6. Of course you saw her in "Marked Woman"
11. Inspirations
16. A mountain nymph
17. Think
18. William Powell's movie missus
19. Her first name is Elissa
20. One who nominates
21. Danger
22. A kind of worm
23. Norse god of War
25. One more T and you'd have Zasu
27. Old cloth measure
28. Understand
29. What movie stars live for—so they say
30. Sailor
31. High Turkish official
32. The sacred bull
34. Slang name for the eye
37. Disseminate, drive away
40. First name of actress in "Swing High, Swing Low"
44. Walks right in on the set
45. A farmer
46. European fish
47. Termination
48. Orange-yellow
52. Of what origin
55. First name of a fem. star
56. What the director did to the film magnate
57. A geometrical solid
60. Her first name's Leila
62. A load of joy water
65. Mineral spring
66. Consume
67. Urge on
70. Decorative vase
71. A wild animal
72. Emmets
74. A Roman household god
75. Goddess of the hunt
77. Follow closely
79. A building material
81. Entrances
82. General mixup
83. Anne played in "King of Hockey" (last name)
84. Letter of the alphabet (pl.)
85. Pitfall
86. Frozen rain

VERTICAL

1. John is male lead of "Stella Dallas"
2. Obliterate
3. Taut
4. Youngster (slang)
5. Prepare for publication
6. Givers
7. Away from
8. Energy
9. Not fitted
10. Kind of story that's often used in pictures
11. Little sprites
12. Color
13. Sinned
14. Old womanish
15. She's in "We Have Our Moments" (first name)
24. Accosts
26. He caused trouble in Mexico
32. Mimic
33. By
35. The reason for "Go West, Young Man"
36. For
37. Belief in the existence of God
38. A far eastern country
39. Direct
41. Signs
42. A sharp instrument
43. Terminated
49. Bite
50. Nearer (obs.)
51. A kind of plant used in medicine
52. This Jane played in "Lost Horizon"
53. Bottom of a skirt
54. Feminine ending of nouns
58. A convulsion
59. A weasel-like animal
60. Doctor
61. New Englander
62. Arline played in "One in a Million"
63. Airs
64. Insect pests
67. A biographical memoir
68. He played in "Love on the Run" (last name)
69. Accost
71. Kind of fish
73. Without (L.)
76. Formerly
78. Wing
80. A split pulse

Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 7)

WHEN you see a star in gorgeous costumes, and feel a momentary pang of envy steal over you some time, just remember these two little cases in point. That lovely bejeweled and bespangled gown of Marlene Dietrich's in "Angel" weighs a cool twenty-two pounds—and not so cool at that. La Dietrich swears she lost almost that much wearing it under lights.

And Ronald Colman's life is miserable at the moment because of costumes. They are so skintight, and so perfectly tailored, that he has to put on the nose-bag under the superintendance of a dietician. A single ounce one way or the other would be fatal.

LUCKIEST Hollywooers were Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor who have just completed "This Is My Affair" together. Their romance bloomed during this picture, and it's nice to think that Bob got a mere $3500 or so per week to romance with La Stanwyck, when his evenings were occupied doing the same thing—as the saying goes—for love. During the picture, incidentally, it was next to impossible to get a glimpse of these two, as they came by car, lunched daily in the Stanwyck dressing room, and disappeared after the day's work. Saturday was the only sure time to catch them, riding together in the late afternoon or early evening, or, still in riding clothes, supping at the Brown Derby.

Here's one of those "no fair" shots. Even though Margaret Lindsay is caught with her mouth open, her table technique is graceful, you'll admit

Mrs. Fairbanks (former Lady Ashley), Doug, Sr. and David Niven watch the making of "Prisoner of Zenda." Doug, Jr. is in the production

NEATEST trick of the year was pulled by little Arline Judge who has been providing Reno with lots of business lately. Since she has been there the tourist trade has gone up, and every day she dined or wined out she was sure to attract a fine crowd wherever she went. Hotel and restaurant managers are truly sorry to see her go.

The trick was this. On the day the decree of divorce from Wesley Ruggles was made final, she married Dan Topping.

Same Judge, same day!

(Continued to Page 11)

Technical expert Ed Ullman, Jr. explains to Joe E. Brown the inner workings of the sound recorder during the filming of "All is Confusion"

Mary Pickford, on her recent trip abroad, covered a lot of territory, getting as far as Greta Garbo's home grounds — Stockholm, where this photo was taken

SPOTTED FOR STARDOM

WAYNE MORRIS

IS PROCLAIMED A NEW SENSATIONAL "FIND"

HE HAD little more than a bit role in "China Clipper" and "King of Hockey," then they put Wayne Morris in "Don't Pull Your Punches." The rushes were incredibly good. His work in the completed film told Warner Brothers they had in him a "wow." And so he was immediately rushed into a second picture, "Kid Galahad," while "Don't Pull Your Punches" was held back. .

Thus Wayne first steps into the limelight in a film especially tailored to fit his personality. And scarcely before the public has so much as caught a real glimpse of him, he is pre-destined to stardom.

This situation is unique, even in motion pictures. It has not been at all unusual, of course, for studios to groom a prospect—building him or her up with a wealth of preliminary ballyhoo—hoping anxiously all the time that the public will believe some part, at least, of the enthusiastic exploitation.

Wayne Morris needs none of this. He comes to the screen "cold." When you read this, you will in all probability have seen him—and liked him tremendously. Wayne Morris is a man's man and a woman's man. A big fellow, six feet, two, weighing 190 pounds, with blond hair, he wins you at sight. His smile is infectious; girls say it is adorable. Men enviously observe his splendid physique and his fighting prowess in the ring. He never has had fight ambitions, but fight fans say the lad looks as though he would have a chance at the heavyweight title. But that doesn't interest him; not in the slightest. He prefers tennis and golf. Anyway, first and last he is an actor—and a splendid one.

Wayne was born twenty-four years ago at Los Angeles. He got dramatic training at the Pasadena Community Playhouse School. He appeared in a number of stage plays—including "Yellowjack," Shakespeare, and "Trial of Mary Dugan." He has a smooth professional touch, but still he's a true "natural"—no poses, no tricks, no mannerisms. That is why he is so tremendously convincing in his roles.

The lad is so good as almost to be unbelievable. When a lady's in distress, you ought to see the genuine look of concern that comes into his deepset, blue eyes; when he takes a wallop at a guy he doesn't pull his punches. In "Kid Galahad" he appears so naive, rings so true—withal is so manly—that every mother's son in the audience is with him from the first foot of film. And whether a woman has the caveman yearn or is the mother type, it's all the same to her. He is, for sure, her man! What a rush there'll be for his autograph!

Wayne has grand actors to play with—Eddie Robinson and Bette Davis. Both are superb in their roles in "Kid Galahad." But, nevertheless, it's Wayne's picture. You've never seen anything quite like him. He is the new wonder of the screen.

Cesar Romero strings Sally Eiler's bow. So long as Sally isn't stringing the beau, it's quite all right with us

Marlene Dietrich resting in a bathtub while waiting her call for a scene in "Knight Without Armor"

Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from Page 9)

THEY'VE got Melvyn Douglas in a swell quandary. He doesn't know whether to yell or yowl. Yell because of a swell assignment to appear opposite Grace Moore in her next picture, or yowl with disappointment because he can't accompany his beautiful wife, Helen Gahagan, to Salzburg where she is to sing at the festival. By the time you read this, he will have flown from Hollywood to New York to see his wife off on the Queen Mary, and back again to work on the picture. Seems a shame, but making a plan in Hollywood is like sticking your nose in front of a Louis hook. It's a matter of the breaks, you see!

IF you think casting "Gone With The Wind" is a headache, consider the case of Enid Bagnold's yarn, "National Velvet." Paramount bought it first for an unknown quantity who never turned up and then passed it along to R-K-O for Katharine Hepburn. Just when that little deal was swinging nicely, M-G-M got a finger in the pie, bought the plum and wondered maybe if they shouldn't put Miss Harlow in the role of Velvet. In the meanwhile, a little lady who is fast becoming the Sultana of Swing, named Judy Garland, hove up over the horizon. And now it seems Judy is slated for the lead role. Velvet *is* a very young girl, of course, but it's a purely dramatic part, and up until now, Judy has been identified particularly by her ability to a plug a song to a fare-thee-well. Nevertheless, with all our dramatic stars going high-de-ho (Carole Lombard, Bette Davis et al) there's no reason why the procedure shouldn't be reversed, and have Judy switch overnight from melody to melodramatics.

DON'T believe a word of the Garbo-Brent romance — that's strictly bad guessing. Here's proof positive: when it comes to night club life, and doing the town, George is just the "artful dodger." One appearance in a night club by George Brent is a surprise, two a sensation! And when he happens to be escorting a young, beautiful and charming girl that's news. The girl? Constance Worth, the lovely newcomer from Australia, and well worth being constant to. The place? The Casanova. Seen dancing there twice in succession—so that means it's serious.

(Continued to page 15)

Janice Jarratt, the girl who worried G-man Purviss more than Dillinger did. She's wearing some novel bathing effects. Remember their broken engagement?

IT'S PROPER

Posed by BARBARA WEEKS and ALLEN BROOK
—Columbia Players

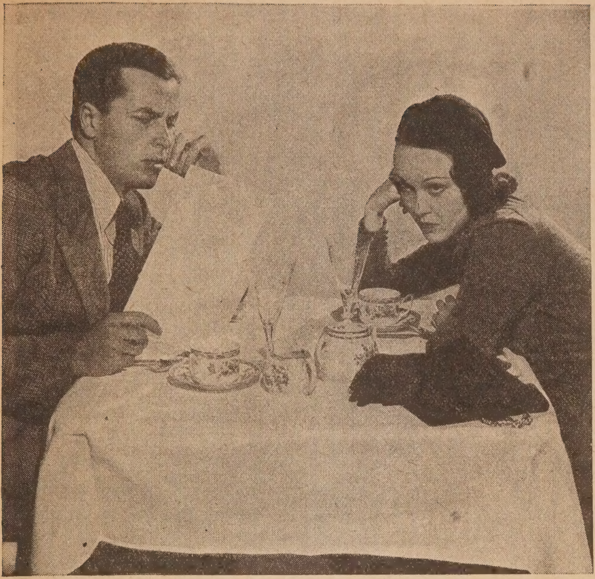
Information with reference to any problem in etiquette may be obtained by writing to Dorothy VanHuyten, care of Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Please send with your question a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply

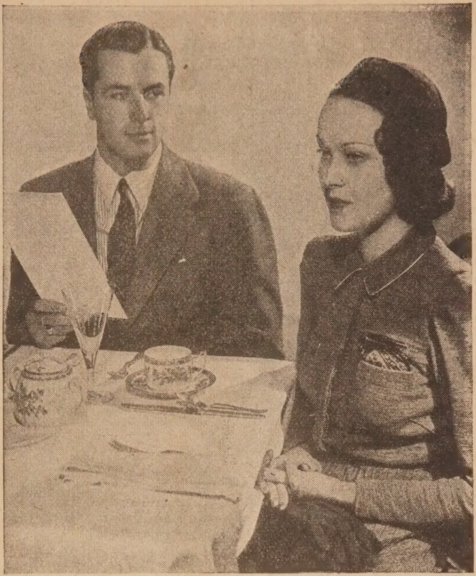
To remove the glove or not to—that is the question! But clever Barbara has the right answer—"It isn't necessary!" Of course, she knows that if she has time to take off her glove, it would be better, but if she's caught unawares — she doesn't say "Pardon my glove!" and thus add confusion to an unexpected meeting

(Center photos)

Allen wouldn't really slap a card on the table, nor would he really touch the cards until the deal had been completed

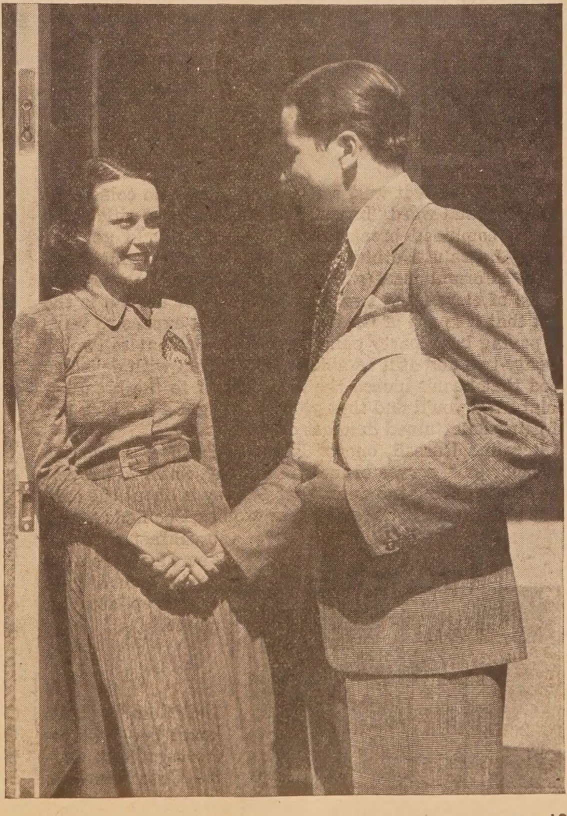
At left, Allen and Barbara remember "bridge etiquette," and stay friends. They know that courtesy is more than its own reward





Allen and Barbara don't believe in taking lunch like this (above, left), elbows and purse on table. They follow the correct procedure (upper right). Barbara, you will note, keeps gloves and purse on her lap. She doesn't ask her escort to hold them. Of course, if a chair were conveniently near, she might use that

"I'll come again," says Allen. And Barbara doesn't break the eleventh commandment of popularity—"Thou shalt not close the door till he is out of sight!" She knows, too, that if you live in an apartment, you should wait until the visitor turns the corner in the corridor . . . or if in the suburbs . . . until he reaches the sidewalk, or car at the curb



But how different is the scene below! Here Barbara and Allen demonstrate a mutual case of improper manners. She has said "Goodbye" to him too soon, and perhaps we can hardly blame him for jamming on his hat and strutting away

Rosalind Russell, seated at her beautifully appointed table, prepares to serve her guests with Sunday "brunch"

ROSALIND CALLS IT "BRUNCH"

WHOEVER it was, a few years ago, who coined the grand word "brunch" as a descriptive title for a combined breakfast-lunch meal, should get our hearty huzzahs. Nothing more aptly describes that pleasantly informal meal which you can serve between the hours of eleven and two. The best part of brunch is the fact that it is one of the easiest and least expensive ways of paying back party obligations. You can invite two or twenty-two and still be able to serve them with delicious food that hasn't nicked the food budget to the breaking point. And you'll find that your guests get a big kick out of being entertained in a less orthodox way.

Rosalind Russell, one of Hollywood's most attractive bachelor gals, serves brunch on Sunday. She's so busy at the studio during the week, that Sunday is about the only time she has for entertaining her cronies. She finds that a breakfast - lunch, served around twelve-thirty, gets the sleep-lates en masse.

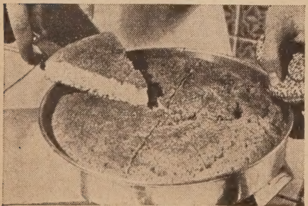
Holding forth on the subject of brunch Roz said, "You can serve brunch in several different ways, depending upon the number of guests. If you're having a mob, buffet style is the simplest. Arrange everything on your dining room table or buffet and let the guests help themselves. Give them one hot dish, plenty of fruit and fruit juices, and a good supply of hot breads with plenty of coffee. Out here, our patios and gardens are so lovely that it's nice to plan to serve brunch out of doors. And again for this setting, you can entertain a few or as many as you like.

"Personally, my favorite brunch guests number about six or eight and so I seat them at my dining room table where everything is easily served and where I can handle my waffle iron, cheese waffles being the specialty of my house!"

Roz need not offer any better

(Continued on page 75)

Courtesy General Foods



The Russell cook's hands busy with removing Quick Coffee Cake from pan

Courtesy General Foods

Close - up of Corn Griddle Cakes as they are flipped over and browned

Marion Davies' house party. Directly behind Miss Davies is Jesse Livermore, Jr., and her sister Ethel. Seated, center, Patricia Van Cleve, Marion's niece, and standing, her sister Rose. Immediately behind stands Prince David M'Divani

Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 11)

AT the close of their picture assignments of the moment, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell plan to go vagabonding. They're going to try to take that honeymoon the publicity hounds disrupted when they were married. No one, not even their studio, knows exactly whither they are bound, and for good reasons. Beyond the fact that they start from Vancouver, British Columbia, the happy pair haven't exactly made up their own minds. They're taking a car along and heading out on the open road. Whenever the spirit moves and the weather permits they'll camp by the wayside; if they feel like driving they'll drive, and if not they'll just laze and take life easy under the summer sun. It sounds ideal—but then Dick and Joan have proved themselves an ideal couple. They're simple folks and like simple pleasures—in fact, they're both simply grand!

MOST sensational news of an era is the end of the feud, the beginning of a friendship, between Al Jolson and Walter Winchell. They haven't spoken, of course, since that historic day, years ago, when Mr. Jolson socked Mr. Winchell.

Here's the story: it seems that Mr. Jolson has spent some $40,000 to find a cure for insomnia, and after years of trial and error has found it. On the other hand, Mr. Winchell ever since "Wake Up and Live," has been unable to sleep a wink. Al, hearing of his predicament, and being a fellow sufferer, understanding what a dreadful thing sleeplessness can be, got hold of his doctor. He explained to him that on no account was Winchell to know where he, the doctor, got his information, and then proceeded to outline the cure. Winchell tried it and is now sleeping like a baby, and in the process, the news of where the cure came from leaked out. Now he's combing the town to find Al and say, "Thanks."

Everyone hopes they will meet and make up. Al is popular among film folk, and Winchell, during his sojourn in Hollywood, has turned out to be one swell guy. Now that Jolson's hunch has put Walter to sleep, let's hope they both forget the punch that had the same idea behind it!

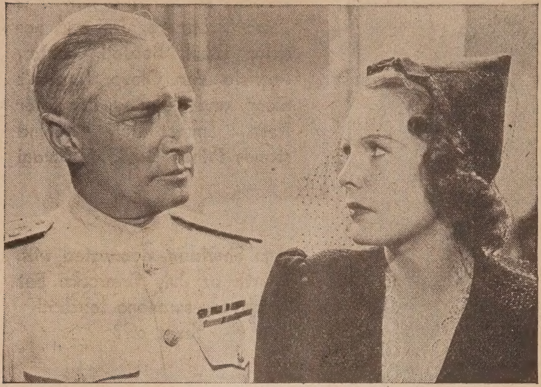
ALL the wise ones who have been rustling the grape-vine about Martha Raye and John Howard were handed a large surprise on May 31st, when Martha and Hamilton (Bud) Westmore, scion of the Westmore Make-up Company, eloped from a hotel in Los Angeles in full evening dress and — guess what? — were spliced. Sounds like a case of kiss and make-up!

CLOSE-UPS and close-downs on Hollywooings . . . Tyrone Power, tired of the gay deception, lets the bars down, and practically admits it's Sonja. Of course it's "Sonja" rumor at present, but they have been skating on "Thin Ice" so, maybe, more definite news is due to break . . . Jack Barrymore and Elaine Barry seem definitely to have pfft! Guess they finally decided they really were a miss-pfft! And B. P. Schulberg is dividing his time between Elaine and Margaret Tallichet.

Ann Sheridan, decorated with Fourth of July fireworks. But suppose someone touched them off?

MODERN MOVIES Presents for Your Convenience

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES



WINGS OVER HONOLULU — UNIVERSAL

A swift and engaging comedy-melodrama, pretty routine as to plot, but saved by a charming and effective performance by Ray Milland. The story concerns itself with the struggle for adjustment of a young wife (Wendy Barrie) and a U. S. Navy pilot (Ray Milland). In spite of herself, she resents the fact that the Navy must be first at all times, and makes the mistake of trying to buck the inevitable. At the climax of the film, he is faced with the choice of disobeying orders or losing his wife. He chooses to go to her, is courtmartialed, cashiered, and saved only by her intervention and his clean record. Good flying scenes, some nice light comedy, and swift direction keep the picture interesting and enjoyable, and Wendy Barrie has never been lovelier. William Gargan, of whom one never seems to see quite enough, appears briefly and effectively. The theme of course, is not new, but provides interest by accenting the psychological side rather than dwelling top-heavily on action in the good old U. S. Navy. It'll hold your interest, and promises good entertainment.

CALL IT A DAY — WARNER BROS.

And what a day it was for the Hilton family! High adventure greets its four members. Based on the stage play of the same name, the film falls a little short of the achievements of that roystering, sly comedy. In one instance, in particular, the sex potentialities of the stage version are toned down to an innocent spring-day romance. But as for the rest, much of the spirit of the original remains.

The story shows what twittering birds, warm sunshine and all the other adornments of spring may do to almost any of us, coupled, of course, with the devil's opportunity. Ian Hunter, as the father, feels his oats when tempted by a glamorous actress, Marcia Ralston. Bonita Granville, as the twelve-year-old romantic Ann Hilton, and Olivia de Havilland as the love-sick maiden, are excellent. Unfortunately, Miss Ralston is not as seductive as the role demands, due to miscasting. The day ends apparently as it began, but with each person enriched by certain experiences.

SLIM — WARNER BROS.

Graphic, gripping, tense, and authentic, this is a saga of the unsung heroes of the power lines who gamble with death and the weather to bring city and township their life-blood —electricity. Don't get the idea that this is slow-moving or technical; actually, it's one of the most thrilling and breath-taking pictures of the year. Margaret Lindsay provides the love interest in a strong dramatic theme, and Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda teeter on towers a hundred and fifty feet high, clean up a gang of poker sharpers, fight, love, work, and spend their money like linemen born. When you follow Fonda on his first trip up a tower, watch O'Brien struggle with a broken line in a blizzard—a line carrying a mere 80,000 volts or so—and see some of the linemen fall to their deaths from dizzy heights, you're in for some high and fancy thrills. The love story is affecting, with Margaret Lindsay turning in another of those splendidly natural and human performances. Fonda and O'Brien are tops, and Stuart Irwin, as a garrulous "grunt," or groundman, with a heart of gold, turns in his best performance. This is different, and it's good!

The Best of the Latest Films

These pictures have been selected because of the excellence of their story, acting, and direction

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Edward Robinson in *"Kid Galahad"*
Wayne Morris in *"Kid Galahad"*
Bette Davis in *"Kid Galahad"*
Myrna Loy in *"Parnell"*
Sidney Blackmer in *"This Is My Affair"*
Victor McLaglen in *"This Is My Affair"*
Olivia de Havilland in *"Call It A Day"*
Bonita Granville in *"Call It A Day"*
Henry Fonda in *"Slim"*
Pat O'Brien in *"Slim"*

THIS IS MY AFFAIR — 20th CENTURY-FOX

Perhaps the best thing about this picture is that it reproduces with remarkable fidelity the turn-of-the-century atmosphere. The times were a little tawdry, a little dull, but crime was scarcely less exciting then than now. Bank-robbing—the theme of the film—varied only in its technique. The outlaws worked under cover of dark night; none of our present day high noon "stick-em-up" through the cashier's window.

The plot smacks a trifle of the famous play of stage and screen, "The Copperhead." President McKinley, determined to break up a gang of safe-burglars, drafts Robert Taylor from the navy to do service as an undercover man; and no one in this wide world knows the secret except the President and Bob; which fact makes it a bit awkward for the latter when he is taken red-handed with gangsters and the gallows rise before him, with McKinley dead! There is a grand and gripping finish. Barbara Stanwyck, as a dance hall girl, is beautiful and Sidney Blackmer, as Theodore Roosevelt, and Victor McLaglen, as a murderous but amusing criminal, turn in superb performances. "This Is My Affair" will not add to the screen laurels of either Taylor or Stanwyck. Nor can miscasting be blamed for this. Taylor has full opportunity to play his own personality, while Stanwyck's role is not new to her. All in all, it is really Victor McLaglen's picture.

PARNELL — M-G-M

The tragedy of Parnell, the Irish patriot, comes to the screen with all the fan-fare and historical trimmings that M-G-M has learned to do so adroitly. Based on the stage play, the film possibly lacks just a little of the intimacy of the original, yet it is good theatre, and in many ways impressive.

Clark Gable, while not wholly satisfactory as Parnell, reveals, nevertheless, some stirring moments; Myrna Loy, as Katie, has perhaps a shade the better of him in the authenticity and convincingness of her performance. The love between the two is quite touching—a love that is betrayed by Katie's conniving husband, Capt. Willie O'Shea, who demands too much in the way of political preferment as the price of his silence. His action in the divorce courts splits Ireland, and Parnell's career, together with all his hopes for his beloved Erin, crashes about his head.

Possibly the audience will be more interested in Gable and Loy than in the roles they play in the story.

KID GALAHAD — WARNER BROS.

Tense and smooth-clicking, this melodrama hurries you along with scarcely a moment for breath-taking. It is beautifully directed and magnificently acted. Almost immediately you spot a rising meteor, Wayne Morris, whose performance, amidst a gallaxy of stars, is incredibly good. The story is about the prize ring, but that mustn't keep a single woman away. Morris in fistic action, in love and in success will win every feminine heart. Women will gasp at his magnificent battling and long to take him in their arms. Yes, that's the king of a fellow he is. The lad is a wow!

Edward Robinson, as the prize-fight promoter, turns in his finest performance since Scarface; Bette Davis, as Robinson's rather under-cover sweetheart, is lovely and self-sacrificing; and Humphrey Bogart is a perfect crook prize fight promoter. But over these towers Wayne Morris, who, because of his gallantry where ladies are concerned, wins the appellation of "Kid Galahad." The fight scenes are extraordinary.

I WANT TO KNOW

The little Australian find, MARY MAGUIRE, who is counted on to make screen history

F. G. Z., Muncie, Ind.—RICHARD CROMWELL will have a prominent role in Universal's "The Road Back," the story of a German soldier after the World War. Hollywood reports are that it will be a tremendously impressive production, of calibre similar to "All Quiet on the Western Front." CONSTANCE BENNETT returns to the screen after a considerable absence in "Topper." The Bennetts always come back. BILL POWELL has a fat role in "The Emperor's Candlesticks." Come again!

●

RAYMOND, L. M., Syracuse, N. Y.—You like ROCHELLE HUDSON? Well, you'll see her soon in two pictures — "Born Reckless" and "She Had to Eat." Little VIRGINIA WEIDLER will be featured next in "Souls at Sea," with Gary Cooper and George Raft. No, GILBERT ROLAND is very much alive. He has the lead opposite Dorothy Lamour in "Last Train from Madrid." He has the "Spanish touch," having been reared at Juarez, Mexico.

Through this department, *Modern Movies* will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., Modern Movies, 404 4th Ave., New York City.

DORIS WESTON, a Major Bowes protege, carols in "The Singing Marine"

GREGORY B., Joplin, Mo. — MARGARET LINDSAY'S real name is Margaret Kies. She was born in Dubuque, Iowa, so she didn't come into the U. S. A. "on a quota," as your sister believes. She made a voyage to England once, signed with a theatrical manager, who got her into Hollywood movies.

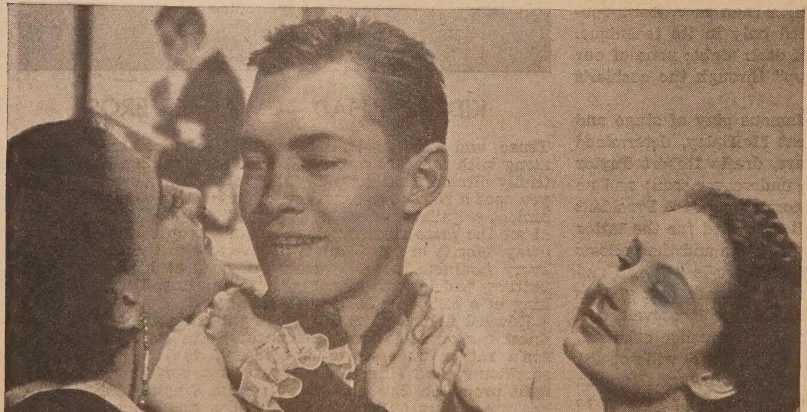
●

ELLYN C., Jackson, Mich. — Ask your local theatre manager why he doesn't show pictures with the actors you list. We wouldn't recommend you think too seriously of a movie career. If you have the talent and get the breaks, okay, but picture success is as difficult to win as a capital prize in the Irish Sweepstakes. Better follow your mother's advice.

●

R. L. S., Madison, Wis.—W. C. FIELDS was a very sick man; no, it wasn't a

(Continued on page 76)



A scene from "The Road Back," with RICHARD CROMWELL and JEAN ROUVEREL

Frances Farmer

is anyone's ideal of a lovely woman

Luise Rainer

Luise Rainer, memorable for her fine performances in "The Great Ziegfeld," does an exotic role in "The Emperor's Candlesticks." Once more that lucky fellow, Bill Powell, is dated with her in it

Another (day) dreaming beauty, Margaret Lindsay, gives us an unintentional lesson in perfect relaxation. Incidently, up and up the young lady climbs the ladder of fame. "Angle Shooter" is her latest release.

Margaret Lindsay

Carole Lombard

Carole Lombard, standing so pensively on the page opposite, doesn't need that marble statue behind her to emphasize her lithe beauty. Carole recently finished making merry in "Swing High, Swing Low" and is resting now between pictures

Don Ameche

"You Can't Have Everything" is Don Ameche's latest, but he seems to have most everything—fat screen roles, radio contracts and tremendous popularity

Melvyn Douglas and Herbert Marshall vie for the attention of Marlene Dietrich in her latest film "Angel." What beautiful lace and furs she's wearing

It's love and naught else—this scene, above, betwixt "Lieutenant" Ray Milland and Wendy Barrie in "Wings Over Honolulu." Handsome officer, beautiful girl—could there be a happier combination?

George Raft and Frances Dee—a hundred years ago—or so the story, "Souls at Sea," would have us believe. That gorgeous velvet costume Frances is wearing seems hardly in place among the wharf warehouses

THEIR LAST

Myrna Loy and her husband, Producer Arthur Hornblow, were among the hundreds of notables who assembled at the bier of beloved Jean Harlow. Miss Loy played in "The Libeled Lady," one of Jean's very last pictures. William Powell was also in the cast

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOMMY WELLES
GLENDALE NEWS-PRESS

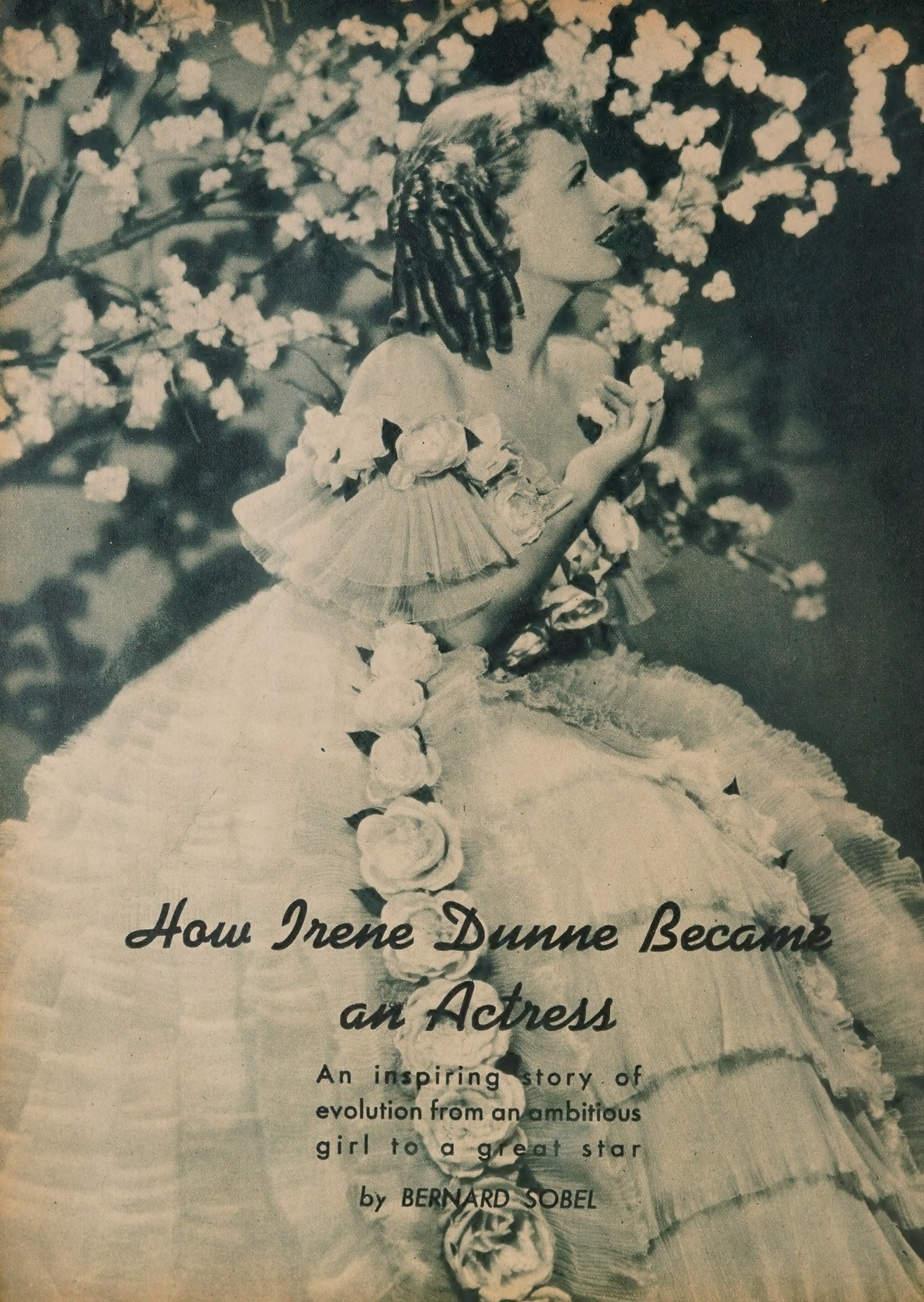
Nelson Eddy with Louis B. Mayer's secretary. Mr. Eddy sang at the services, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," one of Jean's favorites

TRIBUTE

Jeanette MacDonald comes to pay tribute to her dear friend. In the chapel she sang "Indian Love Call," at the request of Jean's mother

William Powell could not conceal his grief as he approached the door of the chapel. His great love for Jean had been an open secret. Shown with him is his mother, who said, "Jean was one of the sweetest girls that ever lived"

STORY
"THE TRAGIC DEATH OF JEAN HARLOW"
PAGE 42



How Irene Dunne Became an Actress

An inspiring story of evolution from an ambitious girl to a great star

by BERNARD SOBEL

Above, Irene Dunne as the beautiful opera singer in "Stingaree"; upper center, with Randolph Scott in her latest, "High, Wide and Handsome"

Left, as Magnolia in the famous "Show Boat;" above, "Theodora Goes Wild;" below, Miss Dunne illustrates her belief in appropriate dress

IRENE DUNNE took an entire lifetime to learn the part of Magnolia in "Show Boat."

"This statement may sound preposterous," she declared, "as if I were a very dull student, but it is literally true. When I was only three years of age, I began unconsciously to study for the stage.

"Almost every day of my life, as a matter of fact, I spent part of the time learning to speak pieces, how to curtsey and make gestures. We lived then in a small town called Madison, Indiana; and here, as in most small towns, people used to amuse themselves by calling on their neighbors socially.

"When anyone came to our house, especially if it was the minister, my parents always called me in to supply the entertainment.

"So I really made my formal stage debut," Irene added, laughingly, "in the front parlor, reciting 'Little Orphan Annie' and 'The Night Before Christmas.' And today, I shudder when I think of how our friends must have squirmed listening to my numerous encores.

"For me, however, the experience was of great value. It gave me an early sense of the theatre. I learned the psychology of an audience; how to gauge their feelings; how to attract attention and hold it—stage presence.

At five, Irene was already a professional actress. She was living with her family then in St. Louis, where she was engaged to appear as a mustard seed in an outdoor production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"I shall never forget," she says, "the thrill of it; I was all excited — fascinated. The world seemed to center about me as I walked across the stage wearing a beautiful yellow tarlatan dress.

"I thought that I was the star of the piece. And I continued to think so until I saw the picture version of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Then, and only then, did I realize that the part of the mustard seed could have been omitted without anybody's knowing the difference."

It was just about the time the family moved to St. Louis that an extraordinary thing happened, something that was to have a tremendous influence on Irene's part in "Show Boat."

Irene's father became a supervisor of ships and while making his official rounds of the show boats, he used to take Irene along with him. Thus she had the opportunity of seeing all the plays of the day, except, of course, those that were considered improper.

She became so accustomed to

Left, Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott in the oil boom story, "High, Wide and Handsome," produced with music. Right, with Robert Taylor in "The Magnificent Obsession"

the show boat atmosphere that when she began rehearsals for the play, she felt perfectly at home.

Once started on her career, Irene began that rigorous study which is necessary to real success. After school, she took piano lessons and singing lessons, both of which were to prove highly important, in "Show Boat" particularly. For in the first act, Irene must play the piano and she must sing throughout the play everything from simple folk songs to operatic duets.

She studied dancing, also, dancing of all sorts, luckily, because in the first act of "Show Boat" she had to do a clog while in the second act she did a waltz and also a graceful high kick.

"As I grew older in the theatre," she said, "my roles became more important. I studied diction, make-up and general literature, one of the first essentials for an actor's background.

"About this time, I adopted a rule that a veteran actress gave me. 'When you wake up in the morning,' she said, 'always get right out of bed.' I never fail to follow this advice, because it gives me extra time for study and exercise. I'm not saying this just to sound goody-goody, but I know that the early morning acts as a brain stimulant.

"I suppose Billie Burke meant the same thing when she said that she always dashes her face twenty times with cold water when she gets up in the morning. I don't dash my face that many times, but I do say to myself, 'Wake up and make the most of the day ahead.'

"Once started on my day and the business of acting, I apply frequently a principle that a director taught me when I was just beginning to act. It was this: 'Be yourself, no matter what the role is that you are playing. Recreate the character in terms consistent with yourself.'

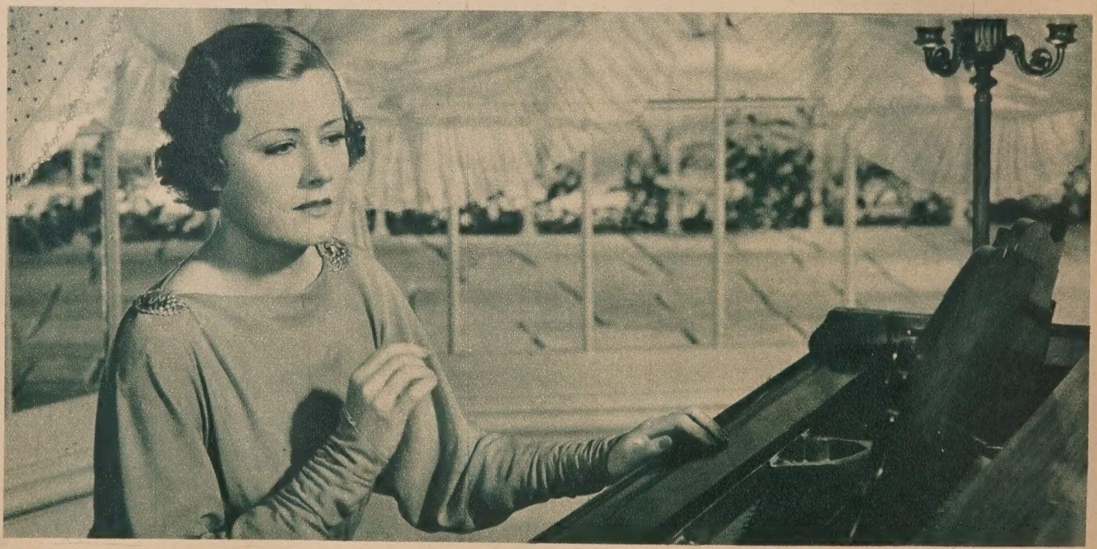
"This rule applies particularly to interpreting roles that are not exactly one's own age. Pretending, for instance, that one is an ingenue does not necessarily make the role seem young to the audience. Simulating youth through means of affectation in voice and gesture give the pretense of girlishness, but not the true character.

" 'Be honest,' my director cautioned me, 'and the lines and situations will supply the rest and make the part believable regardless of age differences.'

"Certainly," Irene added, "Katherine Cornell has illustrated this principle effectively. In 'Romeo and Juliet,' for instance, she showed a young girl in love and in 'A Bill of Divorcement,' a girl of almost the same age, yet belonging to another race and period, also in love. Each girl, however, was real, convincing, clearly outlined. In both cases, the

(Continued on page 73)

Music may be said to be the key to Irene's success. It opened doors for her



Kelly's Colt

The best of the film G-Men realizes at last his "first love"

by MARY BARTOL

Paul Kelly at seven when he played in David Warfield's "The Grand Army Man" and today

"I DON'T like this place." The small boy with curls and Buster Brown collar was emphatic — yes, and frank. Brutally so, perhaps, but honest withal.

"But, Paul, it's such a lovely home. I moved so you'd have it when you got back off the road. Come and look at everything."

Paul Kelly's mother must have been just a bit discomfited when this scene took place some twenty odd years ago in Flatbush, Brooklyn. Paul, just ten years old, had been touring the country with Robert Mantell's famous Shakespearean company and, during his absence, his mother had sold their old house and stable to move into "a better neighborhood—for the sake of the children!"

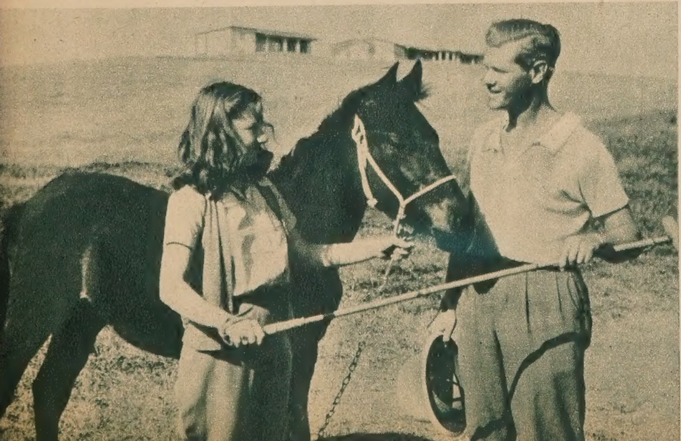
"There's no place for the cow," protested the small boy, as he went over the new home. "Sue was a good cow—an' I thought we might get a horse pretty soon. Now—there's no place to keep him. Oh, I don't know what people want to move for! Some day I'm goin' to have a farm—a great *big* farm. An' I'll have horses, an' cows, an' pigs, an' chickens, an' a colt—that's what—a colt!"

And despite his years of sophisticated stage training, the Irishman Kelly has held fast to his childhood dream. And now he's *got* a farm—"with horses, an' cows, an' pigs, an' chickens, an' a colt—that's what—a colt!"

"Funny how one's actual plans change and yet — they're the same through the years," Paul remarked as we stood on the edge of his forty-five acres of beautiful rolling farmland in the Northridge section of San Fernando Valley, California. "I've always wanted this"—he picked up a bit of soil and crumpled it with his fingers—"but I used to think it would be a farm in New England. Have you even been 'Down East' in the springtime? The trees bud out and there's something strange about the air—it smells so wonderful! I was in Connecticut one year in April. I've always wanted to go back again."

It was not until he'd become thoroughly interested in polo that it occurred to Paul that an ideal shouldn't be hampered by latitude or longitude. With four polo ponies of his own, why not be practical and buy land of his own on which to

(Continued on page 71)



Here's where Paul's heart is—broad acres, his adored daughter Mimi, polo and—his first "own" colt

You Can't Be

Their only nest-egg was love but these big stars found it better capital than money

by WILLIAM F. FRENCH

Warner Baxter was two days without food when he fell in love with his future wife, and Jimmy Cagney married on nothing and "lived on the same for three years"

THERE'S nothing in the world that inspires love like a few hard knocks and nothing that makes for mutual understanding like a pair of empty tummies. If love doesn't outweigh "conditions" before you are married, according to some happy Hollywood benedicts, it never will afterwards, and if you haven't the nerve to go ahead, in spite of poverty, you certainly won't have the nerve to carry on, in spite of prosperity.

How much should a young fellow have, in cold cash, in order to marry the girl he loves?

"Enough to buy the ring and pay the preacher," thinks Buck Jones—which is more than he had.

"That depends upon the girl," parries Neil Hamilton, who admits that he never had a bank account until after he was married.

"Probably something more than I had," confesses Warner Baxter, with a slow smile. Warner hadn't eaten for two days when he laid his eyes on the girl of his dreams.

When Jimmy Cagney first saw the girl he married he was sharing an order of doughnuts in a one-armed restaurant with his buddy even of those days, Al Jenkins. Jimmy was then a chorus boy and hoofer.

The girl passed the window and Jimmy insisted they follow her. To their surprise she led them to the theatre they were opening in and to the same rehearsal.

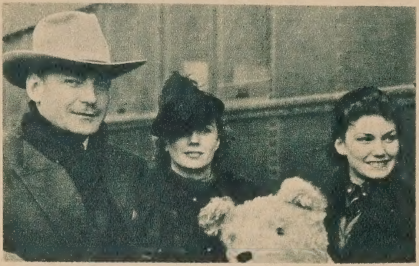
Her name was Frances Vernon — now Mrs. James Cagney—and Jimmy and she married on nothing and, to quote Jimmy, "lived on the same thing for three years."

"I'm a firm believer in marrying the girl you want, when you want her, regardless of how much or how little you have," says Jimmy, "and if you have a tough pull, then you'll get harness broke and understand each other thoroughly before you become exposed to the dangers of having more than you need."

The subject of whether or not a

Love in a cottage will continue in a palace

Too Poor To Marry



Buck Jones' upward struggle is a romantic one. That's the Missis in the center; daughter, right

young couple should put off marriage because of lack of money brings a note of seriousness from even the greatest kidders in the industry.

"I'm convinced the real happiness comes from marrying poor, and learning to sacrifice for one another," declares Gracie Allen. She and George Burns were so hard up in their barnstorming days they had to spend the night before their wedding sitting up in a railroad station because they could not afford to pay for two rooms in a hotel.

"A successful marriage, like everything else," says Joe E. Brown, who sent for the girl he was going to marry as soon as he saved up enough money to bring her to him, "must start from the ground up. Start with nothing, and fight on to something, that's my idea. If a couple haven't a common enemy to fight during the first year or so of married life, they'll fight themselves.

"A young fellow shouldn't worry about how much he has in the bank, but how much he has in his backbone, when he gets to thinking about marriage."

Another great proponent of marriage without funds is Warner Baxter, who declares:

"The couple that are married and then have to struggle to make both ends meet, are starting with a decided advantage over the pair that are well fixed financially—at least in my opinion."

Warner had been living in an attic bedroom and hadn't eaten for two days when he first set eyes on the girl he was to marry. He had finally landed a part in "Under Cover," in which Edmund Lowe and Frances Ring were starring—to open on a Sunday afternoon in Los Angeles.

The day of the first rehearsal, Baxter arrived at the theatre early. And, as he was pacing the street in front of it, he noticed a very attractive girl chatting with some friends.

He was sufficiently impressed to return for another glimpse—five times in succession—all the while sum-

(Continued on page 70)

Gracie and Georgie Burns didn't even dream of a home like above on their wedding day

Try to Miscast Paul Muni!

He is brilliant in any role. He forgets his own personality when the cameras begin to turn

by KATHARINE ROBERTS

THE President of the Benevolent Society, who was also the President of the Bank, arrived at the door of the home of the Widow Brown, to whom he had sent twenty-five dollars the day before to meet immediate expenses on her husband's funeral. Just before knocking at the door, he met the President of another Protective Society who stated he had come to call on the Widower Brown, to whom, on the previous day, he had sent twenty-five dollars toward the burial expenses of his dear wife.

"It can't be," said the First President. "It was she who telephoned me that her husband was dead."

"You are wrong," said the Second President, "Brown himself called me about the death of his wife."

Upon entering the house, they found the impecunious Mr. and Mrs. Brown stretched grotesquely upon the floor simulating death, while still trying to swallow the remains of a feast they had purchased with their ill-gotten gains.

IN other words, it was a vaudeville sketch. It was played in a very small theatre in a very small town by a troupe of actors who could not collect death moneys by pretended demise, but who could save one salary by a very special casting of the President of the Benevolent Society—the one who, with added dignity, was also the President of the Bank. If he seemed a trifle strange to the audience, it was only because all the whiskers in the make-up kit were not enough to cover the fact that the sixty-year-old gentleman was being played by an eleven-year-old boy. He had gone into the part on short notice but, things being what they were at that time, he continued in it. Muni Weisenfreund had his first acting job. He is now Paul Muni and has no desire to play the president of a bank—though, after talking with him, one is under the impression that he would rather play than be one.

Paul Muni—opposite page, top: in "Bordertown," "Black Fury," "Emile Zola"; bottom: in "I Am a Fugitive" and "Pasteur." Center: himself

This young man with his quick black eyes, his compact, tightly-knit figure, and his searching brain, is like none of the characters he has played either on the stage or screen, in spite of their extraordinary variety. He has a reason for this variety. He objects violently to being typed. Certainly he has not been. Look at the contrasting characters he has played—the gangster, the fugitive, the captain of industry, the newspaper reporter, Mexican tough boy, a Polack coal miner, a French man of science, a Chinese peasant, and a French novelist among others. These were successively in "Scarface," "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," "The World Changes," "Hi, Nellie," "Bordertown," "Black Fury," "The Story of Louis Pasteur"—for which he received the Academy Award for 1936—"The Good Earth," and, newest of all, "The Life of Emile Zola." During his earlier period in pictures, he took a vacation from the screen to do "Counselor-at-Law" on the New York stage.

This ran so long that his picture contract required him to interrupt his legal role and go back to Holly-

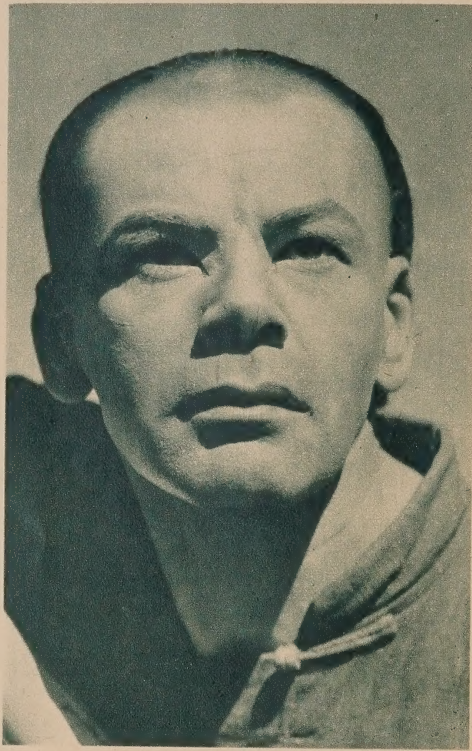
A scene from Muni's "Life of Emile Zola." Like all his characters, his Frenchmen never look or act alike wood, only to return to New York later and once more carry on with the part of the lawyer who had pulled himself up by his own bootstraps. Since then, however, he has remained in pictures, though there have been constant rumors that, if he could find a play that suited him, he would spend some time on the stage. His constant cry is for something different.

"You see," he explained, "I play character parts for two reasons. In the first place, I'm not a matinee idol type—women don't swoon in all directions at the sight of me, so I don't play straight romantic roles based on my own personality. I'm not cut out for a straight-away Galahad — not at all. It would be much easier if I were because, as it is, I have to put in a lot more time in preparation for each character that I play. But I'm not good looking that way."

THERE was no use reminding him that women today are no longer swooning at the sight of a collar ad. He was launched on his argument and he went ahead vigorously. "Anyhow, I don't want to be typed to playing one kind of part—not even out of the group of characters that I do play," he said, "because it would limit my freedom in acting. Doing it with different types gives me wider scope. It's more interesting to me and I believe it is to the public—at least, the public that comes to see *me*. If an actor of the romantic leading-man type plays a character outside his usual sort, the public resents it, no matter how well he does it, but for me variety means salvation. I've always played character parts. I enjoy doing it on the stage because it gives me an opportunity for a two-and-a-half hour sustained characterization, and there's more creative chance. But pictures are taken in such short scenes that the technique is entirely different. Of course, they also have an advantage—they let you say something to a wider audience.

"Not that I've any special message," he added hastily. "I'm not shouting for any particular *ism*. I don't even have to approve of what the character I'm playing says—certainly I didn't in 'Scarface.' But my job is to make him mean something in his own person to the people who see him. If I had to keep doing that in one type of role, my own spontaneous enthusiasm would be lessened and the effect of the fellow I was playing would be lessened, too."

Apparently Mr. Muni doesn't like either his acting freedom or his personal freedom to be limited — just naturally independent and means to stay so. That is why he won't make more than two pictures a year, though he might cash in on his present popularity with more of them and enlarge the income.



Probably the supreme role in Muni's screen career. His portrayal of Wang in "Good Earth" brought the critics to their feet, shouting

"What for?" he inquired in answer to this. "You don't need more than a certain amount of money anyhow, so why have it? Probably I couldn't make more than two good pictures a year at that, even if I made several of them. Maybe I wouldn't be up to it. But apart from that, I want to go on playing in the theatre, too, and one must have several consecutive months time to do it. And I like some time to myself—one has to live a little outside of work. Enough money to live well—that's all I want—enough so that I don't have to take a part unless I want to play it and am convinced I can play it. That doesn't require so much. I'd rather be able to do what I like."

AFTER that eleven-year-old boy made his stage debut as a sixty-year-old man, young Muni Weisenfreund played innumerable roles, but he never created one his own age and general appearance until he was thirty and an established actor on Broadway. By that time, he had played so many old men that he knew exactly what he'd look like at every age from fifty-five to ninety. That beginning part had been with his family, his mother and father being the leading actors in the company. His two brothers were musicians and it looked for a time as though he might become a concert violinist, but after his first taste of grease paint, he was emphatic about sticking to the stage. Before he became Paul Muni, he had appeared in several hundred parts. This was possible only because he grew up working for years in repertory companies that gave a different play each night.

"Naturally we couldn't learn all those parts well," he explained, "and I got so used to listening for the prompter that when I finally was in a play that ran steadily and didn't have one, I was frightened at first when the prompter's penetrating whisper didn't come before each line."

During this earlier period, an incident occurred that nearly finished the young actor's career. He says it has influenced his whole attitude toward life since then.

"We were doing a hectic sort of melodrama," reported Muni, "in one of those theatres that used to own one set of tin scenery, painted on one side to represent an exterior and, on the other side, an interior. I was the villain as usual. The man playing opposite me had to draw a gun and fire at me twice. The prop gun was always loaded with blanks and, even at the short distance of five feet, the other actor had no hesitation in aiming directly at me. Imagine my amazement at one performance to hear, just after the shots, two ringing notes from the tin scenery and to turn and see two holes in it right behind where I had stood."

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Judy Garland Faces Stardom

Tradition turns topsy-turvy as this thirteen-year-old jostles her elders for first place

by VICTORIA JOHNSON

Though just in her teens, Judy Garland was famous before Hollywood ever saw her

JUDY GARLAND, child wonder of the screen, bursts upon an astonished world. She's the cutest little dancer and blues singer that's ever been seen or heard. She is only thirteen, but already has years of professional life behind her.

Judy comes of a theatrical family and has been in almost every city in the United States with her parents "on the road." There were brief stays in Grand Rapids, Mich., Chicago and other cities. But she considers Los Angeles her home. Judy's stage work was as part of a trio, with her two sisters, Virginia and Suzanne.

She was born Frances Gumm in Murfreesboro, Tenn., but when George Jessel signed the trio for his act at the Oriental Theatre in Chicago, he changed the last name—and Frances went him one better by switching over to her present "Judy."

"I had to fight for the name," she says. "But mother finally agreed to let me change."

Fun on the grounds of her Beverly Hills home with the family pet, Cuppy

Judy, for a child who has lived more or less in a world of make-believe, is striking in her lack of affectation. Her large, wide-set brown eyes are shy, yet they dance with interest, and smile. She is quite a movie fan, admiring particularly Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald. The world of pictures, which was opened to her two years ago, is exciting and full of promise. Yet she views it tentatively and gratefully—not as one who has come and conquered.

For nearly two years she was under contract before having a part. She had been seen while singing at Lake Tahoe, and an agent brought her to the attention of M-G-M.

"I didn't think I had much of a chance," she confesses, "I was just at the awkward age. It is funny, but even though there are lots of people my age in the world, few were interested in them. There's a big difference between Shirley Temple and Maureen O'Sullivan. But up until just a little while ago, there wasn't a place in between.

"That's why I'm grateful to Deanna Durbin. Her work proved to the public that people were interested in actresses or talent of the 'between age.' That was a break for all of us in our early 'teens."

Judy is frankly thrilled with her role in "Broadway Melody of 1938." In it she portrays Sophie Tucker's daughter. Sophie, in the film, is an ex-famous actress, whose vogue is passe. She tries to further the interests of her daughter, so the child can carry on where she herself left off.

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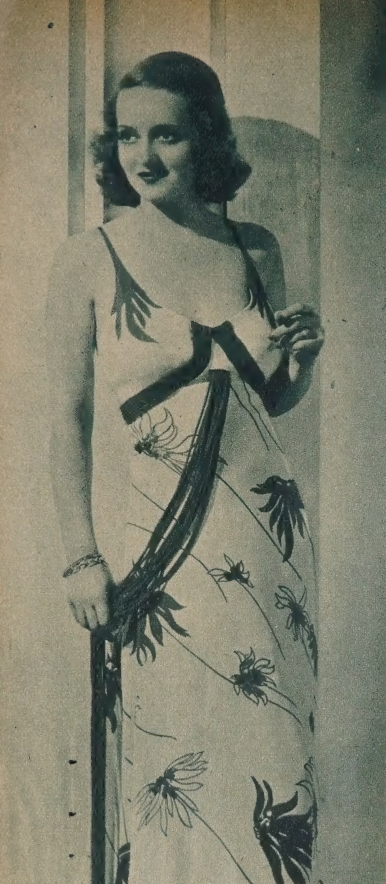
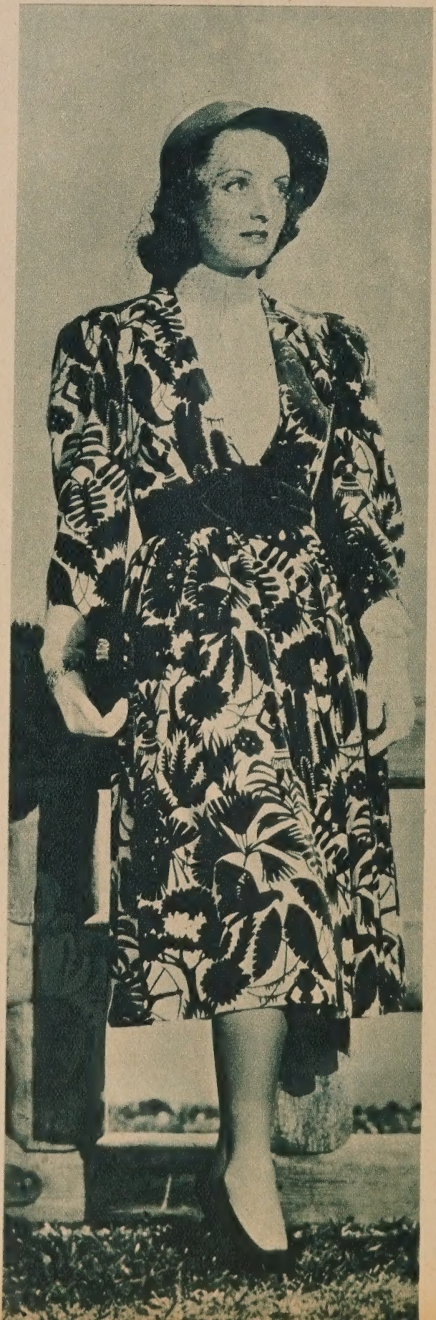
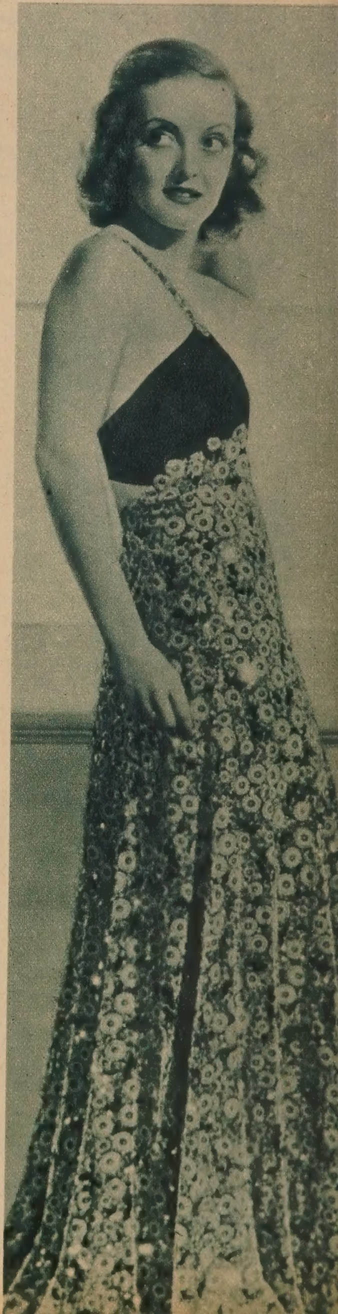


Mid-Summer
FROM HOLLYWOOD





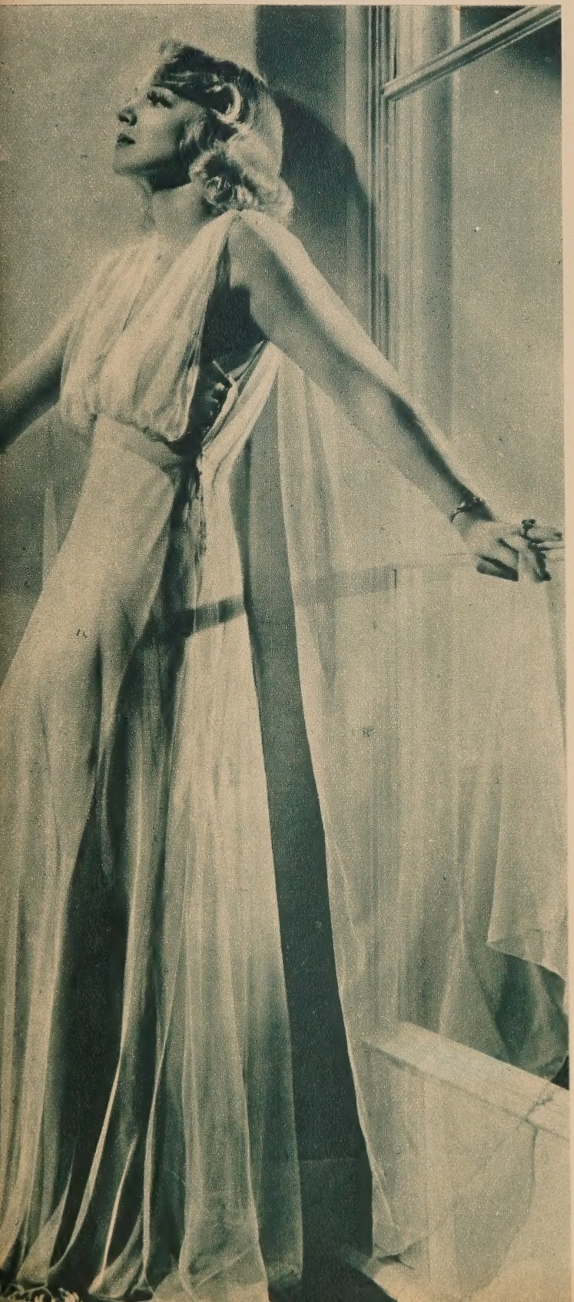
Prints seem to be a Davis specialty. Here are huge, colorful flowers that look windblown as they slant across the white crepe of Bette's evening gown. Spaghetti-like crepe fringe cascades unexpectedly from the bodice

A whole tropical jungle seems to have inspired the green fantasy printed on Bette Davis' charming silk dress. A green brim and white crown for that pert bonnet — and the huge veil is Bette's own fashionable whimsy

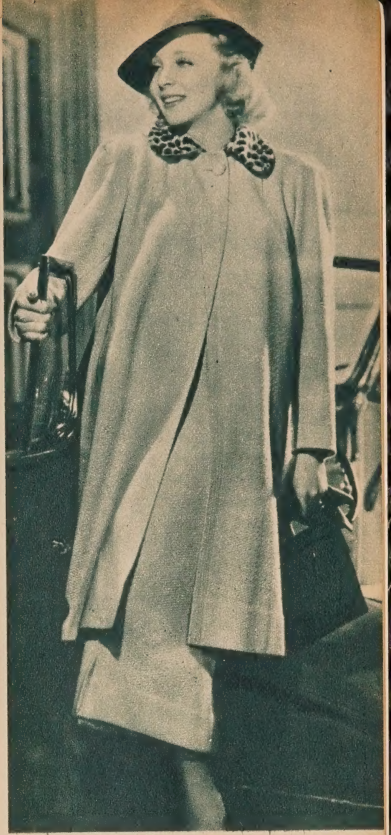
It looks like all-over beading but actually, the fabric of this high-waisted skirt is a silk print embroidered in sparkling sequins. Bette's bandeau bodice is black crepe with the print brought high on it and appliqued. An exotic and exciting mid-summer gown

Fashion Glamour for YOU!

by **ADELIA F. BIRD**

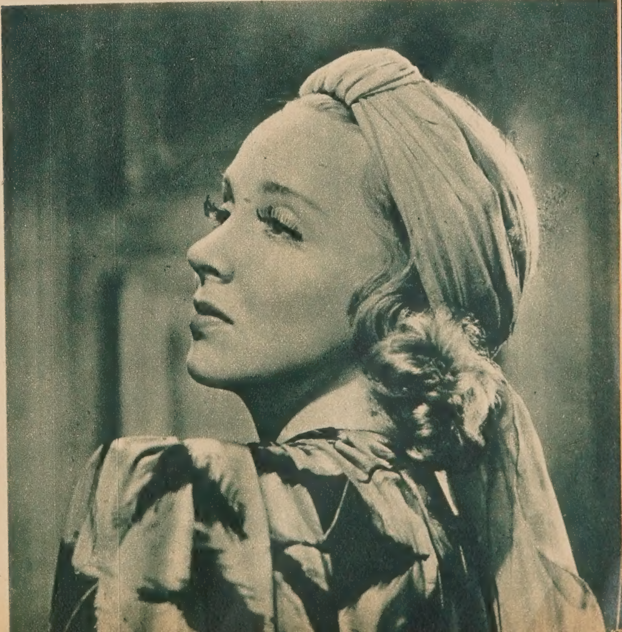


Want a special formula for romance? Simply this: wear misty, white chiffon if you are as blonde and willowy as Virginia Bruce! Floating scarfs at back are draped at front to veil the bodice

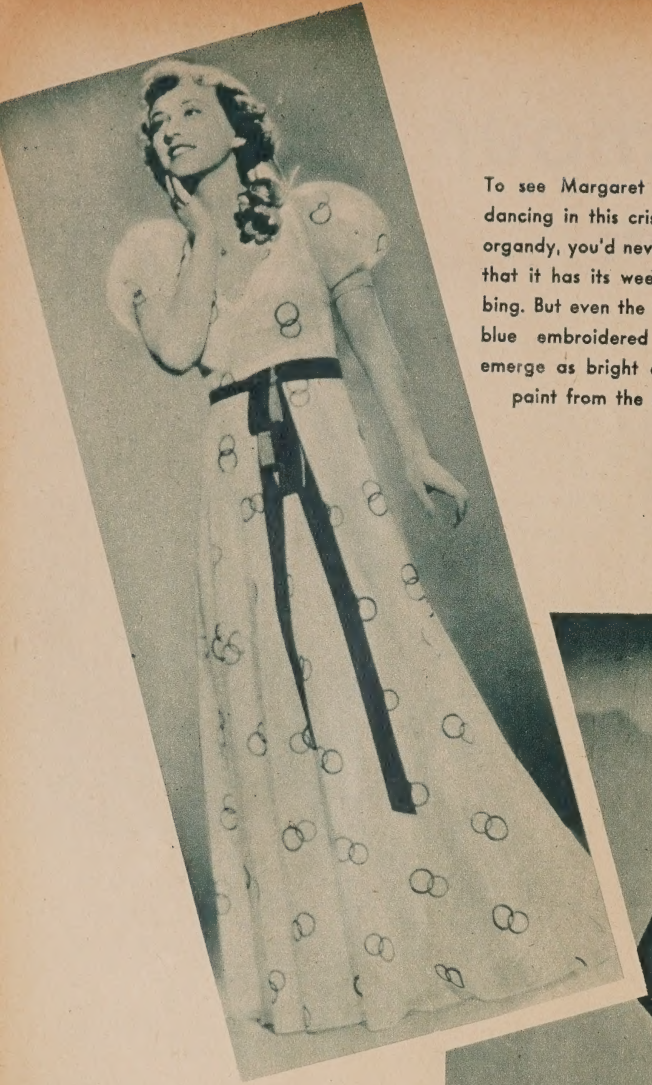


For mid-summer week-end motor trips Virginia advocates the practical coolness of a spongy beige woolen. Skirt and swagger coat of the porous wool. Small collar of leopard and a single button closing. Her accessories are brown as is the blouse beneath

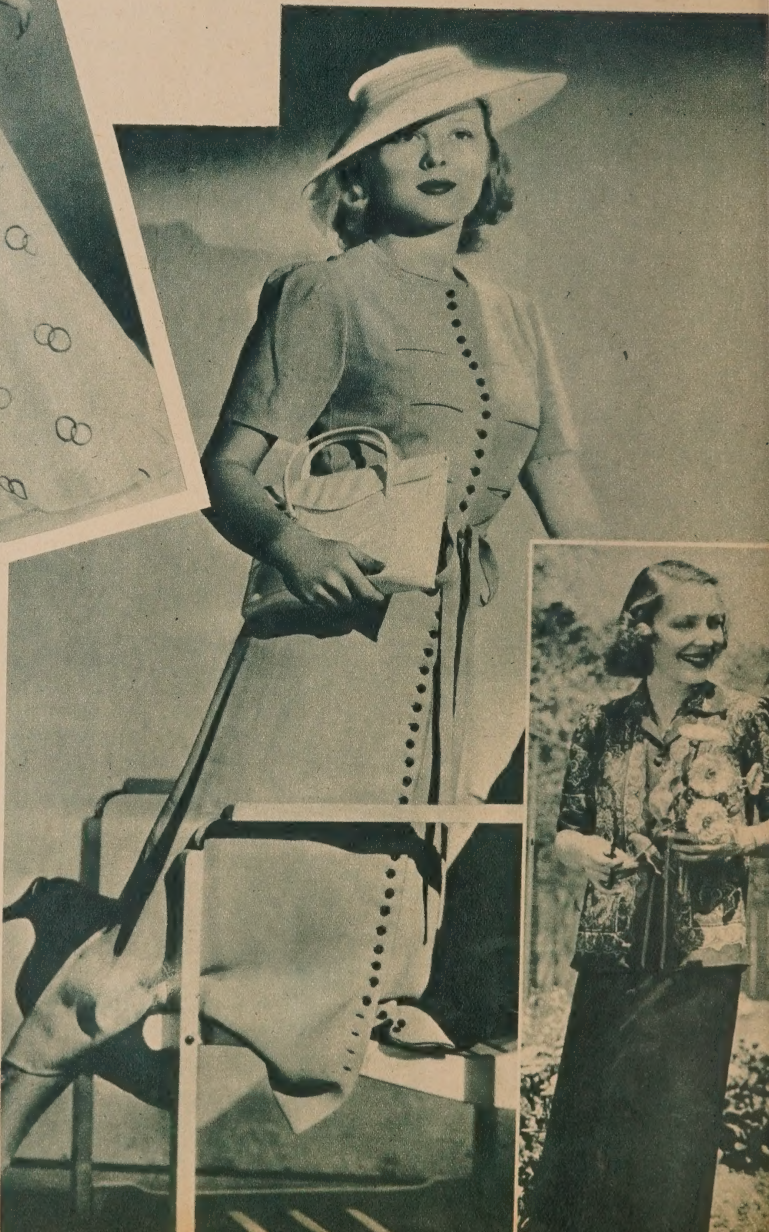
Chiffon again, but this time in combination with silk crepe to form a flattering variation of the crownless turban for Virginia Bruce. Chartreuse is the color



WATER THEIR



To see Margaret Lindsay dancing in this crisp white organdy, you'd never guess that it has its weekly tubbing. But even the red and blue embroidered circles emerge as bright as fresh paint from the suds



As for Mary Carlisle, she likes cottons that are tailored to the last button. This light blue dress buttons to the hem and has trick pockets on the bodice. Her shoes match the dark blue buttons, her hat and bag are white

(In insert)—Grace Ford likes her cottons unusual. She uses a beige and green India printed cotton jacket as topper for bottle green cotton culottes. Casual, comfortable and cool

WON'T SPOIL FRESHNESS

Grace Ford wears the type of white tennis dress approved by champion players. In fact, Eleanor Tennant designed it. Knee length, the back and skirt feature the "action" cut. It zips down the front. Grace wears a navy sports belt and navy socks for color accent

(Above)—More "Vogues of 1938"—three swim suits. Left to right: rubber suit on Phyllis Gilman, satin and woven elastic one-piece print on Ida Vollmar and Betty Douglas wearing a tweed knit with white contrasting trim

(Right)—Poolside loafers are Ruth Martin and Noreen Carr, two of the famous models who make their screen debuts in "Vogues of 1938." Ruth wears navy blue cotton culottes and striped white shirt, Noreen wears a two-piece cotton play suit. Note their trick beach shoes and headgear

The Tragic

Fate writes the Final "Fade Out" for Films' famous Glamour Girl, the beautiful, blonde Harlow

by WILLIAM F. FRENCH

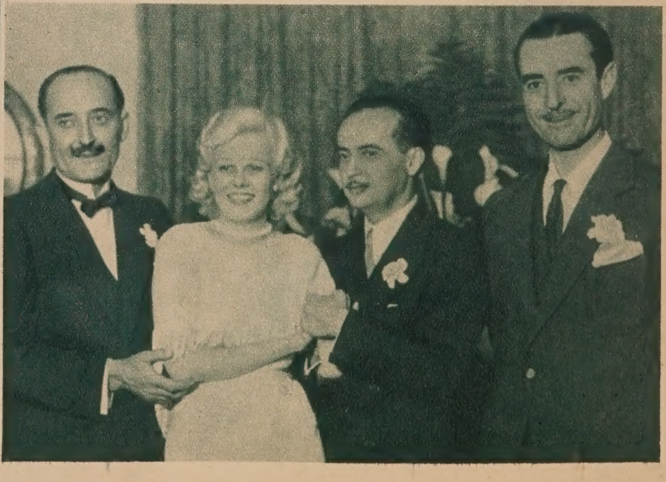
OF the tens of thousands who have passed from pictures, five will never be forgotten or replaced: Lon Chaney, Wallace Reid, Rudolph Valentino, Marie Dressler and Jean Harlow.

Lon Chaney's memory is enshrined in the industry for his artistry and great kindness, Wallace Reid is unforgettable as the hero of "Birth of a Nation," Valentino's name is stamped indelibly on the minds of the motion picture-goers because of his amazing appeal to the public and his never-equalled fan following, Marie Dressler is the grand lady of the stage and screen of two scores, and Jean Harlow has buried herself in the heart of Hollywood by her sheer personality. More beautiful, more alluring and infinitely more fascinating off the screen than on, the unpretending, friendly, generous Jean was, truly, the beloved pal of all filmdom.

Hollywood is a garrulous, querulous, spiteful old woman—but, like the human of her type, she has her weakness, her soft spot. And Jean Harlow was—AND IS—Hollywood's soft spot.

And, again, as with the human, the love of this old woman must of necessity be her direct opposite. Jean Harlow never "went Hollywood." She never let fame dazzle her eyes against the most insignificant studio worker, Jap gardener or newsboy. In fact, newsboys and young girl autograph fans practically camped on the running board of Jean's big car. Jean was never known to be "ritzy," or "too busy" for a kind word and favor to anyone and everyone. She never "put on an act." She was so natural, so every-day, common garden variety type of a swell girl that she had a thousand pals in Hollywood—and by "Hollywood" is meant the motion picture colony at large.

Jean in the living room of her home where she customarily entertained her friends. Her vivacity and sparkling wit made her a favorite with everyone. Not really the type depicted on the screen, she was a woman of genuine culture



Only one member of this group is now living. Jean, on her wedding day, with second husband Paul Bern—soon to slay himself—at her left, and next to him, best man, the late John Gilbert. On Jean's right stands her stepfather, Marino Bello

Death of Jean Harlow

Many, many times Jean's spontaneous, frank expression of instant liking for people was mistaken for an "act," a publicity stunt; but sooner or later the recipients of that expression would discover it was sincere.

Harlow was as nearly void of conceit as a human can be. She felt that life had been very good to her and that she had been given wonderful breaks. She felt this so keenly that she was forever trying to pass along her good fortune by sharing it with others, and by being absolutely "without frills," to use her own expression.

In spite of the fact that she was undoubtedly films' girl of tragedy, and that blasting misfortunes seem to dog her footsteps, she was sincere in her belief that fate had been very kind to her. Whether this feeling inspired her amazing generosity, or whether it was merely the natural result of her almost childlike inclination to like everybody and want to do things for everyone coming into contact with her, is a matter of conjecture. Suffice to say, Harlow would give you the "shirt off her back."

And, on more than one occasion, she did just that: actually gave clothes right off her back. There was the time, for example, when an extra admired a dress Jean had worn on the "Blonde Bombshell" set. It happened

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Above, as you would have seen her on the screen in "Saratoga," the picture in which she was playing with Clark Gable when she fell ill. The film has been scrapped

Center, at the funeral of Paul Bern, in Los Angeles. The death of this, her second husband, proved a profound mystery that has never been solved

The world rejoiced when it believed the blonde favorite had found happiness at last when, after two unsuccessful ventures, she married cameraman Harold Rosson. Their union, however, was short-lived

How To Know What

Why is Shearer different from Crawford—Hepburn from Colbert? Here's the answer

by HELEN MELVILLE

No one could play Juliet like Norma Shearer

"I'd never pull any of those stupid feminine tricks to hold a man," says Bette Davis

Here is a Cleopatra . . . Claudette Colbert . . . that would outshine the famous queen herself

"KNOW Shakespeare and you know women!" That's what Fritz Leiber says and he ought to know for he has been America's great portrayer of Shakespearean roles for twenty years.

"Juliet, and every one of the great poet's other heroines," comments Leiber, "is modern enough to have been drawn from the women of today. Each is a counterpart of a modern girl. Study them, and you will know every type of woman you meet! Norma Shearer's delightful Juliet, Olivia de Havilland's tender Hermia, Anita Louise's outstanding Titania, (both in "A Midsummer Night's Dream") and Merle Oberon's Desdemona (soon to be filmed) make this easy.

"Why, you must know that Juliet proposed to Romeo! That sounds modern enough, doesn't it? Let's see if I can remember a speech of Juliet's which illustrates my point—

'. . . O gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.'

"In other words, Juliet told Romeo— 'I love you and, as long as I do, I don't see any use in hiding it. It probably would have been much cleverer of me to lead you on so that you had to fight to get me but, in the long run, I will make a better wife because I am frank. Now you know just how I stand. What are you going to do about it?' "

Amazingly enough, this startlingly frank idea of love is almost identical with the views of Bette Davis, considered the most *modern* of stars! Just recently, Bette told me—"If I loved a man, I'd never pull any of those stupid feminine tricks to catch or hold him. I would tell him what I thought and let him see me as I am, without pretense. If I didn't, and he found out that I was something altogether different than I'd appeared—why, I wouldn't blame him for leaving me."

Bette added, "Feminine tricks to catch a man—they're old fashioned!"

And Juliet, over three hundred years ago, thought so too!

Any Woman Is Like!

Fritz Leiber continued: "There is Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice.' You see a girl who is bubbling with life. Inhibited in her bringing up, she felt the first sting of woman's rights. She was the first feminist! She would fight for a friend even if she had to break all the conventions of her time to do it. She took a man's place and did a man's work. She bemoaned the fact that times were as they were—

'. . . O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their right;
And so, though yours, not yours . . .'

"Even Lady Macbeths can be found in every edition of the daily papers. *She* was the scheming, relentless type of woman that would stop at nothing, not even murder, to gain her end. There is an old saying, and a true one, that tells us that low women can go lower than any man!

"To me, the ill-fated Ophelia, sweetheart of Hamlet, is not at all as vapid as most performers make her. She seems so innocent and 'ga-ga'—shall we say—a mental case! But this speech, which is generally passed over lightly, it seems to me, gives the whole insight into her character. She tells Laertes, her brother, who has just warned her on the subject of love and the desires of men—

'I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
  As watchman to my heart. But good, my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
  Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
  Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.'

"In other words, Ophelia says—'I know what it is all about and I can take care of myself without any preaching or advice from you, who do the very same things that you warn me against.'

"And with all of that, with a trickery

(Continued on page 72)

Katharine Hepburn, ideal for the unconquered Katharina in "Taming of the Shrew"

You remember Fritz Leiber in "Louis Pasteur," "Anthony Adverse," and "Prince and the Pauper." He is a famous Shakespearean actor, too

Mary Pickford (standing in center) gets tough in "Taming of the Shrew"

Joan Crawford, the only woman in Hollywood who could act Lady Macbeth.

The Joke's on You

Don't laugh at the other fellow; your number may come up next

by WALTON BIGELOW

SO humor-conscious is Hollywood that if a fat man won't take a tumble of his own accord, some funster is likely to drop a banana skin to guide his feet.

This situation may be a hang-over from pie-throwing days, or—more probably—an outlet for tense nerves after a long studio grind. Anyway, when those quick wits work, the show is bound to be good, whether it takes the form of horseplay or subtle ribbing. Some are masters of the first, others of the second school, of humor. Each kind has its acknowledged experts.

But for all-round, amazing and harmless deviltry, I think that Bill Powell is unrivaled. It's his incredible suavity when putting over a fast one that makes his performance doubly side-splitting. One day he was standing in a department store, his hat off. Up waltzed two women out-of-towners, who evidently mistook Bill for a floor-walker.

"Young man," one of them demanded arrogantly, "direct us to the shoe department."

Now ordinarily Bill is politeness itself, but these ladies were just too superior for this earth, so Bill began to unlimber his arsenal.

"Men's or women's?" he asked, courteously.

"Why, women's, of course," with the intonation, "the very idea!"

"Well," advised Bill, "women's shoes are very nice for those that like them, but, personally, I always recommend men's shoes. You see, the heels are lower and have a broader base, which makes them more comfortable. They last longer, too, and did it ever occur to you how much money is wasted by ladies on their shoes?" This line took the women somewhat aback, but Bill smiled that winning smile of his and they began to soften slightly.

"You look like a movie actor," one of them commented, "but I can't remember which one."

"That's quite natural," said Bill, warming up. "Fact is, I'm sort of a distant relation of one—a brother, in fact. I'm his screen double. Perhaps you've heard of Ronald Colman? Yes? I thought you might; his name's beginning to get around. I really do all his work for him, poor fellow; he can't speak above a whisper. Maybe you've seen me doubling for him in "Love on the Run."

"But that was a Clark Gable picture," one of the women gasped.

"Yes and no," agreed Bill, cryptically. "That's one of the technical secrets of the studios. You think you're seeing one actor when in reality it's another. Maybe it's Bob Montgomery all the time . . . But about those shoes—you'll find men's—"

But the California visitors' eyes had grown very wide. One of the ladies nudged the other. "Come on," she whispered. "I'm sure he's crazy."

Jack Oakie is another one that the unsophisticated should have reason to be wary of. Jack

If you were Roland Young how would you like to be called Charlie Ruggles, and vice versa? Some in Hollywood consider this good fun

in Hollywood

in his less serious moments can reveal a bucolic gravity that instantly warns his more experienced associates to stop, look and listen. Around the studio he is famous for his humor of action—that is, action on the part of the innocent victims, such as hot foot, eggs on chairs and other good-natured laugh-rousers. But when really inspired he disdains such conservative traditionalism. What Jack can't think up when he sees a horde of autograph fiends, for example, professional gagmen couldn't either.

Once he was accused of—or credited with—signing any and every famous Hollywood name to the avidly proffered pieces of paper—from Clark Gable to Shirley Temple. However, a friend of Jack's denies this.

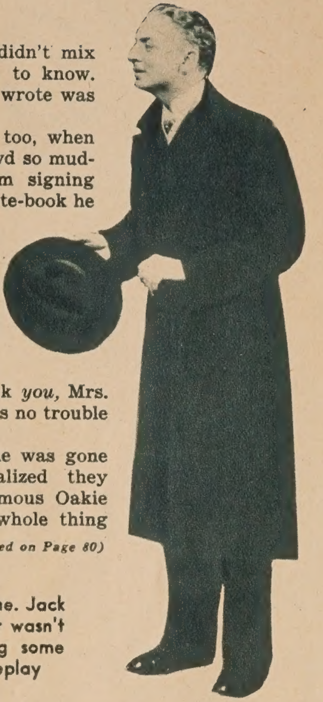
"Why," says this intimate, indignantly, "all Jack did was to sign about ten of 'em. He didn't mix names either. I ought to know. Wasn't I there? All he wrote was Robert Taylor."

There was the time, too, when Jack got the eager crowd so muddled that he had them signing their own names in a note-book he took out of his pocket.

"Right here, right here," he would designate with his forefinger. And then: "Oh, so you're Mrs. Lizzie Schultz? This will be a great help to me; yes, ma'am! And thank *you,* Mrs. Schultz; I assure you it's no trouble to me at all."

And then suddenly he was gone before the crowd realized they hadn't obtained the famous Oakie scrawl, after all. The whole thing

(Continued on Page 80)



Three famous funsters of the Hollywood scene. Jack Oakie is playing Napoleon all by himself; it wasn't the director's idea. Bill Powell is planning some deviltry, while Harpo meditates on horseplay

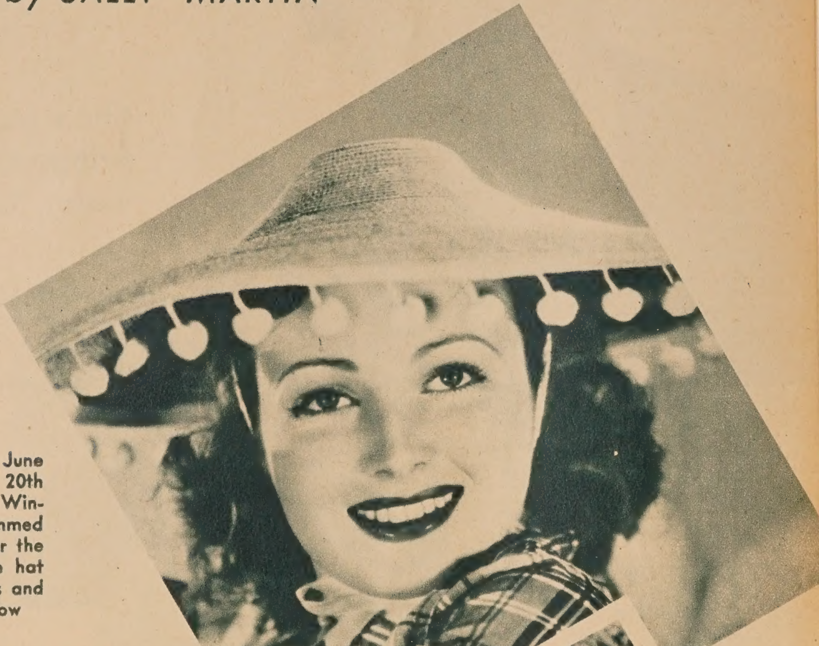
Helen Vinson relaxes after work in the Walter Wanger production "Vogues of 1938." Helen prefers sports clothes and selects a blue and yellow plaid box pleated skirt and blue sweater set. A plaid scarf keeps her hair in place after the Hollywood fashion

(Above)—Dude ranch togs this season are both practical and picturesque. This becoming outfit, worn by Dixie Dunbar, 20th Century-Fox player, consists of blue denim jeans tucked into cowboy boots and worn with a separate denim jacket zippered down the front. Colorful accessories are the "ten gallon" hat of black felt trimmed in white grosgrain, green and white silk scarf and tan buckskin gloves bordered with fringe. Dixie's newest picture is "Sing and Be Happy"

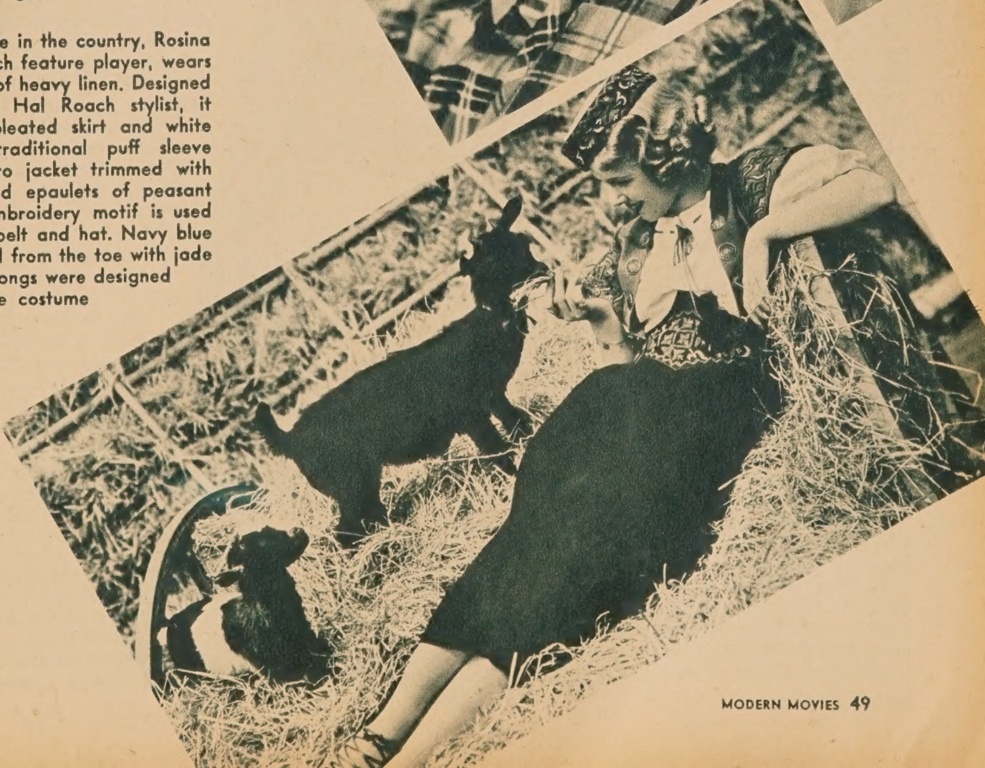
(Middle)—Blue and white novelty check fabric fashions this one-piece dress worn by Mary Brian. From a small bow under her chin the dress buttons down the front with square white kidskin buttons. A white kidskin belt and sandals are smart accessories

LANGUID DAYS

by SALLY MARTIN



(Right)—For summer days in the sun, June Lang, who will be seen soon in the 20th Century-Fox production "Wee Willie Winkie," wears a hat of natural straw trimmed with white chenille balls and tied under the chin with white grosgrain ribbon. The hat accompanies a pair of yellow culottes and gingham shirt plaided in white, yellow and bright red

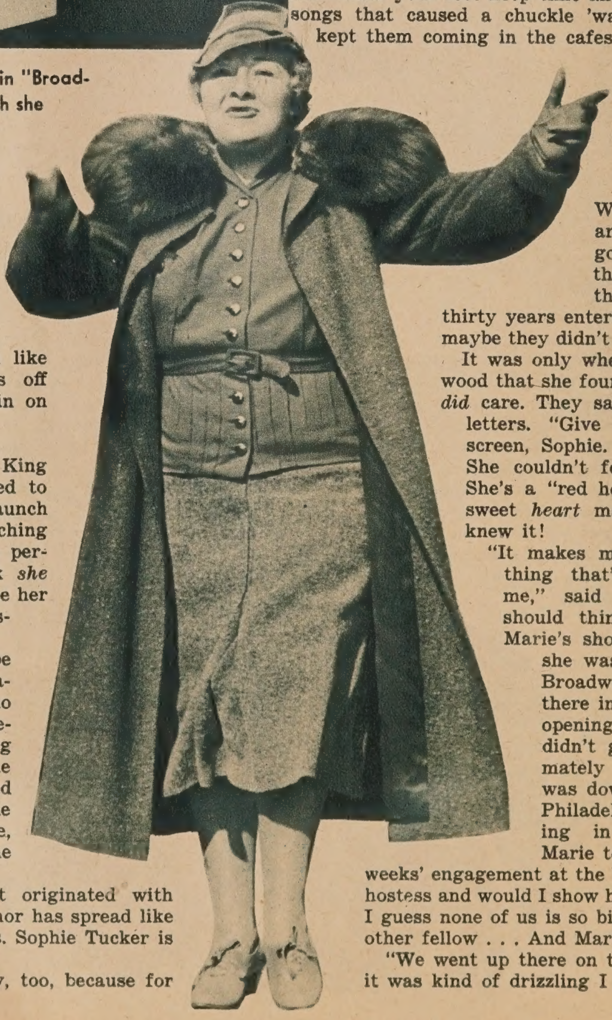


(Below)—Enjoying life in the country, Rosina Lawrence, Hal Roach feature player, wears a peasant costume of heavy linen. Designed by Ernest Schraps, Hal Roach stylist, it features a black pleated skirt and white blouse with the traditional puff sleeve topped by a bolero jacket trimmed with filagree buttons and epaulets of peasant embroidery. The embroidery motif is used again on the wide belt and hat. Navy blue kidskin sandals laced from the toe with jade green kidskin thongs were designed for the costume

Will Sophie Tucker Take

She's going to try and she brings to the task her own warm, lovable personality

As Sophie Tucker will appear in "Broadway Melody of 1938," in which she portrays an ex-vaudevillian



IT'S enormous — and so terribly empty, that void left in the heart of millions of people by the death of Marie Dressler.

We need some laughing, lovable, great-souled person like Marie to knock the edges off trouble for us, to put a grin on the face of the world.

But who?

It is the newly crowned King of England who is supposed to have said it first. He was a staunch Dressler fan. And after watching Sophie Tucker at a benefit performance he said, "I think *she* could do it. I would like to see her in such parts as Marie Dressler played."

But then again it may be the little chorine in a Saranac Lake sanitarium who started it. A little white-faced kid with a racking cough who worships the ground Sophie walks on. And why not? Wasn't it Sophie who came to her rescue, who's been footing all the bills?

At any rate, whether it originated with King or chorus girl, the rumor has spread like wild fire over two continents. Sophie Tucker is going to take Marie's place!

Now that's kind of funny, too, because for years Sophie has been known as the hottest of the "red hot mamas." She had a rhythm in that big voice of hers that made your feet keep time and she sang the sort of songs that caused a chuckle 'way deep down. Sophie kept them coming in the cafes and night clubs—the cash customers. She made them feel gay and just a *leetle* naughty and don't care-ish even when they were having a severe case of the Wall Street blues. Then around six A. M. she'd go home and remember that she was pretty tired, that she'd been nearly thirty years entertaining the public and maybe they didn't give a hoot.

It was only when she came to Hollywood that she found out how much they *did* care. They said it in thousands of letters. "Give us laughter on the screen, Sophie. Take Marie's place!" She couldn't fool them—the public. She's a "red hot mamma" who is a sweet *heart* mama inside and they knew it!

"It makes me prouder than anything that's ever happened to me," said Sophie. "That they should think I could step into Marie's shoes! I knew her when she was the biggest star on Broadway and me, I was right there in the front row on her opening nights . . . But I didn't get to know her intimately until that time she was down and out. It was in Philadelphia and I was playing in Keith's vaudeville. Marie told me she had a two weeks' engagement at the Walton Roof as a cafe hostess and would I show her some of the tricks? I guess none of us is so big we can't go ask the other fellow . . . And Marie was so grateful.

"We went up there on the Roof one morning, it was kind of drizzling I remember, and Marie

Marie Dressler's Place?

by VIRGINIA T. LANE

Queen of them all! Those were happy days when Marie Dressler won our hearts in "Tugboat Annie"

played to the chairs while I coached her. What a trouper she was. She had a million worries at the time but she played to those empty seats, with the rain sloshing in the windows, as if it had been a First Night on Broadway.

"Afterwards she wrote to thank me again and said she was going to try her luck in Hollywood . . . Funny, you never know when the breaks are coming in life . . . Here I am going to play in a picture that is based on a true incident that happened to Marie shortly after she appeared on the Walton Roof. 'Molly, Bless Her,' is the name of it and Wallace Berry is going to be in it with me."

There was a slight falter in Sophie's voice. The grand old trouper was unashamedly crying.

It's a strange coincidence that "Molly, Bless Her" was written by Frances Marion, a close friend of both women. The same Frances Marion, who, a little over ten years ago, wrote a part in the original screen version of "Anna Christie" for a down-on-her-luck-pal, Marie Dressler, hoping it might do something for her.

Will "Molly" do as much for Sophie Tucker?

Those in the know say that it will. She has played in one picture already, "Broadway Melody of 1938." And she is headed for London now for "a little work between films!" That's typical of Sophie. She wouldn't know what to do with a vacation if you gave her one.

"Maybe that's what comes of being a woman without a country and without a real name! You keep right on going, working, you never let up." Sophie grunted — and grinned a little. When she smiles, you just naturally smile along with her.

"I was born at sea about five hundred miles from Odessa, Russia. So what does that make me? A mermaid, eh? Well, I never saw a mermaid who weighed a hundred and seventy pounds! As for my name, the family did adopt the name of Abuza but it isn't our real one. It happened like this: My father gave shelter to an Italian by the name of Abuza. He was sick and in spite of everything the family could do, he died. Later, father took his name so that he and mother could escape from Russia to America. The first thing I remember is father's little hole-in-the-wall restaurant in Hartford, Connecticut. I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning to sweep the floors and set the tables before I went off to school. Musical education? The only musical education I had was calling out orders for 'gefuellte fish' and such to mother in the kitchen! One day the Howard Brothers who were well known in vaudeville, came to dad's place. They heard me yelling out orders and told me what a wonderful voice I had. It was wonderful all right — you could hear it two blocks away! But I thought they meant it was good. So I decided then and there to be an actress."

With five dollars in her purse Sophie set out for New York and fame. Her first job was in the old German Village Cafe and her next, at Tony Pastor's on the Bowery. There was a piano player there with the most remarkable schnozzle in Manhattan, and a sing-

Sophie Tucker is the life of the party given in her honor by Roland Leigh. At her left is Heather Thatcher; right, Binnie Barnes, Pat Patterson and Tilly Losch

(Continued on page 77)

Wilmington-Catalina Airline Ltd.

Above, approaching the magic playground. The girls (right) leave the airship that links Hollywood with the Island

"LET'S PLAY HOOKEY"

says

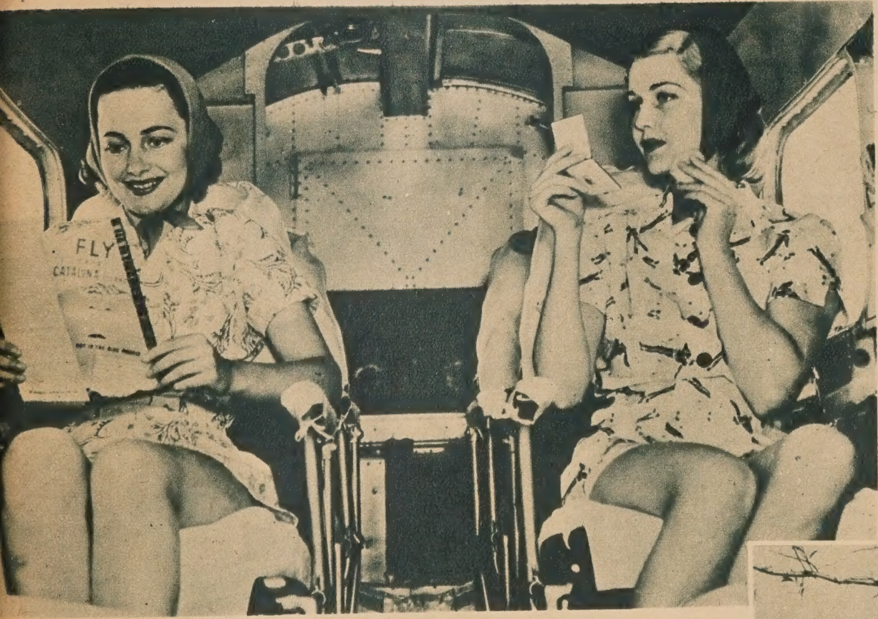
OLIVIA to ANITA

A day with the Misses de Havilland and Louise at Catalina Island

"Try my soda." Olivia and Anita, after the grind of the studio, are as carefree as girls out of school. Right, a laughing jackass from Australia entertains Olivia

And now we have some real sport in Avalon harbor. If their eye-sight is good, the fish are surely biting for these charming mermaids

Ashore again after a trip around Catalina in a fast motor boat. Captain Al Bombard is the gallant and lucky aide



The feminine touch in the cabin of a roaring amphibian plane

"Big Eagle," sulphur crested cockatoo, pride of Catalina farms, preens himself for his fair visitors

A last look at fairyland. "Call it a day," say the girls, which incidentally, is the title of the film you'll see them both in next

Horses for Jean Parker, Josephine the Monk for Robert Taylor, and Micky the coyote for Robert Young

LUCKY PETS

Than to be favorites of the famous, no happier fate can befall them

All he-men love dogs — especially hunting dogs. This hound is the pet of Clark Gable's kennels. And Freddie Bartholomew took to big Dawson the moment they met on the set

HOLLYWOOD'S animal kingdom today runs from goldfish to gorillas, but, of course, right down in their hearts, dogs are the players' real loves. The estate of any star is a veritable paradise for these canine friends, and if you know of a better way to feed, house or bathe their pets, the stars will beat a pathway to your door. Hollywood has made the world a better place for dogs to live in. No work there for the S. P. C. A.

Bicycling, tennis and swimming keep Rochelle's weight at one hundred pounds

Few Know

Sweet, yes, but she has a mind of her own and can use it, too

by SELIG ADLER

ROCHELLE HUDSON first left Oklahoma, her native state, because she and the legislature couldn't agree. The legislature didn't know that Rochelle was annoyed; indeed, they had never heard of her, yet that body stood an immovable obstacle in the path of her career.

Rochelle was ambitious. At the age of four the stage fascinated her. She appeared before clubs, societies, and school audiences. But the law barred children from the professional stage. And so Rochelle wended her way to Hollywood, where California laws are more liberal in such matters.

That was her first declaration of independence, but not her last. In everything she does Rochelle knows her own mind and acts accordingly. She is "sweet," easy to direct, never temperamental, but she understands more readily than anyone else what is best for her.

Back in the days when she was hoping the Oklahoma legislature would change its mind, she kept right on preparing herself for an acting career. She studied dancing, took piano and singing lessons and — because of her versatility—learned to paint in oils. Also, she received dramatic instruction from the best teachers available. Indeed, she says, "I've really been going to school all my life." She started school when she was only three. "I guess I was just one of those freak development cases you hear about," she comments.

When she got a contract in Hollywood, the next thing she did was to enroll in the high school. But even that wasn't enough for her. She also attended school on the lot.

In spite of her few years—she is only twenty—her career takes precedence of everything. So love is an emotion she keeps well under control. Why should she hurry? She has youth, beauty and personal charm — qualities that will ripen until the hour and the man strike her heart. Perhaps it is because of her studiousness, her ability to be self-sufficing emotionally, that many people have an incorrect impression of her. Rochelle is not a quiet little bookworm, but a very lively young lady who is quick at repartee and a good mixer. In real life she looks the counterpart of Scarlett in "Gone With the Wind" — blue-green eyes, hair almost black, ivory skin and quick, lithe figure.

Breaking into pictures was by no means easy for her. After many discouragements that would have sent most girls back to where they came from, she finally succeeded in landing a contract with RKO.

From one slant, Rochelle's career was meteoric. From another it wasn't. For four years she labored under the delusion she was in the movies, just because she was under contract to a major studio.

The Real Rochelle Hudson

But she really wasn't, though her pictures appeared as frequently as those of other stars in almost every motion picture magazine in the country, newspapers, and rotogravure sections.

While on the lots, she posed for fashion stills, pictures showing new inventions, greeting visitors, in fact everything that press agents could concoct except appearing on the screen. Many another "contract girl" has had to face similar situation. And some of these never get the chance to appear in any film.

At last came a role for her. Rochelle made her screen debut in "Laugh and Get Rich." Other parts succeeded. It was in 1933 that she appeared in Will Rogers' "Doctor Bull." It was a rather small part, but now, for the first time, her screen work really began to be noticed. She signed with Fox Films, and other studios began "to borrow" her. Among other pictures, she appeared in "Imitation of Life," for Universal, and "Les Miserables," for United Artists. Her success was particularly marked in the latter.

For Twentieth Century-Fox she acted the past year in the following films: "Show Them No Mercy," "Everybody's Old Man," "The Country Beyond," "Reunion," and "Woman Wise." Her latest picture is "Born Reckless."

Rochelle's screen career was literally dropped in her lap, but it took six years to blossom.

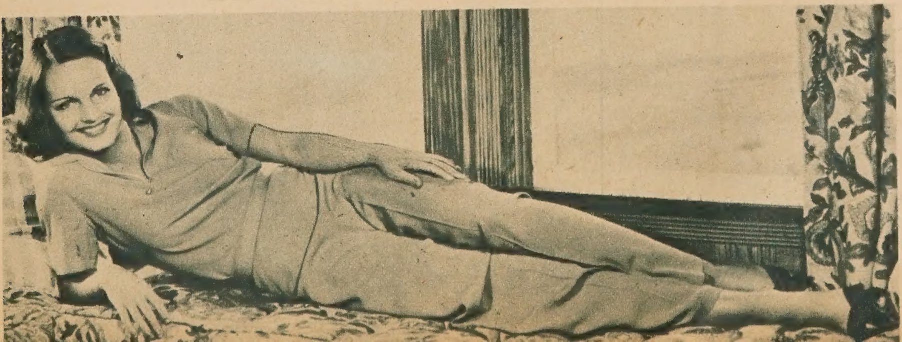
At the age of eleven she applied for a voice test and was accepted as the voice of "Bosko," of animated cartoon fame. It seemed to her then that her childhood ambition to play in the movies was about to be realized. But adolescence changed her voice to a deeper pitch, so Bosko was promptly provided with new vocal organs and Rochelle again went back to her studies.

At the age of twelve she made a test at a Hollywood

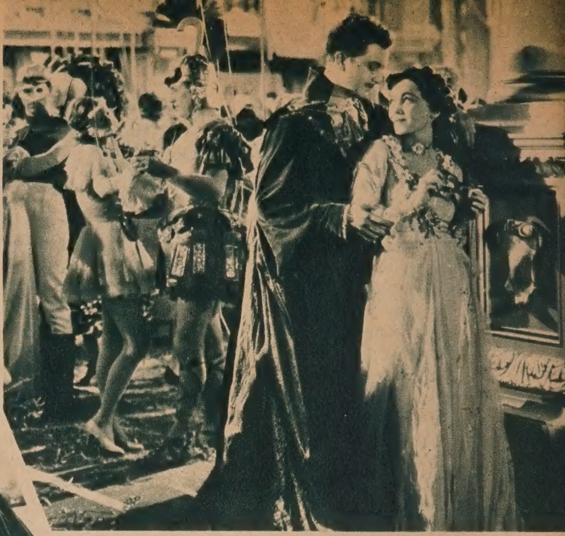
(Continued on page 77)

Rochelle came to Hollywood because her native state said "thumbs down" to her appearing on the stage

Not a mere bookworm as some think, for she's a sparkling talker and a grand mixer



Cute, lovely and twenty, and her heart strings are tied to no man!



WILLIAM POWELL

The EMPEROR'S

FATE makes Grand Duke Peter, son of the Czar of Russia, a prisoner of Polish conspirators in Vienna. He is held as a hostage while a letter is dispatched to his father demanding the release of a prisoner in the Siberian mines. Baron Wolensky undertakes the mission. Prince Johann requests Wolensky to carry two candlesticks to a friend in St. Petersburg. The Prince explains there is a secret receptacle in each. Unobserved, Wolensky hides his letter in one of them. The candlesticks are to be delivered to Wolensky at the railroad station, but, meantime, Countess Mironova,

ROBERT YOUNG

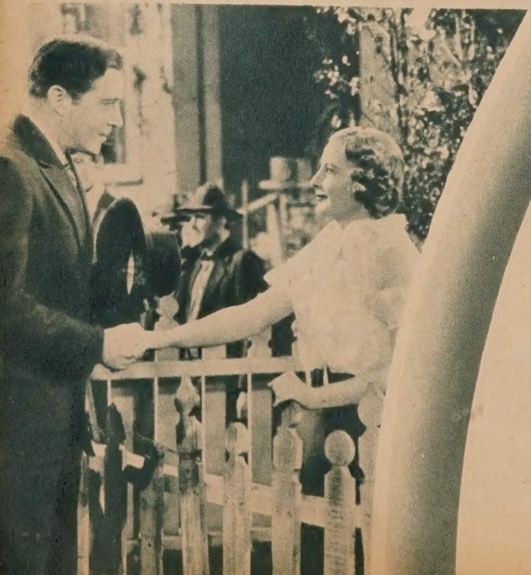
LUISE RAINER

CANDLESTICKS

Russian secret service agent, discovers Wolensky's secret and in the second candlestick hides a message, advising his execution. At the station the Countess gets possession of the candlesticks, but her maid, Maria, steals and pawns them. Wolensky and Mironova search Europe for them, their paths constantly crossing. Wolensky recovers one candlestick and finds in it Mironova's sinister message. Mironova has the other. Exchanging the candlesticks, Mironova tears up her evidence against Wolensky. Cast: *Baron Wolensky,* William Powell; *Countess Mironova,* Luise Rainer; *Grand Duke Peter,* Robert Young; *Prince Johann,* Henry Stephenson; *Maria,* Maureen O'Sullivan.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

31
JOSEF STRASSE



A
SAMUEL
GOLDWYN
PICTURE

STELLA DALLAS

COMPELLED to leave his native city, Stephen Dallas becomes assistant to the owner of a cotton mill. He meets and marries Stella, a pretty millhand. A baby girl, Laurel, arrives and Stella becomes slovenly and pleasure-loving. A better job opens up in New York but Stella won't go with Stephen. Returning later he finds Ed, a race track tout, a member of the family circle. Stella and Stephen permanently separate. Years pass; he meets his old sweetheart Helen, now a widow. Stephen seeks a divorce which Stella refuses. Stella's ill taste on various occasions humiliates Laurel who has fallen in love with Dick Grosvenor. Sick at heart, Laurel leaves Dick without explanation. Through a chance eavesdropping, realization dawns upon Stella. She gives Stephen a divorce and even parts with Laurel, whom she really loves. Stephen and Helen marry. But Laurel feels her place is with her own mother. Stella now makes her greatest sacrifice, misrepresenting herself to her daughter in order that she will return to her father. Later, on Laurel's wedding day, Stella Dallas, a drab figure, watches outside in the rain. Cast: *Stephen Dallas,* John Boles; *Stella,* Barbara Stanwyck; *Laurel,* Anne Shirley; *Helen,* Barbara O'Neil; *Ed,* Alan Hale.

BARBARA STANWYCK

JOHN BOLES

ANN SHIRLEY

GARY COOPER

SOULS

FRANCES DEE

THIS is a story of dangerous days, of bad men and good, of disaster at sea, of fair ladies and heroic lovers. It is based on a famous sea tragedy, and on an equally famous court trial that followed. An old sailing vessel is braving the Atlantic on its way from England to America. Among its passengers are Gary Cooper, George Raft, Frances Dee, Henry Wilcoxon and Olympe Bradna. Then comes disaster—fire. The ship is no longer tenable; everyone must take to lifeboats.

GEORGE RAFT

AT SEA

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

But there is only one boat—and, of course, it cannot hold the many that would escape. The women are given places in it, but what about the men? Only a few of them can be saved. One man has it in his power to decide which shall be chosen. There can be no gainsaying his word for his power of judgment is backed up by the right of might. Thus comes tragedy. The cast; *Taylor,* Gary Cooper; *Powdah,* George Raft; *Margaret,* Frances Dee; *Lieutenant Tarryton,* Henry Wilcoxon; *Captain,* Harry Carey; *Bobsie,* Olympe Bradna.

KAY FRANCIS
BASIL RATHBONE
JANE BRYAN

CONFESSION

A WARNER BROTHERS PICTURE

WHILE her mother is away, Lisa has an intrigue with Michael Michailow, a concert player. Deciding to tell him she will see him no more, Lisa accompanies him to a cafe. Vera, stage dancer, observes them. As they are leaving, Vera kills Michael with a pistol shot. On trial, Vera refuses to reveal any motive for her act. Then a suitcase, belonging to her, is brought into the court room. Immediately, Vera announces she has a statement to make, and the judge retires with her into his chambers. Vera now tells him the story of her life. She is happily married when her husband is called to war, leaving her alone with her baby daughter. She meets Michael who ruins her by the expedient of putting something in her drink. Michael continues to hound her, and her husband, misunderstanding, divorces her and takes their daughter. Vera has recognized in Lisa her own daughter and rather than have her share her fate, slays Michael. Vera confesses now because the suitcase contains evidence that would reveal all. The story closes on a note of hope for both daughter and mother. Cast: *Vera*, Kay Francis; *Lisa*, Jane Bryan; *Michael*, Basil Rathbone.

LOVE IN A BUNGALOW

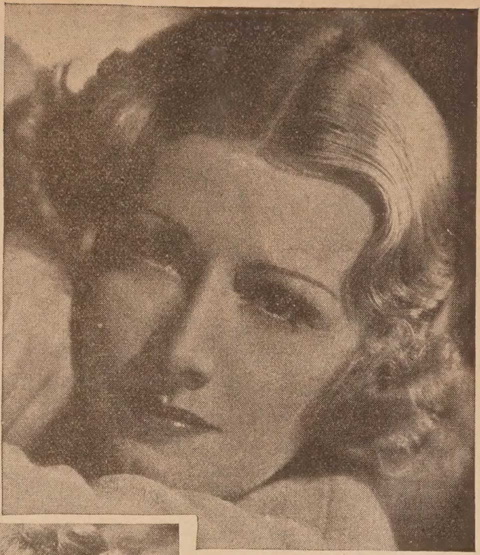
Mary Callahan, hostess in a model bungalow, dreams of a husband and a home just like the one she exhibits to visitors. One morning she finds an intruder in the place, Jeff Langan, a salesman out of a job. Though angry, she cooks his breakfast. One evening as she is about to lock up and depart, Jeff appears in a driving rain. They sit in the living room and over the radio comes an offer of a $5,000 prize to the couple which writes the best letter on why they are happy. As a joke, they compose and submit a letter. Weeks pass and Mary and Jeff are the winners. A committee calls on them. They borrow children and make a brave showing, but everything goes wrong except the dinner. Nevertheless, they are given the $5,000 whereupon they wed and use the prize money as a down payment on a bungalow. Cast: *Mary Callahan,* Nan Grey; *Jeff Langan,* Kent Taylor.

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

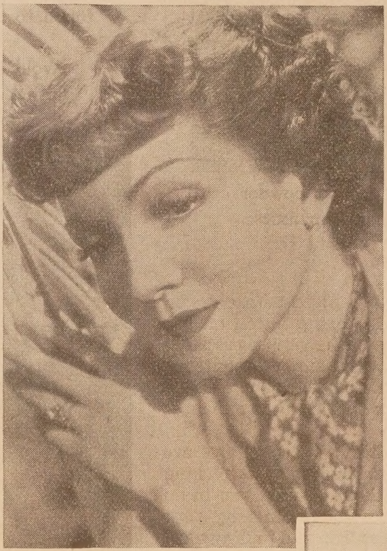
Take Time for Beauty

And use these latest Hollywood vogues for speedy effectiveness

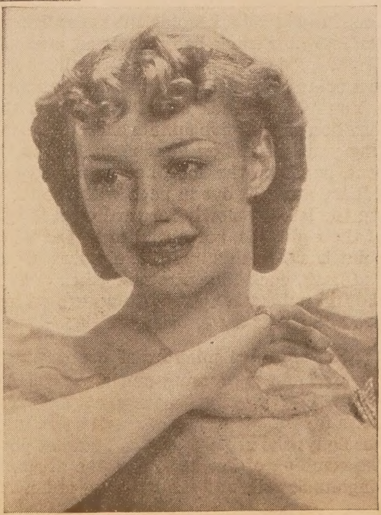
by JEANNETTE



Irene Dunne affects the popular center part with but little waves and her curls brushed out



Claudette Colbert's hair, now a deep henna shade, is arranged in this charming coiffure



A girlish hair-do is Anne Shirley's. Parted in the center with an unusual roll curl and bangs

TOO few of us devote sufficient time to self culture. Oh, not the reading of weighty tomes, or the visiting of art galleries and such—rather the intensive culture that our bodies demand, if we would present the most attractive appearance within our power. "I haven't time" is the wail of housewife, business woman and popular, busy girls everywhere. And when there is time, the plaint turns to, "But I can't afford expensive beauty care."

To tell the average woman or girl that Hollywood stars manage a careful beauty routine in the midst of their busy lives brings up a storm of protests—all of them based on the fact that stars can hire people to give them quick and beneficial beauty help every day of their lives. Granted that they can, there still is the element of time.

It's just as hard for them to sandwich hair care, facial beautifying and body exercise into their daily schedules as it is for you. But they *make* the time because they have to—and that's where you and you fall down. You resign yourself to a second rate beauty and grooming, giving yourself little consoling excuses when, actually, you merely lack initiative.

ONE of the busiest women I know has worked out a "beauty speed schedule" for herself. This woman isn't a beauty but so perfectly is she groomed, so sleek is her figure and so radiant her skin, that people invariably remark upon how lovely she is. And she only allows thirty-five minutes a day for pampering herself! She works five days a week with a half day on Saturdays so that there's only Saturday afternoon left to her for professional beauty care such as a shampoo, wave and manicure in a beauty shop.

Her speed schedule has been worked out so that she takes fifteen minutes in the morning, five minutes at noon and fifteen minutes at night. The fifteen minutes in the morning is entirely separate from the time necessary for her to dress—it is a period set aside for nothing but the business of getting herself in trim for the day. She religiously rises that fifteen minutes earlier in order to accomplish it.

Here is her routine for the morning allotment of fifteen minutes. Upon rising, she immediately bathes her face in cold water to remove

A soft brush for removing excess powder from finished make-up is an indispensable item in Madge Evans' beauty kit

any vestiges of oil, resulting from a night-before cream cleansing. Hastily she pats a skin toning lotion on her face and gives her eyes a quick eye bath, using a prepared eye lotion by means of a dropper or eye cup. She contends that this quick eye rejuvenation saves her from eye strain and gives her eyes a special clear sparkle that enhances her looks.

Five minutes is gone of the fifteen. The next five are spent in the simplest of exercises. She suggests picking one that invigorates the body without leaving you in an exhausted state. The good old standby of touching your hands to the floor, keeping the knees firm and pulling until you feel your whole body responds, is excellent. And Carol Hughes, shown here this month, illustrates another perfect exercise to use in your fifteen minute routine.

You "walk" back and forth across the floor for the duration of your five minute exercise period. Start by putting your weight on your right leg, as Carol does, knee bent, hands on the floor, body strained forward and your left leg straight out in back with the toe stretched. Pulling the left leg slowly forward until it takes the position of the right one, but ahead of it, Carol lets the right leg point back. In this manner, she "walks" across the floor and back, each time stretching her body and legs to get the full pulling benefit. With an eye on her clock, exactly five minutes is used.

THE final five minutes of beautifying is left till the end of the dressing and make-up. And this is why. Her regular dressing program, not included in the precious extra fifteen minutes, includes the dusting of powder over her body; the use of a cream, liquid or powder deodorant; the combing of her hair, plus the arranging of it in soft ringlets or rolls and the applying of her regular make-up.

Her make-up, by the way, includes a foundation cream lightly patted on the skin, a dusting of powder and the blending in of her rouge and over that, the final application of powder. Her lipstick is then carefully applied, working from the center of the lips to the outer edges so that harsh lines are avoided and a natural effect is achieved. Notice how Bette Davis is doing this in the illustration, it is the approved Hollywood method of using your lipstick to advantage. Our "speed schedule" friend uses no eye shadow by day but she does give a quick mascara brushing to her eyelashes, being careful of a too obvious make-up which will look garish in the daylight. She only brushes her brows into line, as she follows the trend for a natural brow with only the superfluous hairs plucked out and the line kept smooth.

All ready now, except for the finishing touches to her dressing, she uses the last five minutes thusly. First she goes over her hair. Putting a little brilliantine on her fingers, she coaxes the waves into a smooth line. Then each ringlet, or roll, is carefully brushed over her fingers the way a hairdresser does it just after you've come out from under the dryer. Pins are tucked in to keep the hair sleek and groomed.

THE hair put into perfect line, she now adds the last touch to her make-up. Taking a square of absorb-

Avoid a harsh mouth line by applying your lipstick from the center of the mouth to the sides. It's Bette Davis' special trick

ent cotton, she squeezes cold water from it and saturates the damp piece with a finishing lotion, pressing it lightly over face and neck. Allowing it to dry, she brushes any powdery residue off with a complexion brush, like the one Madge Evans is pictured using. The result is a beautifully blended mat finish that will see you through the morning hours at the office, defying warmth and moisture. A last-second brushing to her dress, her bag clasped in her well-manicured fingers, she's off.

At noon. Five minutes in the washroom sees her make-up repaired, and her hair carefully combed back into shape. She keeps cleansing tissue, fresh powder and rouge in her desk, plus a bottle of skin tonic or astringent. Her five-minute beauty pick-up is not complicated. She wipes off the lipstick and powder, pats on her astringent, and re-applies rouge and powder so that her whole face looks fresh and cleansed. She never powders over the ravages the morning's work has made upon her face. She merely removed make-up to her foundation cream base and applies fresh.

Her fifteen minutes at night is used differently, depending upon her plans. If she is not going out, she merely freshens up for dinner, much as she did for lunch. And leaves the main beautifying until she's ready to retire. If, however, she's going out on a date, she uses her fifteen minutes before dressing for her date.

In the evening the fifteen minutes is broken up into five minute periods again. For going out—she removes all make-up with a cleansing agent. Rubs cream into face and neck and hops into a tub. Before this, however, she rolls any curls, which have become loose, on patented curlers, dampening the hair slightly beforehand. Out of the tub, she wipes off the cream, tones the skin with lotion and does the morning's dusting of powder and applying of deodorant before getting ready for make-up and dressing. She leaves the curlers on while she applies her make-up. Just before she's all dressed, she unfastens them and carefully brushes her fresh curls into place.

FOR not going out—her schedule includes the creaming before bathing, the fine bracing tonic lotion, the application of an eye cream which is used to smooth out tired lines, crepey lids and crow's feet. Before retiring, she brushes her hair vigorously and gives the scalp a quick massage. Her once-a-week manicure on Saturday afternoons holds up beautifully with the aid of a good cuticle cream rubbed into the nails at night and a careful filing off of any rough spots.

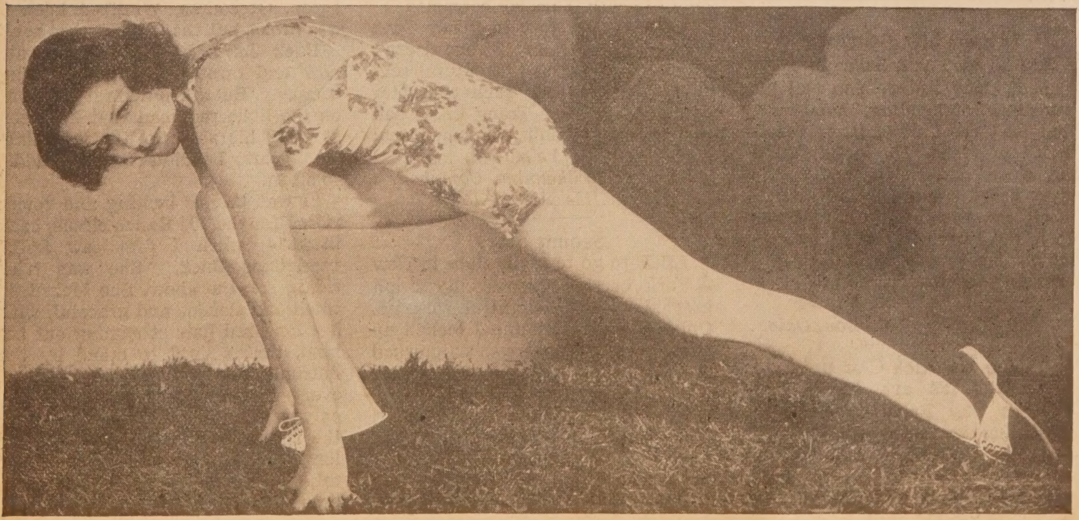
You can vary this "speed schedule" according to your individual needs but it does give you a plan whereby you can take enough time to to keep yourself well groomed and attractive. Just have the will power and get a kick out of doing these little chores instead of begrudging the time.

A mat finish which stays fresh for hours is what Beverly Roberts gives her make-up. A finishing lotion is applied when make-up is completed

HOLLYWOOD blondes, almost to a woman, have gone in for more natural looking locks—no more too bright bleaches. Among the light blondes who have gone several shades darker are Bette Davis who is now a warm honey, Ann Sothern who calls her shade brownette, the late Jean Harlow who found a golden blonde as becoming as the former startling platinum and Ginger Rogers who has given her tresses a red-gold hue.

(Continued on page 82)

Carol Hughes illustrates a simple but effective exercise which keeps the figure trim. It's a crouching walk with the legs stretched back



Here we see the usually vivacious Martha Raye in a not-so-buoyant mood. Even those gay carnations don't seem to cheer her up

Roses and Razzes

(Continued from page 6)

Gene's Shy Admirers

I AM so glad you have an article about Gene Autry. You call him "yodeling, high-riding, handsome." That isn't the half of it, or rather, "half" of Gene. He looks so fine and clean and noble, and I have never heard a more beautiful voice in all the world. And that smile! He is the rave of a lot of us girls, but we don't want to be kidded so I am just signing my initials.

F. M.,
Canton, Ohio.

Give Us Back Our Bob!

MAYBE it's art, but I can't see why Robert Montgomery should be cast as a murderer. His personality calls for pleasant, happy, gay roles. There are so many other players ready and eager to play villains. Why couldn't they have selected Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, or someone like that to be that dreadful Danny? When he choked the old lady to death, I nearly screamed.

I am so glad that in "They Gave Him a Gun," Franchot Tone doesn't shock us. He is his old natural self. It is all right for such character actors as Spencer Tracy to be bad men, but we don't want our real screen heroes to be sullied.

Wilhelmina Campbell,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Seeing Stars

I LIKE to go to night clubs in New York because occasionally I am greeted with a delightful surprise. Only the other evening I looked up from my table and was astonished to see Edward Robinson a few yards away. In similar ways I have come upon Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, Rudy Vallee, and Merle Oberon. The unexpectedness of the encounter is what thrilled me.

If I paid a visit to Hollywood, I am afraid I would spend all my money going to restaurants and night spots just to see how the stars act and what they look like in real life. *John Gross, Bronx, N. Y.*

You Can't Be Too Poor To Marry

(Continued from page 33)

ming up courage. At last he smiled at her, and she smiled back.

Ah, it looked like his technique was clicking!

But when the company finally gathered on the stage the girl who had smiled at him apparently was unaware of his existence.

And it was not until a couple of months later that he learned from Winifred Bryson's own lips why she had smiled back at him that day. It was because he looked so forlorn.

This rather deflating information did not extinguish Warner's hopes, however, and he started his two year long campaign for the heart of the girl who had made him forget his hunger the day of the first rehearsal.

He finally succeeded in convincing her that two could starve better than one, and while they were playing together in New York he called at her apartment one morning and rushed her over to the Bronx in a cab, where they were married with only the minister's wife and the cab driver as witnesses.

Says Warner: "We had been rehearsing late the night before, and we had another rehearsal for that morning. I figured if I was going to keep her to the promise she had made when we said good-night, I would have to get it all over with before we were due at the theatre again. Of course, Winifred knew I was broke, but that didn't scare her."

Buck Jones has a grand estate now and owns his own producing company. But when he first laid eyes on the little red-head that has been steering his ship for the last nineteen years, he didn't own a saddle to sit in.

"I was bronco busting and rough riding for the 101 Ranch circus, back in 1914, when I first saw Dell," reminisces Buck. "She was trick riding for the show. She looked so small and slender and graceful, with her long red hair streaming out behind, that I used to stand by the entrance curtain and watch her, every performance. I knew she was only fifteen, and I couldn't get over the spunk of her. It didn't take us long to fall in love, but it didn't take much longer for the show to break up for the season, either, and before we knew it, we were separated.

Marsha Hunt enjoying a soda while giving us a glimpse of a very nifty cape and cap. Note that embroidery, too, on her glove—the latest thing

"The next time I saw Dell was when the Wild West show she was riding in played Lima, Ohio. I was doctoring automobiles in Indianapolis, and the distance between those two towns seemed thousands of miles to me that first day I raced over to see her.

"It took just one look at her in that tent for me to know just what I needed for my peace of mind from then on. So I tore back to Indianapolis again. Telling my father I wanted to go into the garage business with another young fellow, I borrowed twenty-five dollars from him, got out my white chaps and my best white shirt and went back to Lima.

"'Should a girl marry a fellow that's broke and hasn't a job?' I asked Dell, point blank.

"'Not unless she loves him—like I do you,' she came back.

"So something had to be done about that right away. Julia Allen, the owner of the show, said we were a couple of crazy kids and that our marriage wouldn't last six months, and then set the wardrobe department to work whittling down her finest white outfit to Dell's size.

"Two days later she announced to the audience that immediately after the performance there would be a wedding in the main arena.

"I don't think a dozen people had left their seats when Dell rode in, mounted on Teddy, the famous $10,000 Wonder Horse, and I was sort of scared when I came riding up in all my glory.

"After we were married, I joined the show and stayed with it until it closed in Larned, Kansas. We wanted to go to Miller's 101 Ranch at Bliss, Oklahoma, so we could start out with them the following season. So we bought a horse for Dell, and that left us as broke as I was the day I turned up in Lima."

At this point Buck's wife, still almost as willowy as her seventeen year old daughter, took up the tale.

"We stopped at all the fairs and bucking contests and rodeos. I would snub horses for Buck to ride, and then, after he had ridden the buckers, I would do trick riding.

"The second season after our marriage we were playing Roundup, Montana, with Golman Brothers Shows. That town boasted of a famous outlaw horse that no one had ever ridden, a man killer with a long casualty list to his credit.

"Buck rode him; took the buck out of him and started him running—only to have the crowd surge out and suddenly try to stop him.

"Why they did that, we never knew, and Buck, who felt the battle was over, had sort of let up, and relaxed. As the crowd attempted to stop the horse he reared and fell over backward on Buck.

"Buck was out cold for two and a half hours. They had passed the hat before the ride and had turned thirty-one dollars over to us. While Buck was unconscious they passed it again, and added one hundred and twenty dollars to our take."

Then followed a tough winter, with Buck unable to get work, even shovelling snow. "Up in our little room on Michigan Avenue, Chicago, we were so cold and hungry," Buck said. "Finally it got so I had to sell my favorite chaps. I got ten dollars for them, and brought it home to Dell, and then started out again to find work.

"When I got back I found Dell had spent the sawbuck on a Boston bull. If she hadn't been so small and cold looking I don't know what I might have done. We had been through so much together I hadn't the heart to raise Cain."

Buck can well afford to look back on those days now, with a smile.

According to these findings, it may look as though everyone in pictures is convinced that poverty is a guarantee to marital happiness. But such is not the case. Invariably those in pictures with divorce records felt that one should be comfortably fixed before venturing into matrimony, and most of the film ladies who rate high as husband annexers and shedders feel that a substantial financial settlement should precede marriage.

Well, maybe so, but judging from the nation's marriage bureaus' records, there are a few million of us who think otherwise.

Kelly's Colt

(Continued from page 31)

graze them? Neither Paul nor his wife, Dorothy MacKaye, ever admits that a real estate agent had anything to do with the purchase of "Kellymac" Ranch. It was bought after endless visits to the nearby country and, from the first moment they acquired the acreage both Dorothy and Paul have gotten a terrific thrill out of its possession. For two years it was merely a piece of land—now, it is a home, a man's dream come true!

Sylvia in her own dressing room. The dog star of "Green Light" has a lot of feminine fixings on her dresser to keep her happy and contented

Paul Kelly's father died when his youngest son was six. Paul's mother had to think of ways and means of rearing the children. Two of her little daughters were sent from Flatbush to New York each week for dancing lessons. Doris came home one day and said that "David Warfield wants a little boy who can whistle through his teeth." Paul *couldn't* perform this feat, yet he was taken to the famous actor. And so his career started—with his walking across the stage waving a tiny flag and followed by five little girls. The play was "The Grand Army Man" and the five lassies were Genevieve Tobin and her sister Vivian; the two Costello sisters, Dolores and Helene; and Paul's sister, Doris ("Tiny") Kelly.

That Paul's screen career started at almost the same time that his stage work began is another amazing coincidence. Adjoining the Kelly's house and lot (the one with the barn and "Sue," the cow) in Flatbush, Brooklyn, was the old Vitagraph studio which had been borrowing the Kelly parlor furniture and paying Mrs. Kelly with still photographs of her home. One day, Mrs. Kelly suggested that she could "only lend the furniture if her handsome small son who had had real stage experience could go along. A. E. Smith, general manager, was so impressed with Paul that he put him into stock and he worked—not as an "extra"—but for the handsome sum of five dollars a day during his entire summer vacation.

As the years went along, Paul became known as one of New York's best juveniles on either stage or screen. At sixteen he played opposite Mary Miles Minter, in "Anne of Green Gables"; while the same year, on the stage, he did the juvenile lead in "Penrod" opposite Helen Hayes.

Paul Kelly first came to Hollywood in 1927. Among other films, he played in "Bad Girl," which co-starred him with Sylvia Sidney; "Angel," with Lenore Ulrich; and "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," the famous Walter Winchell story. "The President Vanishes" gave Paul his part of the secret service man, which still stands as one of the finest portrayals ever filmed.

Kelly's rise in the motion picture world continues. He has never had a bad review! Considered one of the finest actors in Hollywood, he works almost constantly—with just enough time between pictures for some polo and his farming. Before his two most recent pictures at Columbia, "Parole Racket" and "Right Guy," Paul got a tractor and actually did his own plowing.

"I have seen actors who've made a lot of money and then have gone down because they wanted to put on a big show," says Paul. "Not for Kelly! This farm means security for me and my family. We'll always eat! We may have to plant our own garden, but there's enough land here to keep us from starving. Also, my horses are going to bring in an income"—and with that Paul started to tell about his colt. We walked to the barn, where the actor showed us what is, probably, the most perfect specimen of young horseflesh in California. According to Kelly, the best polo ponies are not too highly bred. This one is a mixture of Arabian and California stock. Already the colt is broken to halter and will follow Paul around the barnyard with a little blanket strapped upon him.

"He's never been frightened," Paul told us proudly. "That's why I don't think he will be hard to break."

As we drove away that first picture of a small boy recurred to us and we were glad that there, amidst the glorious Santa Suzanna hills, Kelly has his ranch—his farm—"with cows, an' horses, an' chickens, an' a colt—that's what—a colt!"

How To Know What Any Woman Is Like

(Continued from page 45)

Juliet might have scorned, this quite different and yet very modern miss protects herself from the desires of Hamlet by a pretense of helplessness!

"Women could even show their tempers and still not lose cast in those days—just like in our times. Katharina, in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' was just such a lady. She was the bane of her father's existence, and his worrying over the outcome sounds just like one of our own fathers thinking of his daughter!

"Katharina had to be tamed—and the man loved the job! That sounds like some of the temperament that you find in Hollywood," chuckled Leiber. And I thought of the Lupe Velez-Johnny Weismuller romance!

George Jean Nathan says of him: "Fritz Leiber knows more about *acting* Shakespeare than all the other American actors who concern themselves chiefly with *understanding* him. He is first and foremost a player. To his colleagues he is content to leave all the extrinsic nonsense—all the psycho-analyzing of character, all the 'theories' of interpretation, and all the diagnosis of intent—of which they are so grotesquely fond."

Leiber essayed the screen a number of years ago, playing Mark Anthony opposite Theda Bara in "Cleopatra." Leiber then went to Hollywood and appeared again on the screen as King Solomon opposite that lady famed for her beautiful back, Betty Blythe, in "The Queen of Sheba." But not until about a year ago did the movies really claim him. The first part which tempted him to another fling at pictures was in "A Tale of Two Cities." He immediately followed this with his Dr. Charbonnet in "The Story of Louis Pasteur," which received raves from all critics. Then came the role of Ouvrard in "Anthony Adverse," a leading part in "Under Two Flags," Franz Strauss ("father" of the lovely Gladys Swarthout) in "The Champagne Waltz." His latest is Father Andrews in "The Prince and the Pauper."

I asked Leiber to give me his selection of Hollywood stars to play different feminine parts. His opinion is:

"Norma Shearer made a perfect Juliet, but I will add that any actress could play Juliet *in her own way*. For it is a portrait of a young girl in love. Lady Macbeth would be the most difficult for me to cast because I haven't met anyone in Hollywood who reminds me of that lady. So I'd choose a girl whom I think could do the part—a real actress. I believe that Joan Crawford would be splendid in it if she tried.

"Myrna Loy would make a perfect Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice' because she has vim and pep. I can just see Anita Louise, with her grace, beauty and sweetness as Ophelia. Her interpretation of Titania, the fairy queen, was one of the highlights of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Elissa Landi or Merle Oberon as Desdemona in 'Othello,' Claudette Colbert as Cleopatra, Bette Davis as Viola in 'Twelfth Night,' Luise Rainer as Miranda in 'The Tempest,' Loretta Young as Portia in 'Julius Caesar' and Ginger Rogers as Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' would fit these roles perfectly.

"I think that I would choose Katherine Hepburn for Katharina in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' But I will make one reservation here — my wife, Virginia Bronson, made the best Katharina that I have ever seen."

How Irene Dunne Became An Actress

(Continued from page 30)

interpretation was independent of Miss Cornell's own age—her imaginative conception creating the desired impression of girlhood."

Concerning the wider matter of characterization, Irene offered a cogent observation.

"In playing middle-aged people," she said, "it is not so much a matter of how old you look, but how you hold your body. The most important indicator, perhaps, of age, is a certain heaviness of the figure, particularly around the waist. As a result of this heaviness, you will notice that older people carry themselves differently. The alert something is gone. The body bends forward often from the waist.

"It is true that make-up can do much to make a player look old, but it is, after all, the carriage of the figure that establishes what the grease paint indicates."

From the seriousness and difficulties of creation, Miss Dunne swerved, woman-like, to the perpetual question of dress. To her, the subject is fascinating and yet simple. She is not at all disturbed by the vagaries in style; by the mad rush that most women show to wear the latest things. What interests her most is dressing appropriately.

As a matter of fact, she reduces the whole subject on how to dress well to one sentence: "Wear what is most becoming to you; the rest will take care of itself."

"Recently," she continued, "I spent some time in New York and went to all the important dress shops. But the more I saw of women's clothes and women shoppers, the more I was convinced that women are beginning to dress in the way they consider best for themselves. Of course, I don't mean to disregard the current style entirely, but the thing to do is to adapt the mode to one's individual style."

For a moment, Irene broke into her theorizing to tell an anecdote.

"The other day," she said, "I was in a beauty shop having my hair done. A woman came in and said to the hairdresser:

"'I want to be completely made over, transformed, made thoroughly attractive. Bring me all the books of hairdressing styles you have.'

"The hairdresser looked troubled for a moment. But he was patient. He lugged out one book after another, but without success.

"Finally, he said: 'I'm sorry, Madam, I don't think we will arrive at any result this way. Women, these days, create their own styles. If their nose is a bit turned up, they dress their hair high. They make negative features an asset.'

"'What do you mean by that?' she asked, a bit puzzled.

"'I mean, women study themselves; and then tell us what they want. We don't tell them.'"

Beauty problems, however, will never disturb Irene. For almost any type of hairdress, it seems, would suit her. She is beautiful in the Greek sense of the word; her face finely moulded; her eyes straightforward and profound; her brow and nose distinguished.

Though fortune has been good to her, she is just the same sort of person that she was when she started out on her stage career, unknown then and a bit frightened.

This is no cliche statement. For five minutes' speech with her makes one realize that she has a perspective on achievement; and that her estimate of herself is based on what she will do rather than on what she has already done.

Her description, for instance, of her first meeting with Ziegfield, a man for whom she was later to star, is as engaging as it is naive.

"I was going up in an elevator one day," she recalls, "to keep an appointment at the New Amsterdam Theatre. I was dressed all in blue—my favorite color. A number of

Gene Raymond seems looking for the best place to kiss pretty Ann Sothern. Jeannette MacDonald need not worry. It's only a scene from "There Goes My Girl"

A beach ornament is dainty Jean Parker in this superbly fitting swim suit. Jean is one of the most ardent seashore addicts along Southern California's golden coast

other girls were in the elevator and also—Mr. Ziegfield. And I confess that in order to attract his attention, I managed to turn my head to its best angle. Happily, the trick worked. For a second later, I could feel that he was staring at me.

"When we reached the ninth floor, all the girls got off, and Mr. Ziegfield followed them. I stayed in the elevator, however, because my appointment was on another floor. But the look he gave me when I didn't get off, I still remember! It was a challenge.

"But the slight matter of a moving elevator and a floor or two didn't make much difference to Mr. Ziegfield. A little while later, even though I was in another theatrical office, Mr. Ziegfield's secretary obtained admittance, walked over to me, and said politely that Mr. Ziegfield wanted to know the name of the girl dressed in blue.

" 'Irene Dunne,' I answered, somewhat startled.

" 'Well, Mr. Ziegfield wants to talk with you.'

" 'I'm sorry,' I stammered, 'awfully sorry, but I won't be able to see him. I've just agreed to take part in another show, and signed a minute ago.'

"I was pleased, of course, but in my heart, I knew that the attention I had won was largely due to the fact that I had not stepped off at the floor with the other girls, so that I was agreeably conspicuous. Perhaps, too, the fact that I was on my way to another office piqued him."

Irene never did see Ziegfield again until the Chicago company of "Show Boat," when she reminded him of that incident. She made her debut in that piece at the Illinois Theatre. As she looked down, there, she saw him sitting in the second row. At the end of the act, even though they were separated by that short distance, he sent her a telegram backstage. It was a brief one and said: "With you in the cast as Magnolia I know that my Chicago company is safe. Congratulations. Ziegfield."

In spite of the fact that Irene played the role of Magnolia for seventy-one weeks on the stage, she had to begin studying all over again for the screen. And as an additional assignment, she had to learn how to play the banjo.

But such is the lot of players, and they seldom complain, no matter how onerous their duties. Soon Irene will be bathing her fingertips in witch hazel and soon, too, she will be rehearsing her role in the interesting new picture built around the life of the radium genius, Mme. Curie.

Those who know Irene will realize that she will bring to this role the first-hand knowledge she has gained of art, as here expressed, and has applied constantly to her film work.

But whether she plays a mustard seed or the modern heroine of a popular novel, one fact is continuous: Irene is adorable, a lovely looking star, painstaking, sympathetic, conscientious and altogether winning.

Irene first came to the screen in "Cimmaron," and astonished the critics with a magnificent performance. "Stingaree," "Roberta," and "Theodora Goes Wild" were other triumphs for her. She gives an individual interpretation to every role she undertakes.

Rosalind Calls It "Brunch"

(Continued from page 14)

bait than these Cheese Waffles for at the mention of them on the menu, guests storm the Russell brunches, Incidentally, these waffles are as good for an after-bridge snack at night as they are for breakfast-lunch menus. A characteristically Russell brunch menu is given here by Rosalind.

Fruit Juice
or
Fresh Pineapple in Sherry
Quick Coffee Cake
Scrambled Eggs with Curry
Link Sausages
Cheese Waffles
Coffee
Maple Syrup   Marmalade

Usually Rosalind gives her guests a choice of fruit juice or the Pineapple in Sherry, depending upon whether they prefer a simple or a slightly more elaborate first course. The Fresh Pineapple in Sherry is a delicious first course for brunch or dinner—it even is perfect for dessert. The way you prepare it is as follows. Buy a whole pineapple in the market, remove the shell, and cut the fruit into small pieces. Let the diced fruit stand in its own juice in the refrigerator until ready to serve. Just before putting it on the table, add a teaspoonful of domestic cooking sherry to each dish, stirring lightly so as to get it well blended with the natural fruit juice.

When serving this as a dessert it is very attractive to slice the pineapple lengthwise, leaving enough of the leaves at the end to look decorative, and merely hollow out the fruit, replacing the pieces in the shells when ready to serve. Place the halves on a large plate or platter and let each guest serve himself from the shells.

Quick Coffee Cake is another Russell specialty and is served with the fruit. It's no trick at all to make and tastes better than any pastry shop concoction.

QUICK COFFEE CAKE

2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
6 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1 egg, well beaten
½ cup milk

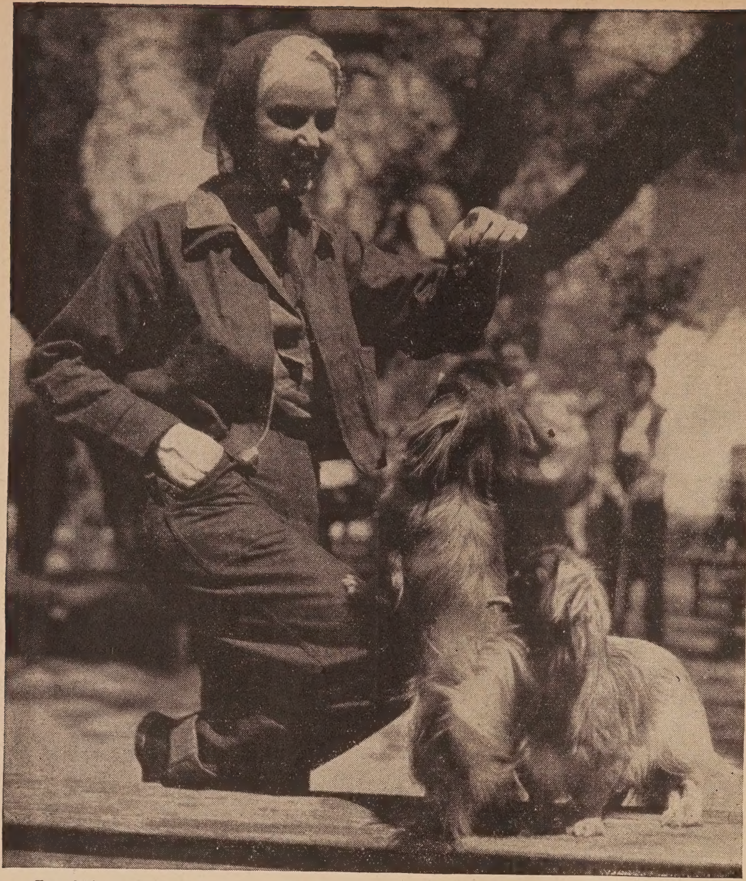
1½ tablespoons melted butter
4 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Sift flour once, add baking powder, salt and sugar, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Combine egg and milk; add to flour mixture, stirring until mixture is blended. Turn into greased 9-inch layer pan, spreading dough evenly. Brush top with melted butter. Sprinkle with mixture of sugar, flour and cinnamon. Bake in hot oven (400 F.) 25 to 30 minutes.

The picture shows Rosalind's cook about to lift sections of the coffee cake out of the pan. Doesn't it look delicious?

Scrambling eggs with curry powder in them is one of those culinary tricks that lifts a commonplace dish into the special class. All you do is this: when you have your eggs beaten up in a bowl, a little cream or milk having been added, put in just enough curry powder to flavor. Stir it in thoroughly and when the eggs are done, the flavor makes your guests clamor for the recipe! The amount of curry used is up to you, some like only a suggestion of it, others like it

Jean Rogers gets a tip from Olin Dutra, now a pro, formerly National Open links champion. Jean doesn't go in for modernity—such as shorts—when on the golf course



Fay Wray pauses between shots to have a little fun with this brace of Pekes. She's co-starring with Richard Dix in the Columbia picture, "Once a Hero"

good and hot.

And now for that Cheese Waffle recipe:

CHEESE WAFFLES

2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks, well beaten
1½ cups milk
5 tablespoons melted butter or shortening
3 egg whites, beaten
1 cup grated American cheese

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg yolks and milk; add gradually to flour, beating only until smooth. Add shortening. Add cup of grated cheese to batter, folding in egg whites. Bake in hot waffle iron. Serve with butter and maple syrup or marmalade. This makes four thick, 4-section waffles.

Rosalind cooks these waffles right on the table, having the iron in front of her with the batter in a large pitcher at the side. This recipe is increased to suit the number of guests invited.

As an alternate to the waffles, Rosalind sometimes has Corn Griddle Cakes which her cook prepares in the kitchen and brings in piping hot. The recipe for the griddle cakes also was generously given to me by Roz.

CORN GRIDDLE CAKES

1½ cups sifted flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup yellow corn meal
2 eggs, well beaten
1⅓ cups milk
4 tablespoons melted butter or shortening

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, sugar and salt, and sift again. Add cornmeal and mix well. Combine eggs and milk; add to dry ingredients, mixing well. Add shortening. Bake on hot, greased griddle and serve hot with syrup or jam.

I Want to Know

(Continued from page 18)

"publicity gag" as your friend seems to think. Glad to know you're listening in on his Sunday night broadcasts. We agree with you that he "wows 'em" on the air. He's expected to be given a part soon in a Paramount picture.

●

GEORGETTE, Helena, Mont. — I'm afraid that the news is too true about PAUL MUNI retiring from the screen. Two more pictures only, he says. Wants to be free to do as he pleases, and he's one actor nobody can tempt with a contract, no matter how big the figures. Where is HELEN HAYES? At her home in Nyack, N. Y. where she raises roses and takes prizes for them, too.

●

R. F. L., St. Paul—Yes, those rumors seem well founded about GINGER ROGERS and FRED ASTAIRE going their separate picture ways. Carole Lombard may play in a film with Fred; Ginger's next partner is still under consideration at this writing. We don't think there is anything to the alleged "report" that there was anything "personal in the split-up." Fred and Ginger are not that kind of troupers.

●

GENE R. S., Columbus, Ohio—You'll be seeing "that handsome M. DONAT" soon with Marlene Dietrich in "Knight without Armor." Dietrich is also now making "Angel," with Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas; BETTE DAVIS is in "Kid Galahad." A sequel is under way for those smart girls in "Three Smart Girls." DEANNA DURBIN is now working in "100 Men and a Girl." Of course, she's *the* girl. And sings a lot. MADELEINE CARROLL is one of those blondes that "don't look like other blondes," you think. Many men will agree with you.

●

HELEN M., Rockford, Ill. — You want to know "all about IRENE DUNNE'S career?" We are happy to oblige you in considerable detail. Just turn to Page 28, this issue of *Modern Movies,* and there you are! You are right when you say she is tremendously popular. Universal, Columbia and RKO-Radio all are looking forward to having her in their studios.

●

MARY R., Atlanta, Ga. — MARY MAGUIRE was called "the Mary Pickford" of Australia before coming to the United States last year. Critics were unanimous in their praise for the little dark-eyed Miss from "down under" after viewing her first picture, "That Man's Here Again." She comes by her ability of fighting for her place in the world quite naturally since her father, Michael Maguire, was one time welterweight champion of the Antipodes. She has read and studied everything she could get her hands on concerning Duse and Bernhardt, whom she hopes to emulate.

●

MARJORIE, New York City—What became of DORIS WESTON who sang on Major Bowes program and was the featured singer in the very exclusive Rainbow Room in Radio City? Just this: At the end of nine weeks she was tested for the screen and hurried to Hollywood to begin a Warner Brothers contract. Her first role is as Dick Powell's leading lady in "The Singing Marine" in which she gets an opportunity to sing, or as she prefers to call her particular style, to interpret songs.

Sophie Tucker

(Continued from page 51)

ing waiter with sad brown eyes. Later, the world was to know them as Jimmy Durante and Irving Berlin.

Vaudeville. The Ziegfield Follies. Musical shows. Night clubs. The name of Sophie Tucker became synonymous with royal entertainment and laughter in Europe as well as in the United States. The "woman without a country" had become an international star.

In London last December tenth, the night of Edward VIII's abdication, she staged an enormous Benefit for one of England's favorite charities. The next day Sophie Tucker said emphatically to Sophie Tucker, "You're going to take a rest now. You're going home, back to Hartford, Conn., for Christmas maybe. You've got a son, brothers and sisters. Be a private citizen for a change!" And then the cable came from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offering her a part in "Broadway Melody." "Hmm," said Sophie to Sophie. "I wonder if I can be packed in two hours and fifteen minutes."

Private Citizen? She's Public Lovable Laugh-Getter No. 1!

And when Louis B. Mayer saw the rushes of her in that first production, caught a glimpse of that generous, big-souled personality who mothered everybody in sight just as Marie would have done, he turned to his assistant, "I think her fans are right. We've got another Marie. Thank God!"

Evidently a serious moment in the lives of Producer Mervyn LeRoy and Actor Claude Rains. They're mulling over a situation in the script, "The Deep South"

The Real Rochelle Hudson

(Continued from page 57)

studio and was signed to a contract.

"That first year they didn't do one darn thing with me except to pay me to attend the studio school," Rochelle remembers.

"I never even saw a camera. As a matter of fact, I couldn't have directed a soul to any office on the lot because I'd never been to any of them myself. No one seemed to know I was around except the cashier who handed me my check every week, and I don't think he particularly cared."

One day in sheer desperation, she walked off the lot and applied for a test at another studio where she was accepted.

"I had the ingenue lead in two features. I thought at last I had found my chance. But it was only an illusion. I was listed as a 'debutante star,' but they gave me parts just enough to satisfy my restlessness. Then gradually the whole affair began to slow down and finally halted. One day soon after, I was told I was 'through,' and my picture career seemed behind me."

But Rochelle wasn't discouraged, even though she had a year or so of free lancing, during which time she worked at infrequent intervals.

She hounded movie lots, producers' offices and booking agents until she was seventeen. One day she received a call from the Fox Studios for a test and was accepted.

Her big moment came two years later when Fox announced it would star the late Will Rogers in "Dr. Bull."

The call for production was to get under way immediately. Rogers' pictures were in great demand, and adaptations and scripts were being rushed.

Boots Mallory had been cast for the ingenue lead, but was taken ill with influenza. She had to be replaced, and retakes made of all of her scenes. But whom could they get? They searched through their own contract list and there they found Rochelle Hudson.

She has recently shown a great aptitude for sophisticated comedy and under the guidance of Allan Dwan, who directed most of the Gloria Swanson pictures in silent days, she turns in a corking, amusing performance in the picture about to be released, called "That I May Live." Her next is "She Had To Eat," under the direction of a past master of light comedy, Malcolm St. Clair. So, while Rochelle has given us some splendid dramatic interpretations in the past, she may develop into one of our best comediennes within the next year.

Try to Miscast Paul Muni

(Continued from page 36)

Of course, he promptly dropped dead according to the play, but he wasn't as dead as he might have been. It seems that the prop man, having lost the customary gun, had sent hastily to the box office to borrow the revolver used there for protection. In the rush of the moment, he had forgotten to take out the loaded shells and substitute blanks.

"That made me realize something," continued Mr. Muni, "it didn't exactly turn me into a fatalist because lots of things I do are proof positive that I don't believe in the idea that, if you're born to die at one time, nothing can kill you at another. For one thing, whenever there's a gun on the set, I look at it myself before anyone uses it. But when I stopped to think that two bullets had been fired directly at me with steady and deliberate aim from a distance of only five feet and had not hit me, I got the sense that some great directive force behind everything in the world — or maybe in the universe—had caused those bullets to swerve. Nothing else could have done it. Understand," he made a very definite gesture, "I don't think my living was so important that anything was centered on me, but it just wasn't in the plan, the pattern, of things that had been mapped out then, that either one of those bullets was to hit me. I've had a definite sense of the existence of that directive force ever since. Maybe it sounds a little vague, but you get what I mean."

So the pattern did not ravel out, but went on and, by various stages, the young man, still Muni Weisenfreund, arrived to play larger roles in the Yiddish Art Theatre on New York's East Side—a theatre that has trained some of the best American stage and screen talent. Scouts found him there and then once again he made a debut—this time uptown on Broadway in a play called "We Americans." He made an instant success—but still as an old man. To the public, he was still sixty years old. Nobody knew just what age he really was nor exactly what he looked like, except by hearsay. It was not until the following season, when John Golden presented him in the leading part in "Four Walls," that he played a character of his own age and kind for the first time in his life. The experience was harrowing!

"I can't tell you," said Muni, "how I felt playing a young man like myself. It was dreadful—no whiskers, no wrinkles, no other shell to get inside of. I went home to my wife and I told her how awful it was, how naked and exposed I felt. It was like those dreams you have—of being seen in a public place without your proper clothes on."

BUT he made a hit. Broadway rang with his name, in spite of its length and difficult pronunciation. Then people insisted that something had to be done about that name. He tried "Muni Wisenfrend," thinking that by cutting a few letters it would be all right. But he learned that "What's in a name?" is not merely a rhetorical question. There's a lot in it when it becomes a trade-mark. "Wisenfrend" was weak—it was a compromise, nothing more. Finally, he put his first name last and adopted his father's given name, which was "Pavel," but he Anglocized it to "Paul." The combination made a good, short, solid name. So, Muni Weisenfreund, born in Vienna in 1897, arrived in America a very few years later, became Paul Muni, star on Broadway in 1926. And finally after further establishing his position, he went into pictures.

But he does not approve of the star system. No!

There is a concentrated vigor behind his speech. "Because the business of the theatre and of the motion picture industry is based on it in this country, one must work accordingly," he said. "It is the only way you can have anything to say about what parts you will play or will not play and at present that is necessary. But if this were not so, if it were primarily the business of a large group of actors trying to create something, each standing on the merit of his own talent and what he could do with it, I'd rather be one of the gang. That's the way it ought to be. When you are a star, the worst thing is not that you are thrown in competition with others. The worst thing is that you are immediately in competition with yourself. In pictures —and on the stage too—you may create a character that is very good and that shows your best work in a play that is not so good; and just before that you may have played an equally important but comparatively unsatisfactory character in a much better story. You are not only competing with what you have done before, but it is the cash register at the box office that tells you which is the success!" His hands spread a little and his eyebrows went up in ironic inquiry.

Again that question of freedom! The star system destroys personal privacy, too. You don't have any, once people get to know your face, Mr. Muni asserts. No, he doesn't believe in the star system, but he accepts it as part of the job and he goes on creating a varied procession of characters.

When given a new role to play, he spends long hours on both the outer and the inner design of the man he is going to be. Muni is a rabid make-up artist and to get the desired result, he sometimes goes to lengths that are a bit startling to Mrs. Muni and his friends.

WHEN he was to do "The World Changes," he decided he needed a higher forehead, so he shaved off the first inch and a half of hair at the front. That was some time ago, but he remembers it with amusement.

"It was all right with make-up, but when I had to go anywhere, it looked very funny even though I combed my back hair forward," he says, "But it didn't matter because, when I'm working, I don't like to go places anyhow. I just want to go home and listen to some music. It's so restful." He is particularly fond of symphony concerts and when he can't go to them he satisfies himself with good records and reproductions, of which he has a large library.

He doesn't play his violin much any more, though he keeps it with him and occasionally indulges in a private scrape or two of the bow. "But I like good music. I don't mean to seem highbrow," he added quickly and a little apologetically, "it just happens that I like it, that's all."

It is lucky that he can give himself concerts at home, when you stop to consider the strange things he has done to himself in the interests of accurate characterizations. He seems to concentrate on hair. Normally his own is very black and thick, but it is dry and not shiny. When he was to do "Bordertown," he insisted upon the studio experts making his hair a slick, oily jet. To get the desired effect it had to be dyed with a special dye to make it blacker than his own and get the shine. This worked well enough until, immediately upon completion of that picture, he was faced with the problem of becoming a sandy-haired fellow—almost blond—for the Polack coal miner in "Black Fury." Again the studio coiffeur set to work. To do it properly without damaging the hair they should have taken six weeks. They had two. It was necessary to put the bleach over the black dye. The make-up man grew anxious and alarmed, but Muni urged him on and the result was satisfactory for the picture. But the bleach over the dye burned the hair and Muni spent some time waiting for his hair to get back to normal afterward.

"It was rather peculiar during that time," he said, "to wake up in the morning and look in the mirror and see myself suddenly a blond. It always surprised me a little."

HE also dyed his hands an indelible brown while making "Bordertown" and that had to grow out, too. He owns a walnut farm and one night he had a bright idea of how to color his hands and arms so that they would not rub off on the light clothes and elbows of the women with whom he was to play. He squeezed out some walnut juice and it turned his skin just the right shade—but he will tell you it is not a skin lotion to be recommended.

His most recent stunt was growing a beard for Emile Zola. He grew one for Pasteur, too. In other words, he dislikes wigs and crepe hair and he'd rather do almost anything to his own hair than use false stuff.

Mr. Muni insists that he is a realist, but summarize his theories of acting and his notions of proper conditions for good work and he sounds like an idealist—has refused to make more than two films a year regardless of money, has objected to being typed because it limits him, and doesn't like the star system because it puts an actor into competition with himself when all he should be concerned with is the verity of the characterization he is doing at the moment—just a natural-born rebel, judged by the usual standards.

AND there you have Paul Muni, who has said for years that he was looking forward to the time when he could get on a small boat where he didn't have to dress for

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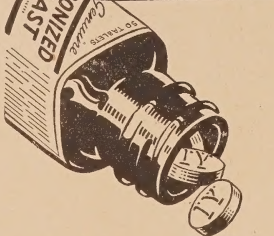

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dinner—preferably a freighter—and enjoy the leisure of a long tramp around the world, taking Mrs. Muni with him, of course. That time is nearly here. He is said to declare that, after the next two pictures, he will give up the screen as a regular thing, that he will travel if he likes and settle down as he pleases. If he finds a stage play he wants to do, he'll be free to do it, and, if he finds a picture story that intrigues him and he can do it under his own conditions, he might do that. But, it is reported that with the completion of his present contract, he will make no more such commitments. He has as much money as he needs to live reasonably. That is all he wants. Whatever he does in the future will be a matter not of obligation, but of his own free choice and enthusiasm. What it will be, remains to be seen. There are those who insist he will not carry out this program. From our own observation of his character, we believe that he will. If he does, it will not be the end of Paul Muni as an artist, but very probably the beginning of him as a much greater one. He is not the sort to stay idle.

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The Joke's On You In Hollywood

(Continued from page 47)

is somehow reminiscent of the old skin game: "Have you two tens for a five?"

Now, don't hold this against Jack. If Jack wasn't a born comic he wouldn't be able to amuse you on the screen as much as he does—so lay the blame—though I don't think any is merited—to his over-grown funny bone. Besides, most of us at one time or another have been known to obey that mischievous impulse. Even Edward the Seventh, grandfather of the present King of England, had an unusual practical joke played on him when Lily Langtry slipped a piece of ice inside his royal shirt front.

Harpo Marx thought up something like that, too, as a young lady who played leap frog with him will always remember. It was on one of those southern California semi-tropical nights, when the air is so sweet and balmy and the moon so bright and full that one might well be excused for being a little addle-headed.

The occasion was a garden party and everyone had been in the swimming pool; then someone suggested leap frog. Harpo was in fine fettle, adding a comic touch each time he "went over the top." Suddenly there was a loud scream and a girl began frantically clutching at her swim suit. Something fell out, something alive. It proved to be a frog. Harpo had found it and watched his opportunity to drop it down her neck at a convenient moment.

"You know," punned Harpo, "where there's leaps there's bound to be frogs."

Ribbing may be made to serve a very practical end and Hollywood is fully aware of the fact. Sometimes the colony uses it to gang up on an obnoxious member and give him a dose of his own medicine. There is a certain actor who was made to spend a perfervid evening because of his social short-comings. He was always a guest but never a host, and moreover he had the habit of crashing.

Toward sundown, one evening, he received a phone call at the studio to this effect: "Dick Arlen's throwing a big party tonight; everybody is going."

"Thanks," said the chiseler, "I'll be there."

Bathed, dressed and eager, a little later he was speeding in his roadster out to Tuluca Lake, where Dick lives. Arrived, he applied the brakes with his usual flourish, jumped out, and walked confidently up the driveway. Then suddenly he stopped short. There wasn't a light, nor a sound; the house was deserted. But a sign on the door explained all. Everybody had adjourned to the home of so-and-so in Beverly Hills.

Jumping into his car the actor retraced his course. Coming at last to the designated address, a second sign repeated the story. It was not until after several such set-backs that a great light began to dawn and the baffled "guest" abandoned the futile quest.

His feelings were not improved the next morning when, coming on the set, he was greeted by a big sign which read: "Who played hare and hound with himself last night?"

And the best of it all, in the eyes of the conspirators, was, that while the duped actor wouldn't speak to Arlen for a week, Dick was entirely out of the picture, and really knew nothing about the frame-up.

But not always does the prank click as scheduled; sometimes an entirely unforseen factor gums up the situation, and then is the funster's face red! As was the case of the rising young scenarist who boasted that he could equal any stunt of Vince Barnett, Hollywood's most famous ribber. Barnett, you will recall, poses as a waiter, snatches cigars out of the mouths of guests, reprimands them

SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD PUZZLE on page 8

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for imaginary offences and, in short, acts like the star boarder in an insane asylum.

"Of course Vince is funny," vaunted the scenarist, "but I can be just as funny. Any one who reads my scripts knows that."

So he was elected as entertainer at a dinner gathering, with the "guest of honor" an unknown from the East.

When soup was served the fake waiter set to work vigorously with a napkin pretending to clean spots off the visitor's immaculate tie. "Naughty, naughty," he proclaimed; "musn't spill your soupy." A gratifying glare greeted this sally, as the diners discreetly stifled their mirth. The fish course passed without other incident than a loud admonition to the guest to be more careful and not to choke again on the bones.

Then with the meat course came the crowning insult. Putting down the plate with his left hand and reaching deftly around the victim with his right, the funster whisked it out of sight and then demanded of the bewildered man if he had "swallowed it."

Now ribbing's real purpose is to get its victim fighting mad. At which point the others intervene, explain and soothe. Hollywood always waits in ecstasy for this boiling point. It's the big moment.

But this time nothing happened, absolutely nothing, except that the guest inquired, very mildly, "Waiter, what time is it?" Very disappointing, oh very! It sounded as though the guest wasn't going to seize his opportunity to go stark, raving mad. Automatically the ribber reached for his watch; it wasn't there. He began to search frantically through his clothes; he felt in an inside pocket and turned pale. "My—my wallet's gone, too," he stammered. By now everyone was watching him absorbedly. "Hadn't you a stickpin?" someone suggested. Yes, he had but—

A gale of laughter was the ribber's first hint that he had been tricked. The plot had been switched and the guest tipped off. As it proved, he was a professional magician, with a touch lighter than a pickpocket's. Every time the "waiter" had bent over him, he had "lifted" something.

In Hollywood the turning of the tables is not unusual. Your best friend may betray you for the sake of a better gag. If you are wise you will wait until all the returns are in before you start to laugh. Otherwise you may find you aren't the fellow who's throwing the banana peel; it may turn out that you're only the guy who's doing the slipping.

Hit plays have been written on switching identities, and so you may be sure that the alert Hollywood sense of humor hasn't passed up that one. It's been so "arranged" that at a gathering when the cars of celebrities drive up and their passengers alight, Robert Montgomery has been announced as "Robert Young," Ronald Colman as "Charlie Chaplin," and Charlie Ruggles as "Roland Young." Maybe that's no funnier than an English joke, but, anyway, the perpetrators seem thoroughly to enjoy it.

This merry madness, as everyone knows, extends even to the sets themselves. And at times the director must feel like the head of a reform school. When an actress can't say her serious lines without giggling he knows that ten to one some one not in the shot is making faces at her. Even going so far back as 1910, similar diversions seem to have been not unknown to the speaking stage For when Billy Burke was playing in "My Wife" with parlor-perfect John Drew, he is alleged to have upset her composure by an undercurrent of extempore nonsense, unheard, of course, by the audience

What phase the humor will take no one knows; it all depends upon the inspired moment. There was that time, for example, when in an interlude of shooting, some of the players on the set were knocking around a battered property hat with a baseball bat. Suddenly the hat seemed to take on a new form, substance and firmness. "Why, this is a pretty good hat," said one of the actors examining it; "where did it come from?" Then he chanced to look at the initials stamped inside. "Good Lord," he exclaimed; "it's my best hat!"

Now that looked like an accident, but the chances are that it wasn't. In the melee some one had purposely switched hats. But whoever the perpetrator might have been he wouldn't 'fess up. For the best part of a gag is to keep the secret from the victim.

Judy Garland

(Continued from page 37)

In "Broadway Melody" Judy is given an opportunity to show her stuff. She sings, she dances—and acts. One of the big numbers in the picture features her coming onto the stage in a white streamlined car, lined in padded pink satin with a chauffeur and footman. Buddy Ebsen greets her in the middle of the stage, and off they dance.

The studio wisely made no attempt to push or retard her age. She is just a kid of thirteen with short dresses and bobby socks. And she has filled

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a place long vacant on the screen.

"I get so many letters from people my own age, saying how they enjoy seeing a person just like them on the screen. They get tired of seeing only small children or grown-ups, they write."

Judy admits she is at a confusing age. "You are all twisted up. Sometimes you'd like to make mud pies, or play with dolls, but think you're too old. At others, it would be fun to put on high heels and go dancing. Then you're ashamed, because you know you are not old enough. Oh, well, thirteen is a lot of fun anyway. I've adopted it as my lucky number."

You cannot help admiring someone her age suddenly thrust into the glamorous world of films, who has remained balanced. Judy doesn't try to be "girly girly." And she is too smart to try to appear old, as do so many other girls her age.

"There are about fifteen years that you can be young," she philosophizes. "All the rest, you are grown-up. I think you appreciate being grown-up much better, if you don't try to be that way too soon.

"So I don't mind being teased now and then for my short skirts and flat heels. I tried some long hose and longer skirts once, but it wasn't any fun. Now I'll wait until I am ready for them instead of looking silly."

As for her career, the height of her ambition is to go into real dramatic parts some day. She'd like a picture in which she didn't sing even so much as one number — "just to show she didn't get by on her voice."

Take Time for Beauty

(Continued from page 69)

And center parts are the fad as you can see by the varied and interesting hair-dos shown here this month. Claudette Colbert's center part is almost hidden by a softly waved bang, the ends curling up at the sides in a pert ringlet. Claudette, by the way, has changed her hair coloring to a deep henna. Irene Dunne achieves a completely new personality with her hair parted in the middle, brushed smoothly on top with a hint of wave on either side just above the softly brushed out curls. The effect is very flattering.

Still a third center part arrangement is Anne Shirley's girlish hairdress. Like Claudette, she has bangs, but hers are parted to preserve the center line. The sides of her hair are brushed off the ears into one symetrical roll going round her head and with the ends turned under. Unusual and very charming for a young girl like Anne.

The Tragic Death of Jean Harlow

(Continued from page 43)

Harlow had heard that this particular extra had just experienced a particularly tenacious run of hard luck. So, within a few minutes, the dress was handed to the extra, with the information that Jean was glad to get rid of it — and Hollywood's glamour girl went home in a coat borrowed from the wardrobe department.

This, anyone really intimate with inside Hollywood, will tell you is a typical Harlow gesture. Her generosity invariably ran away with her, and until Bill Powell gave her some hard, practical talks in thrift, she seemed to feel that the one purpose of her salary was to bring unexpected pleasure to others.

Chick Sale, one of the keenest character analysts who ever scraped the tinsel off a human, one day said to this writer: "I've heard a lot of things about Jean Harlow, one kind and another, but I'd never got a real look at the girl and actually catalogued her in my mind until I saw her one afternoon in her back yard, watching a couple of rabbits helping themselves to the tenderest buds and greens she had on the place. Those rabbits had had the run of her grounds for months. She never bothered them. She'd just sit and watch them, a sort of tolerant look on her face, like she'd have when some servant, studio worker or friend was making hay with her personal belongings. Imagine, she always figured what was hers was yours."

Only to those close to her and those who have worked with her and come into contact in and around Hollywood have a true picture of the girl upon whose brilliant future death has drawn so unexpected and abrupt a curtain.

On the screen Jean Harlow was a shrewd, scheming, glamorous selfish temptress. Off the screen she was a careless, friendly, generous, spontaneous, simple and sincere girl—without a trace of pretense or conceit. She had an almost childlike faith in what her friends called her "copy-book" mottoes, axioms and precepts. She was forever trying to improve herself, and laughing at her own attempts.

She had no vanity in her dress and actually hated to buy clothes. She loved to sit and chat, and to say nice things—and mean them. She was utterly artless, and her almost blunt friendly advances often caused suspicion.

Perhaps the best word picture ever drawn of Harlow was that of an eastern newspaper man who, though he had never written a line of motion picture copy, was taken out to see Jean as a special treat.

Later, when asked what he thought of M-G-M's blonde bombshell, he replied:

"Well, I went out with a yen to be thrilled by the most tempting female in the world, to feel the lure of the most beautiful body God ever gave a woman—and now all I can remember is a laughing pair of eyes, two red lips and a heart the size of the Bronx."

Someday a greater tribute may be paid to a woman—but just now I can't imagine what it will be.

Possessed of the nth degree of woman's weapons, sex appeal and the lure of beauty, Jean Harlow has never been accused of using either in her personal contact with men. Instead Jean always depended upon absolute naturalness and her unresistible friendliness.

"I believe," she told me one day, "that man should dominate, that he should rule his home. I think there's nothing in heaven so satisfying to a woman as the feel of a man's strength—and to know that she can depend on him. My secret ambition is to be a clinging vine—but somehow, I never seem to be able to get my affairs organized that way. Instead I always find myself in overalls, showing my lord and master how to keep from killing himself with a hammer, a hoe or an automobile tire."

Harlow is dead, and yet, somehow, her spirit has not deserted that lot. Somehow that ready laugh, that clean spirited friendliness and that indefinable feeling of equality that seemed to radiate from her have left an atmosphere that lingers on.

Probably the greatest testimony to Jean Harlow's sincerity and simpleness can be found in William Powell's devotion to her. Sophisticated, sought-after, worldly-wise, keen-witted Bill Powell could never be deceived by an "act" or taken in by pretense. He loved her "unvarnished" attitude, her unstudied naturalness.

And that was the charm of Harlow—"a spirit like a laugh on a breeze" and a naturalness and friendliness that only a great heart and a simple soul could inspire.

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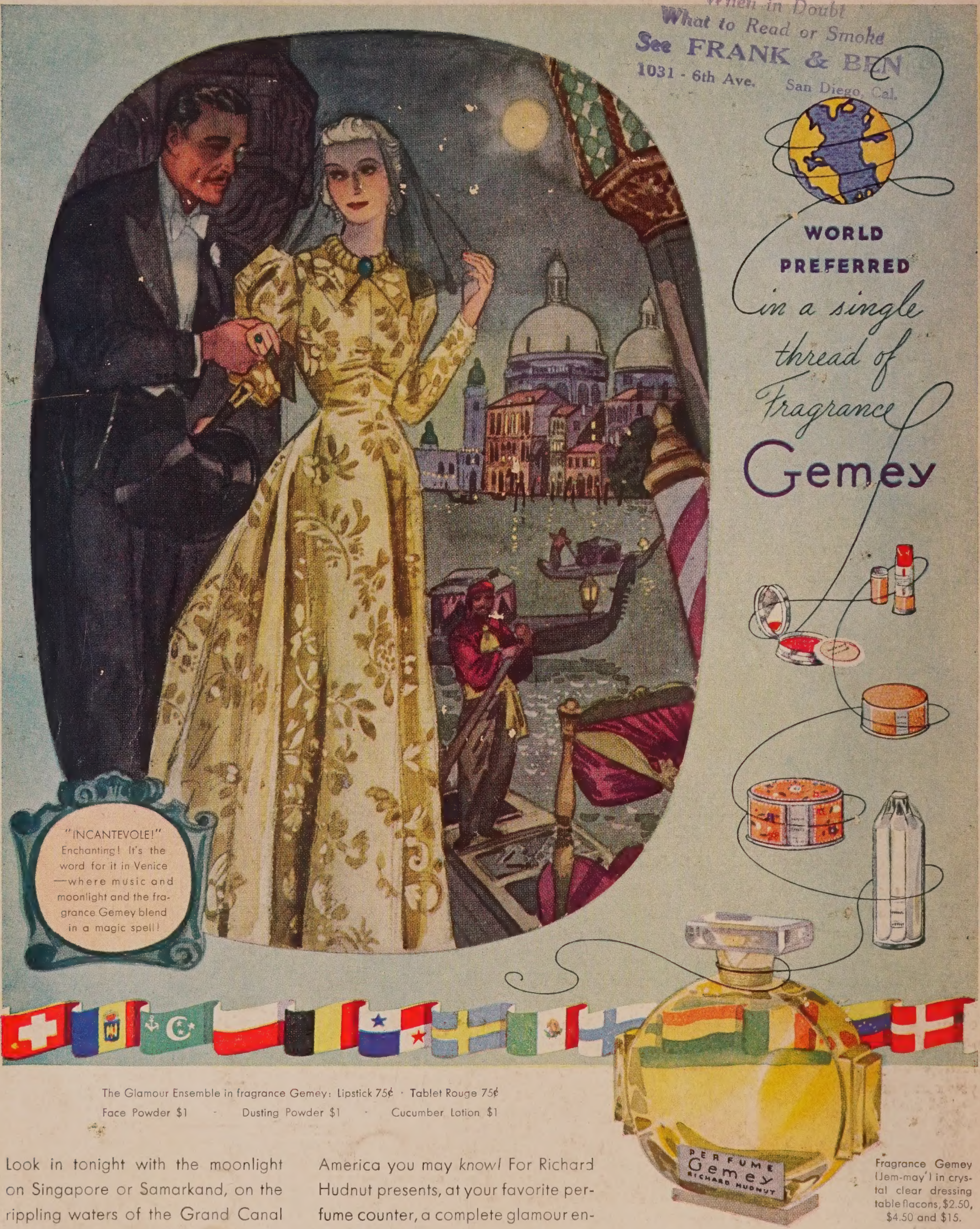
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MODERN MOVIES

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Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
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Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
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Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

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"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"
"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic"
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.

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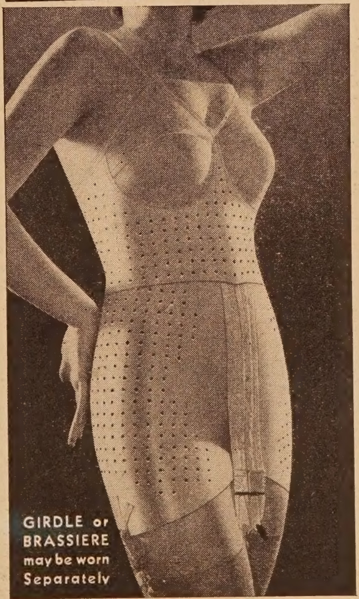

"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky

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Mrs E. M. Riggins, Memphis, Tenn.

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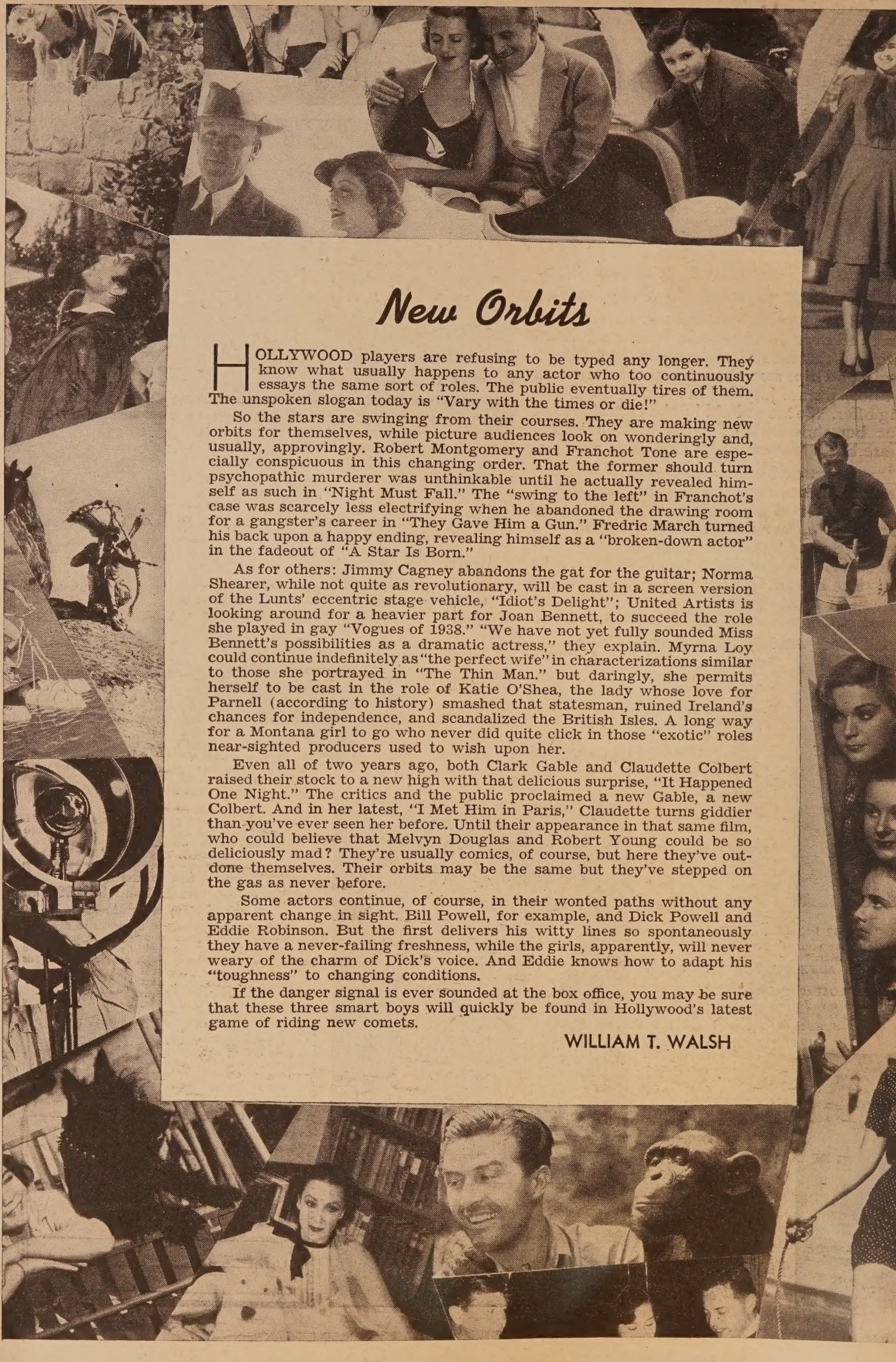

New Orbits

HOLLYWOOD players are refusing to be typed any longer. They know what usually happens to any actor who too continuously essays the same sort of roles. The public eventually tires of them. The unspoken slogan today is "Vary with the times or die!"

So the stars are swinging from their courses. They are making new orbits for themselves, while picture audiences look on wonderingly and, usually, approvingly. Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone are especially conspicuous in this changing order. That the former should turn psychopathic murderer was unthinkable until he actually revealed himself as such in "Night Must Fall." The "swing to the left" in Franchot's case was scarcely less electrifying when he abandoned the drawing room for a gangster's career in "They Gave Him a Gun." Fredric March turned his back upon a happy ending, revealing himself as a "broken-down actor" in the fadeout of "A Star Is Born."

As for others: Jimmy Cagney abandons the gat for the guitar; Norma Shearer, while not quite as revolutionary, will be cast in a screen version of the Lunts' eccentric stage vehicle, "Idiot's Delight"; United Artists is looking around for a heavier part for Joan Bennett, to succeed the role she played in gay "Vogues of 1938." "We have not yet fully sounded Miss Bennett's possibilities as a dramatic actress," they explain. Myrna Loy could continue indefinitely as "the perfect wife" in characterizations similar to those she portrayed in "The Thin Man." but daringly, she permits herself to be cast in the role of Katie O'Shea, the lady whose love for Parnell (according to history) smashed that statesman, ruined Ireland's chances for independence, and scandalized the British Isles. A long way for a Montana girl to go who never did quite click in those "exotic" roles near-sighted producers used to wish upon her.

Even all of two years ago, both Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert raised their stock to a new high with that delicious surprise, "It Happened One Night." The critics and the public proclaimed a new Gable, a new Colbert. And in her latest, "I Met Him in Paris," Claudette turns giddier than you've ever seen her before. Until their appearance in that same film, who could believe that Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young could be so deliciously mad? They're usually comics, of course, but here they've outdone themselves. Their orbits may be the same but they've stepped on the gas as never before.

Some actors continue, of course, in their wonted paths without any apparent change in sight. Bill Powell, for example, and Dick Powell and Eddie Robinson. But the first delivers his witty lines so spontaneously they have a never-failing freshness, while the girls, apparently, will never weary of the charm of Dick's voice. And Eddie knows how to adapt his "toughness" to changing conditions.

If the danger signal is ever sounded at the box office, you may be sure that these three smart boys will quickly be found in Hollywood's latest game of riding new comets.

WILLIAM T. WALSH

The HOLLYWOOD CLASSIC

MODERN MOVIES

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NO. 3

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ROSES AND RAZZES

More Cheers for Bob

THE letters of Myrtle Hicks and W. Campbell in the August *Modern Movies* which showed disappointment in Bob Montgomery's role in "Night Must Fall" call for a retort. Although Bob has always been one of my favorite actors as a playboy and a happy-go-lucky fellow, this movie shows his real talents. I believe it is failure to recognize fine acting that has led the writers of the letters mentioned astray. I think it was Bob's acting that made "Night Must Fall" what it is—a successful, real-to-life portrayal of a murderer's character. Congratulations, Bob, and may we have more of this better acting from you!

Shirley Orlinoff
Bronx, N. Y.

"Enterprise"

MAY I thank *Modern Movies* for its splendid article in the August issue on our beloved Jean Harlow? It is so timely and tells me just what I want to know about her. I was glad to find this in *Modern Movies,* as it is the only magazine on the newsstand that covers the subject. I guess there is only one word to explain why your magazine is first with the story, and that word is—"enterprise."

Goosy Gordon
Jersey City, N. J.

Judy Garland Fan

WAS I delighted with the cover on the August issue of *Modern Movies!* What a wonderful photo was that of my new favorite, little Judy Garland. It was so beautifully done. I should like to frame it.

Mary MacBride
Boston, Mass.

Wants More of Jack Oakie

WHY is it that we don't see more of Jack Oakie lately in pictures? He is my favorite comedian. I am very glad that he is to appear soon in "The Toast of New York" as announced in *Modern Movies.* I always listen to Jack's program on the air. I think he is the best master of ceremonies on the radio, but I would rather see him than just hear his voice, so I hope his producer will find more big parts for him.

Bob Miski
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Reforming One's Friends

I WAS pleased to find still more departments in the August issue of *Modern Movies.* I am very happy to be able to send this letter to the new feature, "Roses and Razzes." I also like very much "It's Proper." The photos tell exactly what to do on different social occasions. I am going to show this to some of my acquaintances who are rather lax in matters of etiquette, as a tactful way of hinting they should have some consideration for others.

Margaret Grude
Upper Darby, Pa.

ROSES AND RAZZES is your department, and you are at liberty to express your frank and honest opinion of motion pictures and players. Preferably, letters should be limited to a length of 200 words. You may sign either your name or your initials to your communication. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Genial Eddie Robinson

I RODE from Chicago to New York recently on the Twentieth Century, and it was a thrill to discover that Edward G. Robinson was also a passenger. I would like to have spoken to him but there were too many people around him and as they all seemed to be his friends, I did not care to intrude. I did observe, though, that he has a very simple and charming personality without any of the roughness that characterizes his outstanding performances on the screen. That made me realize what a great actor Mr. Robinson is, being able to submerge his true personality before the camera and appear to be something entirely different from what he really is.

Fred Streeter
Chicago, Ill.

Says Dietrich Needs Eyebrows

I HAVE discovered why feminine stars do not show sufficient change of facial expression on the screen. I know they are supposed to look pretty at all times, but I don't think it necessary that they appear so smoothly placid in tense scenes. Marlene Dietrich is one actress I have especially in mind. I think the reason why she changes so little before the camera is because of her pencilled eyebrows. The eyes and the lips best express our emotions and eyebrows are a very intrinsic part of the eyes. When the brows are shaved, the eyes themselves lose much of their nuances. I think if she let her eyebrows grow she would be a greater actress.

Shirley Wayne
Bloomington, Ind.

Will See "Saratoga"

"THE Tragic Death of Jean Harlow" in August *Modern Movies* was a wonderful tribute to the most beautiful star of the screen. I am sure that the writer must have known her intimately to have written so appreciatively. I had looked forward eagerly to her next picture "Saratoga" with Clark Gable. Now I hear it is being finished without Jean. I shall go and see it, however, because of the tender memories it will recall.

Harold Jenkins
Syracuse, N. Y.

A Star Will Be Born

AFTER reading the article in *Modern Movies* on Irene Dunne and Rochelle Hudson. I realize how difficult it is to become a movie star. Each of these girls trained for their future careers almost from infancy. I think that Miss Dunne is more of a natural actress than is Rochelle; though of course, the latter is younger. I believe, though, that Rochelle has the intelligence and persistence to carry to the heights and in future years she will be proclaimed one of our few great feminine stars.

Molly Norman
Lexington, Ky.

Bob is "Adorable"

I SAW Robert Montgomery in "Night Must Fall" and I cannot agree with those readers who say they did not like him in it because

(Continued on page 81)

IT HAPPENS IN HOLLYWOOD

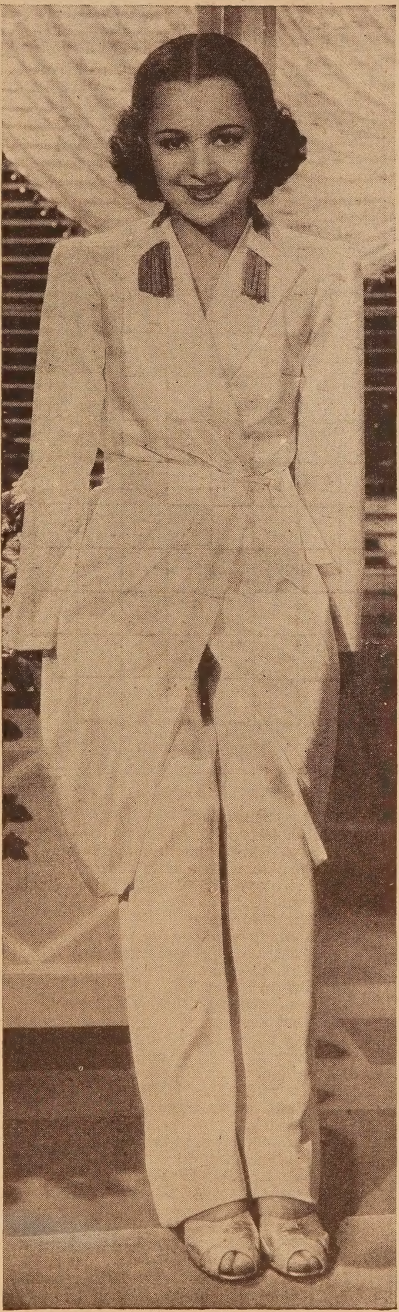
WAYNE MORRIS is as unhappy as Venus de Milo with a mosquito bite. For some un-Hollywood reason he wants his hair short. For some opposite reason the authorities want it shaggy. After three weeks, Perc Westmore, studio hairdresser, finally cut it—a couple of snips in back and none in the front. Then told him to sleep with his head surrounded by half a silk stocking, after carefully wetting and combing his straight locks in place. Woe is Wayne! He can't get another haircut until "they" let him, and then Westmore does it. He-man Wayne figures that pretty soon only a Delilah can save him.

JOAN BLONDELL has decided that baby Norman has decided to be an actor because he makes a scene whenever there's company.

IT'S usually the women who "don't have a thing to put on." This time it's Dick Powell. He has forty suits—plenty to wear, but none he can put on — that is for a screen role. He's had to wear a uniform, overalls, tights (in "Midsummer Night's Dream"), fancy costumes, or cheap suits. Poor little rich crooner, at least he doesn't come home from work to find the closet bare.

REDHEAD Veda Ann Borg and blond dancer Lee Dixon pretend to be angry about this practical joke, but they can't mean it. A cameraman was taking pictures of Miss Borg in her garden, and before he left, boy friend Lee popped in. The photographer asked him to pose, too, and arranged them painstakingly in a tender pose, with Lee's arm around her. Then, saying he had to get some equipment in the other room, he sneaked back to the studio. The practical part of the joke is, how long did they hold the pose?

AN airline hostess job on the coast has a nice angle. The girls get to see the handsome movie stars during one of their rare periods of relaxation, when no publicity men or candid camera fiends can possibly be lurking behind a cloud. The hostesses say that Robert Taylor is the most courteous. Wallace Beery (cancel that word "handsome") is the best checker player. Tyrone Power is always hungry. Lupe Velez is the gayest, and Donald Meek the best conversationalist.



What would "A Gentleman After Midnight" say to this? Well, ask Leslie Howard, who thus discovers Olivia de Havilland in the film of that name

THERE'S a strip of land between Hollywood and Beverly Hills which doesn't belong to either and is therefore known as the "County Strip." The Troc is there, among other swanky buildings.

Now, so help us, Gypsy Rose Lee, who is the strip tease queen of burlesque now in films, has gone and rented a house on the Strip!

LET it be known that November sixth is Francis Lederer's birthday. The right person never sees something like this, but at least it's worth a try. Over a year ago a frantic female fan wrote asking when Mr. Lederer's birthday is so she could send him a card. He and his secretary could figure out no way to get in touch with her, since she just signed it "Martha," with no last name or address. So now each month a tender birthday card comes from "Martha," explaining that since he didn't tell her the date, she will keep sending a card every thirty days until he does. If you read this, lady remember—Nov. 6.

THERE is a game going on in this town that grows wilder every second. It's worse than football, cross-word puzzles, and everything in between. It's called everybody-change-a-name-a-minute and has nothing to do with divorce. It's titles of pictures. For instance: "It's Love I'm After" with Leslie Howard started out as "Love Derby"; then "He Wouldn't Get Married"; then "Gentleman After Midnight."

The game must be fun because every man in the studios from top down plays it. And when every picture goes through the same fickle christening it's easy to see complications that would squelch the meanest appendix.

The less the connection the better the player, it seems. "Lightning

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MODERN MOVIES' CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE

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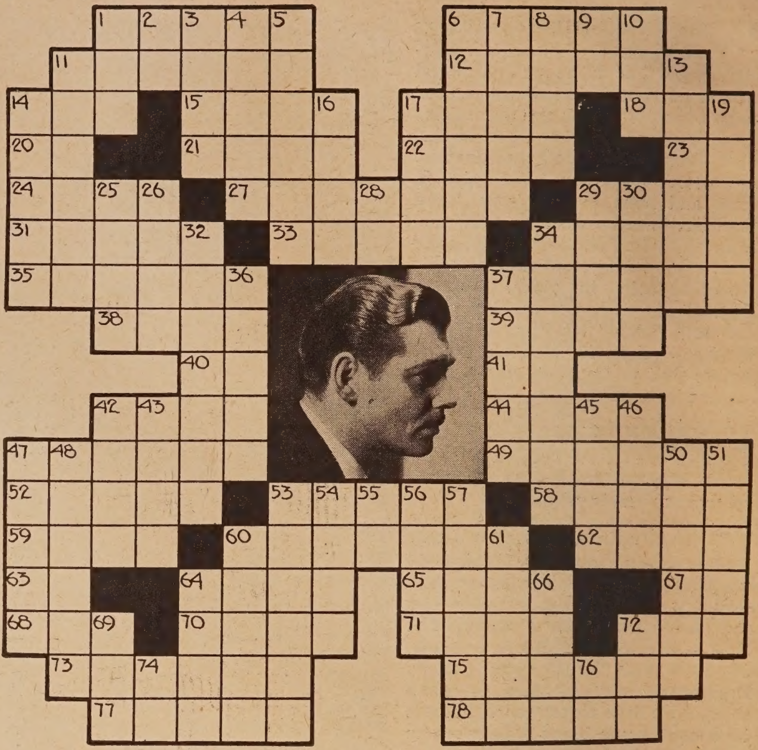

HORIZONTAL

1. and 6. He played in "Parnell" (full name)
11. Shouter, scoffer
12. Far Easterners
14. Star of "Parnell" (last name)
15. Large Australian birds
17. Send forth
18. Pigpen
20. Land measure
21. A Scandinavian myth
22. Drives out
23. Toward the clouds, skyward
24. Party for men
27. Quieting to the nerves
29. One having the leading role in a picture
31. A large, brilliant humming-bird
33. Last name of a star in "Anthony Adverse"
34. Last name of a star in "Black Legion"
35. Slept noisily
37. Extremely good people
38. One who colors
39. Plaintive cry of a chick
40. A Chinese weight
41. Conjunction
42. Exchange
44. Abound
47. Kind of nut (pl.)
49. Set
52. The moose
53. Star in "History Is Made At Night" (last name)
58. Water lifting device
59. Underground railway
60. A dissenter
62. Dispose of for cash
63. Man's nickname
64. An Appointment
65. Elliptical
67. Swedish comedian (first name)
68. A corded fabric
70. Poems
71. Roman emperor
72. Peer into
73. Senseless talk
75. She played in "Love Letters Of a Star" (last name)
77. Delightful places
78. Frozen rain

VERTICAL

1. Shy, bashful
2. Behold
3. Stuttering comedian (last name)
4. Furnish with a new crew
5. She played in "Craig's Wife" (last name)
6. Street Urchins
7. A stage whisper
8. Small parts in a picture
9. Musical note
10. Life in general
11. Comedian in "Shall We Dance" (last name)
13. She played in "Wanted—Jane Turner" (last name)
14. Endures
16. She played in "Under Cover of Night" (first name)
17. Ireland
19. Famous town in Belgium
25. Footless animal
26. Star in "The Plainsman" (first (name)
28. Six
29. Smear
30. He played in "They Gave Him a Gun" (last name)
32. A province in S. W. Netherlands
34. She played in "A Day at the Races" (first name)
36. Falls in drops
37. Blots
42. Not a member of the Hollywood union
43. Diminish
45. Greek Cupid
46. Mud
47. He played in "Crack-up" (first name)
48. Escaped
50. She played in "Without Orders" (last name)
51. Loretta Young's sister (first name)
53. Kind of nut (pl.)
54. Mineral rock (pl.)
55. Ancient pronoun
56. An English college
57. Streams
60. Last name of 16 Vertical
61. First name of Miss Hughes
64. Last name of former movie star
66. Eddie's most famous role was in "What Price Glory"
69. Prefix meaning "before"
72. Fondle
74. A European fish
76. French article

Romance steps up! Handsome Warner Baxter and lovely Joan Bennett climb the golden stairs in that gay musical, "Vogues of 1938"

Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 7)

Strikes Twice" — and evidently in the same place—becomes "Half Angel." "Roaring Girl" is now "Exclusive."

"Last Year's Kisses" evolved to—of all things — "You Can't Have Everything."

There is a reason for all this madness. Either a title doesn't have "box office," or the story is rewritten until it has nothing to do with the title, or the title isn't legally clear.

All these goings on and they still leave "I've Got Two Sweeties" as the name for a Burgess Meredith picture!

IT did! Ernie Nims, a film editor, became a father just after he finished editing: "It Might Happen to You."

SINCE the break-up of the Hecht-McArthur team, the antic mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of Lynn ("Woman Chases Man") Root and Frank ("Step Lively, Jeeves") Fenton.

Someone told the boys they ought to dress up more, as "they looked like wild and woolly ranchers." Result: they decided if they looked like ranchers, they'd write a story about the West, and that's why you'll see Jane Withers in a Western story called (you have our word for it) "Wild and Woolly!"

BUCK JONES is now legally Buck Jones, having had his name changed by a court of law . . . he was born Charles Frederick Gebhard . . . Perc Westmore, one of the four famous brothers, had a story on make-up published in a national weekly and since that time has received hundreds of handkerchiefs from women . . . he's still trying to figure it out . . . Doris Weston of Warner Brothers tells us she reduces her hips by playing badminton daily . . . She claims she's lost three inches altogether . . . Columbia being in a lull right now, everyone from script girl to Irene Dunne is engaging in "titlitis," for, except "Lost Horizon," no Columbia picture has left that studio without a title change.

GERTRUDE MICHAEL tells us what is wrong with the men in this country and how to cure them. The American male, says she, is inferior as a beau because he is a yes-man. Any woman wants to feel that a man is her superior in most respects. But here they lack that knack which the European has of making women feel like mice.

In dress, charm, and companionship Americans are tops, Miss Michael admits, but they spoil it by letting the little women dominate them. Women complain otherwise, but if they would just try it once Miss Michael promises that life would be happy ever after. Woman must be allowed her vanity and man his ego to keep the proper balance.

The only thing is, who is going to agree with the actress that the American female dominates? The men won't admit it and the women will never believe it.

DON'T let anybody kid you—competition out here doesn't keep everyone in a continual state of overwork. One writer under studio contract has been waiting five months for an assignment. He has a ritzy office (unused), a ritzy secretary (unused), and a brand new typewriter (also unused). But nobody told him to write anything. The other day a producer checking up on what makes the money go, called and asked him what he was doing to earn his. "Oh, the usual thing," he said. "Catching flies. I've caught 138 since January 1."

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is going to miss little lad bountiful, Jack Warner, Jr. when/if he graduates next year. He

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SPOTTED FOR STARDOM

GLORIA DICKSON

IS ON HER WAY

LONG BEACH, city of better bathing cuties for California Chamber of Commerce stories is only thirty miles from Hollywood. But it took one Long Beach belle several months to "arrive" here. It was a triumphant trip for Gloria Dickson, though, because most of the travelers headed Hollywood way bump into a Road Closed sign or at least a prolonged and uncertain Detour.

Not blindfolded, but with her eyes wide open, pert, petite Miss Dickson tried the screen test, chose the Warner brand, and accepted as her reward the magic key to Hollywood—now inside its gate she can keep going up the Gloria road as far as her talents, and the unpredictable breaks that churn screen careers, combine to keep shoving her along. Already Miss Gloria is traveling with the signals in her favor. You'll see her soon with Ed Norris and Claude Rains in "They Won't Forget," a 1937 big brainchild with a brilliant future expected of it.

Gloria didn't follow the funny fairy tale path of easy and sudden stardom. She didn't win a beauty contest or get her legs pictured in the paper, or get plucked from the chorus for her—smile. Or know the "right somebodies." No. A man saw her in a Federal Theatre project play, "The Devil Passes." She did some fancy acting. He was a Warner Brothers casting director. And that is all you have to add together to total the one proposal an actress never turns down, "I need you, will you come away with me and take a screen test?"

"They Won't Forget" gave her her big chance, but Gloria wasn't worried. Though it was a heavy role for even a seasoned actress to carry, Gloria came through with flying colors. It's that picture of the Deep South, you know, that already is becoming a national sensation. So well did she fit her role that Warner Brothers have cast her with Pat O'Brien and with that other phenomenal meteor, Wayne (Kid Galahad) Morris. She has been acting ever since her playroom days when encouraging neighbors applauded her homemade basement theatricals. Schooldays meant acting days to Gloria. She gave "recitations," graduated to "readings," then majored in dramatics at high school. Playing Shakespeare and O'Neill roles in the local Wayside Colony theatre taught her the poise and trick of natural delivery which so tickled the Warner scout. Her first professional engagement, with the Long Beach Hart players, brought the amateurish wage of seventy-five cents a week when business was "slack for the moment" and three dollars when it was at the peak of the graph curves. Two years sticking at this proves which was her greatest love, acting or "coffee dough."

In between times Gloria read poetry and dramatic excerpts at social clubs and over the radio. She and Shakespeare agree that all the world *is* a stage under Gloria's busy feet, with the direct center spot reserved for her. Why not in Hollywood too, the greatest set stage in the world? Oh yes, and she sings, too—contralto.

Describing a girl as "glamorous," a "find," "so different," and the usual accompanying expletives is like the boy crying "wolf," if that girl lives in Hollywood. So let's say Gloria has great "personality possibilities." She certainly has a way with her, or she couldn't have played in a Federal theatre. One has to be on relief to qualify, so Gloria was told she wouldn't do. But Gloria applied for relief, got a part before her application was investigated, and got to Hollywood before she could be accepted as the twelve (or it is four) million-and-first in the unemployment roll book.

Romance, well—thinks she, is greater than all fame, but once it is signed the contract should be a long, long term one. So far the right partner hasn't tried out for the supporting lead. But when he does he will have a blue-eyed, blonde wife who likes to hike, write poetry, model in clay, and read biographies.

Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from Page 9)

gives parties on poppa's sets, decorates houses and floats with used movie plumage on Homecoming, costumes the athletes in Greek togas for the college musical comedy. For that affair Jack even got away with the little tin box of brand new reels for "The Go Getter" with George Brent, Anita Louise, and Charles Winninger. So the preview was shown after the local stage show.

MANY of Hollywood's honored homeowners are moving from Beverly Hills to ranchos magnificos in San Fernando and more unspellable valleys. They want new scenery to replace the tour guide in the front yard with his megaphone and band of gapers.

ELEANOR POWELL, "Born to Dance" and hasn't stopped yet, gives you a tip between steps on diet that has mathematical complications, proving that calculus and calories can mix like a couple of components in a fraction. Here it is for you to solve: "If every girl danced a proportionate amount to what she eats, she'd never have to diet. A twenty-minute tap dance would neutralize any starch-heavy meal." Reduce this to its common denominator and preserve your figure (of speech). These calculations are getting so advanced, is there a mathematician in the department?

THIS year's crop of kisses are not for me, but for those as gets 'em imprinted in celluloid, next year's crop is going to be sweet and slow. They who say, tell us that the depression has things to do with it. It sounds so silly this pen is lapsing into bashful inertia. You'll have to take it straight from that of Director Archie Mayo: "With financial security just around the corner, the world can find time to make love convincingly and unhurriedly. The four foot kiss of the past three years can be lengthened now to occupy at least six feet of film." Shades of Valentino! How would you girls like a six-foot kiss?

A tight spot for Al Jolson? Well, not exactly. You see he's merely having his foot-prints done in the concrete of time at Grauman's Chinese Theatre—a Hollywood custom

COUNTING sheep in your sleep is no trick at all compared to getting live goats to come across, no kidding. Director Allan Dwan is looking for a trio of personality kids for Shirley Temple's latest picture, "Heidi." No less than fifty billies are geting ze beeg chance, a screen test for the dignified roles of Swanli and Bearli, the beloved black and white goats of this popular children's story, and for the aggressive Old Turk, a grouchy fellow.

THEY are, they aren't, they are, they aren't—or are they? Well, it's finally settled and they are! Ginger and Fred *will* keep on dahncing and romahncing togethah at you from the screen. Rogers and Astaire were rumored to be (and then again not to be) professionally pfft. But something, unlike H. Dumpty, put them back together again—an Ohioish flood of protests shelved the idea of a break-up. Goody goody, there *is* a Santa Claus!

A TEAM of Hollywood's most sophisticated actresses, no matter who picked it out, would include Claudette Colbert. Her personality, her clothes (she always wears gorgeous and voluminous white creations when she steps out), even her name is as close to "sophistication" as an anagram. So her latest wardrobe whimsy is causing some eye-blinking among those who have her checked off as a "type." Claudette has been appearing on the set in sub-ingenue sailor dress and ankle socks! White pleated skirt, big sailor collar with blue braid and little red anchors! Shucks, she even wears a red ribbon in her hair, with a big bow right smack in the middle of her forehead.

A STRIKE isn't a sporting term these days. Neither is a picket something that surrounds a little white cottage with green shutters, though some insist there is a

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IT'S PROPER

Information with reference to any problem in etiquette may be obtained by writing to Dorothy VanHuyten, care of Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Please send with your question a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply

ELEANORE WHITNEY
JOHN PATTERSON
PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Quite properly John walks on the curb side while escorting Eleanore. You will note, too, she does not take his arm, reserving that protection for slippery walks or crowded thoroughfares

"I must be going," says John, and so Eleanore rises and accompanies him to the door. Naturally, too, Eleanore will wait until he is out of sight, as a courteous hostess should

Eleanore really should get out of the car first, thus protecting John, her escort, against the danger of being struck by passing autos. If in parking, he were on the curb side, he should, of course, precede Eleanore in stepping out

"Mary Carlisle" is the way Mary signs her letters. When she marries she will change her signature only partly to conform to her husband's name. Thus, if he is John Smith, she will write "Mary C. Smith," omitting "Mrs."

Mary is giving a party and asks informally. "Can you come to my party Tuesday night?" not "What are you doing Tuesday night?" Thus, she lets her friend have an easy way out if they do not wish to respond.

MARY CARLISLE

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

No problem here for Mary. She has learned that social usage indicates the fork for fruit cocktails, and, indeed, for most foods except those impossible to handle without a spoon.

Of Course, you can make a PIE!

Just follow these recipes and your pastry problems will be over

Eleanore Whitney rolls pie crust to proper thickness on a floured board

THE poor June bride who has sage cooking advice hurled at her along with the tulle and orange blossoms, usually finds that she's pretty much in a fog about the practical side of housekeeping when the honeymoon is over. Some girls are good cooks before marriage, but a great majority are pretty unskilled when it comes to the more complicated mechanics of cooking and baking.

Now that it's August and most of you June brides are well established in the routine of housekeeping, you can start experimenting with recipes and working up some "special" dishes with which to tempt your husband. The average American husband is a doting male until the table fare begins to be a little monotonous. You may have the simpler meals down pat, but you've got to get around to the great masculine favorite—pie! If you don't, you can prepare for a good domestic squall before long.

Pie making seems to be a bug-a-boo with young cooks. The frightening possibility that your crust may turn out to be like an old leather strap probably keeps many of you from experimenting with pie desserts. I know a girl who was a good cook but who simply couldn't get herself to bake pies. She had her fiancé to dinner one night and in panic served him a pie from a neighboring bakery. He ate it with gusto, declaring that they must have pie every other night after they were married because he liked the way she made her crust! She didn't have the courage to tell him the truth, so she took lessons in pie making before they started housekeeping!

Young Eleanore Whitney is a dancing whizz, but she's not so blasé and sophisticated that she's afraid to have anyone know that she's learning to cook.

"It's not because I'm going to be married right away or because it sounds like a good publicity gag, but mostly because I think it's stupid to say you can't cook and also because I happen to think it's fun," said Eleanore.

Like most busy young actresses, Eleanore doesn't find an abundance of time to spend in the kitchen, but occasionally, when the family servant is having a day off, Eleanore has a fling at cooking. From vegetables to pies, she is getting a good grounding in the fundamentals of cooking and baking. And the recipes she uses are family favorites which are worth passing on.

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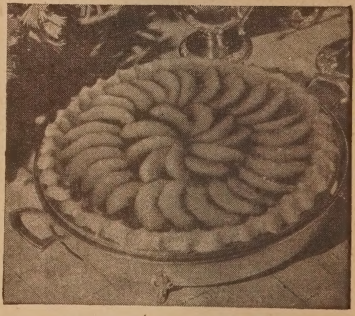
Cocoanut Cream Fruit Pie in all its glory and delicious beyond words!



Peach Pie Glacé is a perfect snap to make and looks like a chef's special similarity in composition. The whole topic of strikes and pickets is about as welcome as rain on a holiday, so one of the screen queens was quite startled at a letter from a corn-fed Kansan saying he heard there are some picket jobs open, and he would be grateful if she would save him some standing room on one of their lines, because he needs a job "bad."

And then there is the lady who wondered why she had to stand in line so many hours and still couldn't get near the ticket window. She was in the picket, not the ticket line. She'll mind her p's and t's after this.

MAZIE WEST accepted the invitation of Attorney Avery Blount to come up and see him sometime or else—. Miss West came and was seen but not conquered. Whether she was modest or just forgetful, she wouldn't answer a single question about an alleged marriage. The lady wouldn't talk but her clothes, oh oh my!—Mae wore powder-blue slacks, a white cape, white suede shoes, and a saucy white felt sport hat. Whoops!

Jack Oakie escorts Ann Sothern to her dressing room after a scene in "Super Sleuth," in which they are co-starring

Here are Lee Dixon and that cutie, Rosalind Marquis, all uniformed up

METHINKS if Marlene Dietrich has contributed nothing else to the screen, orchid leis are due her for showing how future gorgeous gals will appear. "The Garden of Allah," with its passionate pigments, was the inspiration for this next step in film development. Up until its release, you remember, tinting in the old talkie town had been with us in great splotches and was splattered all over the screen. So much so, the story was completely lost in the hue and cry.

WARNER Baxter, speaking from his experience of having played a fashion dictator in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938," is convinced that color will appeal primarily to women. For the first time in screen history, the decorative sex will be able to study in their natural shades, the creations of the expert fashion designers. The tremendous influence wielded by screen fashions upon everyday costumes clearly shows the values of these color presentations.

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MODERN MOVIES Presents for Your Convenience

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

A DAY AT THE RACES — M-G-M.

In this picture the Marx zanies have consolidated their long experience on stage and screen to achieve the most smashing drive of their career. Never, perhaps, have they been in such wildly irresponsible mood. And they turn their antics to a good cause: to extricate pretty Maureen O'Sullivan from financial disaster. The film starts a little slowly, but streamlined speed is soon attained and from then it is a matter of holding on to your seat until the carnival of mad abandon is over. There is so much crammed into this picture—love, suspense, buffoonery—you leave the theatre thinking you've seen a double bill. The race scenes—and what scenes there are!—are more thrilling than a murder mystery. You can't believe such things can be done to a race track until you see this mad trio at work.

There is a sequence, too, of a more beautiful ballet dance than ever graced the Metropolitan Opera boards, in which Vivien Fay will leave you breathless with the sheer artistry of her performance. And another surprise is Harpo leading a troupe of Negro singers. "A Day at the Races" is destined for your "must" list.

THE SINGING MARINE — WARNER BROS.

One of the gayest musicals from those Sultans of spectacle, Warner Bros., "The Singing Marine" concerns itself with a marine who becomes a radio sensation overnight. The plot is built around his convulsive and complicated attempts to be true to the great radio public and Uncle Sam.

Prominent in the general mix-up is that gentleman with the floating hands and soprano giggle, Hugh Herbert, who is, as always, a riot. Dick Powell, as the Singing Marine, appears in his pleasantest and most effective role to date, handling some choice comedy excellently, and warbling some very catchy tunes indeed. You'll enjoy the eccentric dancing of the pleasant Lee Dixon, and perhaps more than anything in the picture you'll be amazed and delighted at the virtuoso performances on the mouth organ by Larry Adler. Newcomer Doris Weston appears opposite Dick Powell.

THEY WON'T FORGET — WARNER BROS.

Adapted from Ward Greene's best seller, "Death in the Deep South," the story is an absorbing and relentless indictment of the injustice of mass prejudice—shown in all its brutal impulsiveness and hysteria, with plenty of yellow journalism and dirty politics thrown in to highlight the effect. Not a pretty picture, but an honest one.

It begins with the horrible murder of a schoolgirl. The politically ambitious district attorney, with his eye on a senatorial seat, finds it handy to accuse a young male school teacher, just arrived from the North. Public opinion is swayed by the newspapers playing up prejudice, and North and South take sides in a psychological battle over the man's guilt. His trial is a farce of bias and propaganda.

Claude Rains is superb as the district attorney. Edward Norris as the victimized teacher, and Gloria Dickson, his wife, make two of the most promising debuts of the season. Otto Kruger, Allyn Joslyn, Elisha Cook, Jr. and Lana Turner are all excellent. Praise must go also to Clinton Rosemond, a negro who scores in the trial scene.

Director LeRoy deserves laurels for his courage in sacrificing box office names for some remarkably authentic newcomers, and for the skill he used in handling both players and story.

"They Won't Forget" is a picture sure to stir up bitter controversy. It holds a high place in the list of problem films Warners have produced, such as "I Am A Fugitive" and "Black Legion."

The Best of the Latest Films

These pictures nave been selected because of the excellence of their story, acting, and direction

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Paul Muni in *"The Life of Emile Zola"*
Joseph Schildkraut in *"The Life of Emile Zola"*
Gale Sondergaard in *"The Life of Emile Zola"*
Claude Rains in *"They Won't Forget"*
Gloria Dickson in *"They Won't Forget"*
Robert Donat in *"Knight Without Armor"*
The Marx Brothers in *"A Day at the Races"*
Maureen O'Sullivan in *"A Day at the Races"*
Allan Jones in *"A Day at the Races"*
Slim Summerville in *"The Road Back"*
Andy Devine in *"The Road Back"*

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA — WARNER BROS.

The name of Emile Zola is still a power in the world of literature, but the great writer's contribution to justice may not be so readily remembered by the present generation. Calling upon Paul Muni to portray the great humanitarian, Warner Bros. again re-enacts in this film the stirring scenes that made the names of a military clique in France a byword, and rocked the Republic to its foundations. The Captain Dreyfus scandal, which sent an innocent officer to dreaded Devil's Island is the crux of the story. Zola is forced to flee to England, but finally his efforts are successful, Dreyfus is freed. Outside of these major scenes, there are some splendid lesser sequences in the film. Such as, for example, Zola's rescue of a woman of the streets, Nana, from the Paris police.

"The Life of Emile Zola" is a great picture, and Paul Muni gives a superb performance. He carries his difficult part with remarkable authenticity. Joseph Schildkraut as the unhappy Captain Dreyfus enacts his role with dignity and restrained pathos. Gale Sondergaard, as the wife of Zola; Erin O'Brien-Moore, as Nana; and Vladimis Sokoloff, new-comer to the screen, as Paul, a friend of Zola, all merit special mention. Other excellent performances are given by Louis Calhern, Ralph Morgan, Grant Mitchell and Montague Love. Indeed, the work of the entire cast is impressive.

"The Life of Emile Zola" will stand out when the tally is taken on the vote for the greatest picture of the year, with Paul Muni well on the way to another Academy award for his performance.

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR — UNITED ARTISTS

The debacle of the Russian Revolution starts off this film in spirited fashion. It constitutes a series of breath-taking episodes in which are featured Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich. Returning from exile in Siberia, when the Bolsheviks seize the reins of government, Donat unexpectedly finds himself a commissar. As such, he has custody of the Countess Alexandra (Marlene Dietrich), who is sent for trial to Petrograd as an enemy of the people. Love quickly springs up between the official and his prisoner. From then on one danger after another is met and conquered.

The story is done in a purely romantic vein and Dietrich has little opportunity to do much real acting. It is Donat's excellent work, together with several of the minor characters, that raises this picture to some importance. Aside from this, the story is genuinely exciting and should hold the interest of any audience to its spectacular finish.

THE ROAD BACK — UNIVERSAL

Here is a film you must approach in the right spirit to understand and enjoy; otherwise you may be disappointed and miss the real significance of its story. The plot is based on Remarque's novel of the same name and shows what happens to the disillusioned generation that fought for four years in the trenches for Germany. The sudden termination of the war, the sudden defeat, leaves them dazed and they find themselves utterly unable to readjust themselves to civilian life. Richard Cromwell and John King are used in the picture as symbols of hundreds of thousands of other German youths.

Skillfully, the folly of war is brought home to the audience with a terrific wallop. Incidentally, Andy Devine and Slim Summerville contribute, possibly, the best comedy in their screen careers. Nor is their comedy mere horse-play. It falls skillfully into the spirit of the theme. Perhaps this is not a great picture; its importance lies in the fact that it points a warning finger at the perilous situation existing today.

I WANT TO KNOW

Lovely Joan Bennett has been confined to a darkened room because of an injury to her eye

Nelson J., Guthrie, Okla. — The beautiful MADELEINE CARROLL is now with Columbia pictures, working in a story titled "It's All Yours." Francis Lederer is the lucky fellow playing opposite her. You'd like us to print her photograph? You will find two of them in this issue of MODERN MOVIES.

•

R. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Yes, CONSTANCE BENNETT is very much in the limelight and has not left the screen. You will see her soon in a new Hal Roach picture, "Topper." It is impossible to say just how long her sister Joan will be laid up due to the accident to her eye. Joan's next appearance is in "Vogues of 1938."

•

Jenny, Dallas, Tex.—LEO CARRILLO'S full name is Leo Antonio Carrillo and his nationality is given as "American of Spanish-Italian descent." He was born in Hollywood and is married to a non-professional, Edith Shakespeare. Yes, it was he you saw in "Love Me Forever."

•

A. R. T., Denver, Colo.—At the present time MARGARET CHURCHILL is not on the screen. She has been playing in the New York stage production "And Now Goodbye." She made her last screen appearance in "Legion of Terror." She is the wife of George O'Brien, popular screen star.

•

Sidney H., Peoria, Ill. — MAE CLARKE is now with Grand National Films. She played opposite JIMMY CAGNEY in "Great Guy," and you will recall that this combination made a big hit in "Public Enemy" several years ago.

•

S. E. T., Aberdeen, S. D. — Your favorite, RALPH BELLAMY, has not disappeared from the screen, but is under long term contract with Columbia Studios. He has recently played in "Roaming Lady," "Final Hour," "Man Who Lived Twice," "Weather or No," and is now making "Best Regards."

Through this department, *Modern Movies* will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., Modern Movies, 404 4th Ave., New York City.

•

Frances M., Rome, Ga.—"That handsome Frenchman" you saw in "Private Worlds" was none other than CHARLES BOYER. The two prominent ladies in the picture were, of course, CLAUDETTE COLBERT and JOAN BENNETT. His recent successes have been "Garden of Allah" and "History is Made at Night." He plays opposite GRETA GARBO in "Mme. Walewska," an M-G-M picture soon to be released.

You've heard Connie Bennett's voice recently on the radio. Now she's back on the screen in "Topper"

•

P. F. A., Clinton, Ia. — JAMES GLEASON has made so many pictures that he probably does not know the number himself. The number of titles undoubtedly runs to several score. He, together with Richard Taber, wrote a comedy "Thursday Night" in which he coined the popular slang phrase, "Is zat so." It was ROBERT ARMSTRONG, not Ricardo Cortez, as someone informed you, who worked with Jimmy in several pictures in Hollywood.

•

Helen G., Vineland, N. J.—It must be ANNE HOVEY you mean when you speak of the girl with dark hair and eyes in "The Glory Trail." You have an opportunity to see her again in "The Woman I Love." Anne is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 102 lbs.

•

B. P., Monroe, Wis.—You can tell

(Continued on page 77)

That exquisite blonde, Madeleine Carroll, plays with the dashing brunette, Francis Lederer, in "It's All Yours"

Up in the air goes Eleanor Powell as she performs this terpsichorean miracle, or, to put it in plain English, dancing stunt. The secret is this: Eleanor's lying on a plate of glass placed horizontally, and the camera shoots from below

ELEANOR POWELL

Everyone has been asking for "another Nelson Eddy portrait," so here it is. Nelson's next picture will be "The Girl of the Golden West," and, it goes almost without saying, Jeanette MacDonald will be the girl

NELSON EDDY

Wendy Barrie, looking fascinatingly exotic in this unusual pose, is resting now between pictures just as she is resting here. That rose in her hand should be symbolic of the hit she made in her recent "Wings Over Honolulu"

WENDY BARRIE

They found her in France. Danielle Darrieux is the name of this twenty-year-old girl who will visit our shores for the first time in August.

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

Versatile Melvyn Douglas goes steadily from one triumph to another. You'll recall his delicious madness in "Theodora Goes Wild," his more serious role in "Captains Courageous" and his unrestrained hilarity in the hit of the hour, "I Met Him in Paris"

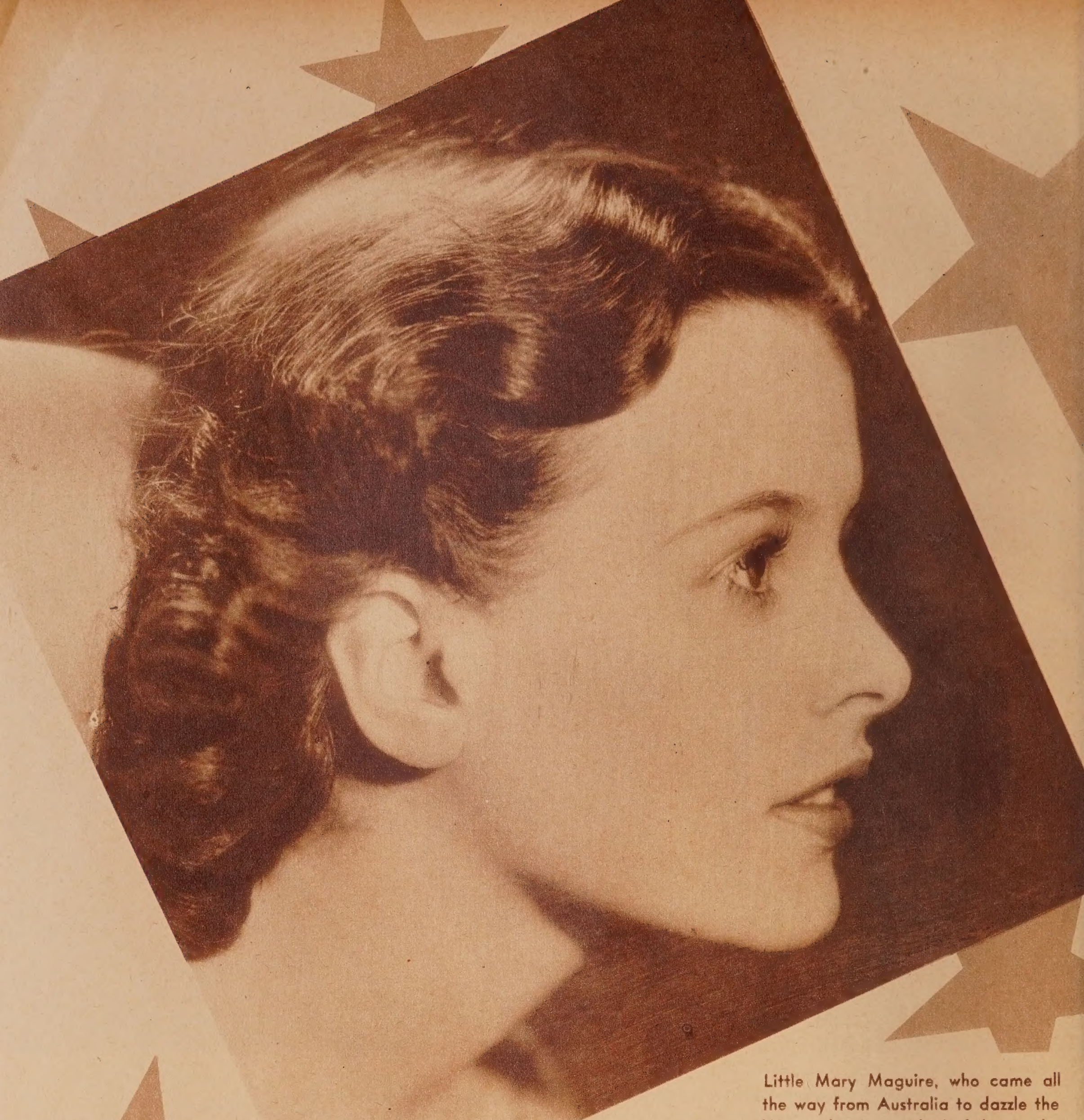
MELVYN DOUGLAS

"Lovely to Look At" is the name of the film in which the blonde Sonja Henie and the dark Tyrone Power have the opportunity to practice this sort of love-making. No doubt Tyrone is thinking of the rest of the words of a certain very popular song

SONJA HENIE and TYRONE POWER

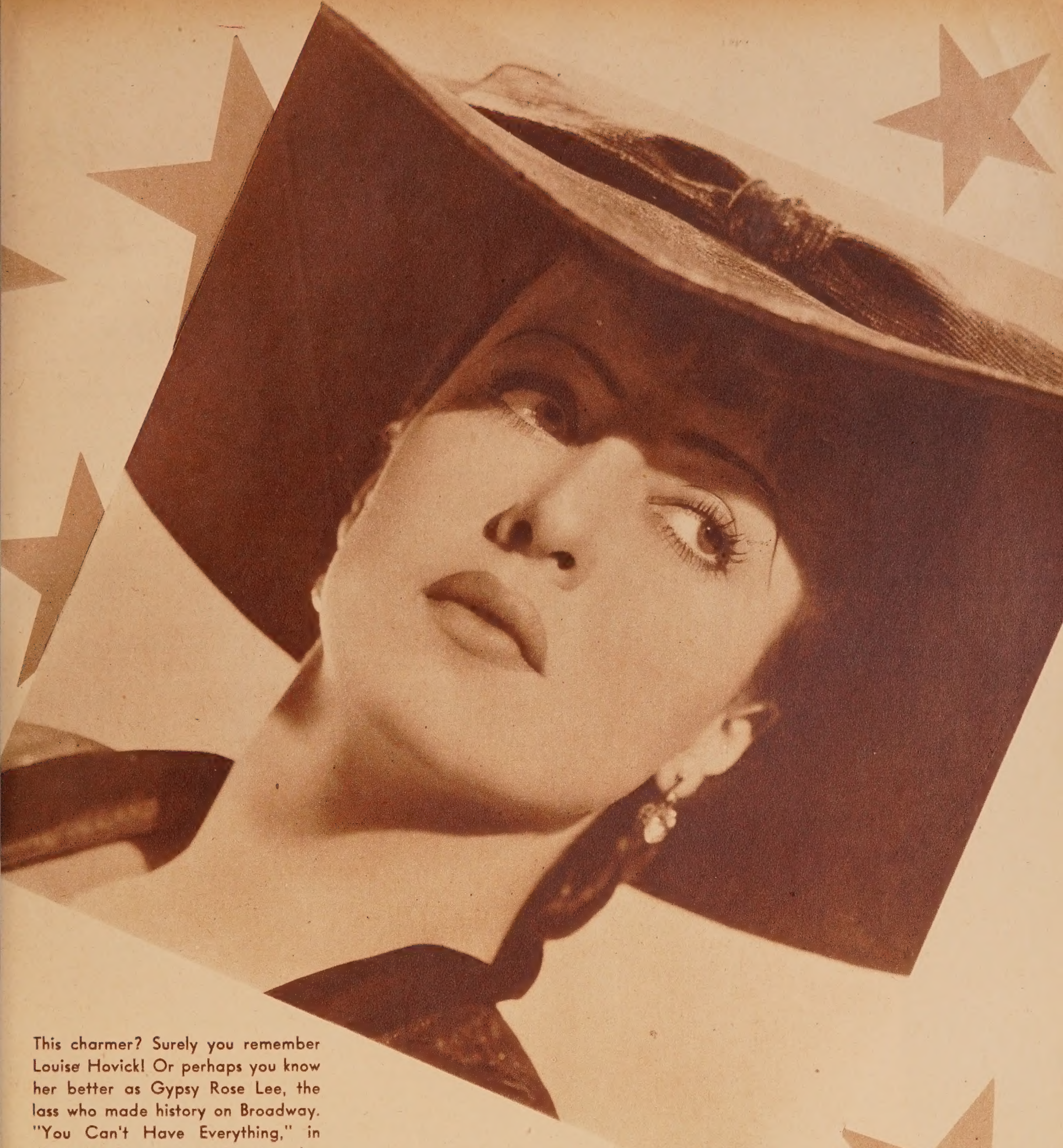
Franchot Tone got rid of that gun they gave him to come back to some very pleasant moments with Virginia Bruce. In fact, he seems in for a particularly good time. The film is entitled, "Between Two Women." The "other woman" is Maureen O'Sullivan. Lucky Franchot!

FRANCHOT TONE and VIRGINIA BRUCE



Little Mary Maguire, who came all the way from Australia to dazzle the Warner lot, is our ideal of the simple, unsophisticated, lovable girl. There's dramatic fervor, too, in those features. She plays Kay Francis' daughter in "Confession." For her next she has been cast in "Alcatraz Island"

MARY MAGUIRE



This charmer? Surely you remember Louise Hovick! Or perhaps you know her better as Gypsy Rose Lee, the lass who made history on Broadway. "You Can't Have Everything," in which she plays opposite Don Ameche, serves as her debut to screen audiences. That glamorous face surely represents a new picture type

LOUISE HOVICK

Loretta Young's

The truth about the three celebrated sisters and one other you don't know

as told to EILEEN CREELMAN

LORETTA YOUNG has had one real regret ever since her divorce from Grant Withers seven years ago, when she was only eighteen.

"If I had only had a baby," she would say frankly, and mean it. Loretta has a way of meaning what she says, and of getting what she goes after. Two of her sisters have had babies during the past year. Now Loretta has two, both girls, both blond. She got them by adoption, and chose them with care. Jane is three, and Judy just two.

The house where Loretta lives with her mother and little half-sister is being transformed, a nursery built on one side. And having made up her mind about adopting the little girls, Loretta has also made up her mind about forgetting that they are not her own. She won't tell where she got them; she even intends to forget that herself. They are her own now, Jane and Judy Young. And Loretta, whose life has always been so intertwined with those of her sisters and her mother, now has a family of her own.

Her mother called her Gretchen because she had blue eyes and yellow hair. She was a week old before her mother thought of a name. This was her third baby, her third daughter. They had arrived pretty close together, with only twenty-one months difference between them. Polly Ann was the oldest, Betty Jane the second. It wasn't until she read about some Gretchen in a society column that Mrs. Young could find a name that exactly described this newest of the Young beauties.

The Young girls are still beauties, although they are no longer known as Polly Ann, Betty Jane and Gretchen. Their mother is now Mrs. George Belzer, a slim little woman with soft brown hair and smiling eyes who looks too young to be a grandmother. She cannot understand why Gretchen should be known to the world as Loretta Young.

"It just doesn't suit her," her mother insisted, "she still looks like a Gretchen."

She is equally distressed about Betty Jane. There was a name that just suited her. Sally Blane, to her mother, always sounds like another person. Only Polly Ann Young, the eldest and the one least known in pictures, has kept the name her mother gave her.

There is another sister now, Georgina Belzer, thirteen years old now and avidly eyeing a movie career. No one is lifting a hand to get one for her. The Youngs are not like that. Careers just happened along, and they accepted them. Georgina will have to wait her turn, however impatiently.

This business of being a star's mother must have its drawbacks. Mothering three strikingly beautiful girls, each with a movie career of her own, has necessarily been a problem. Mrs. Belzer has handled it gracefully, light-heartedly, and with a pretty

Loretta is really small . . . her slenderness gives the impression of height on the screen

Mother Reveals Family Secrets

sense of humor. You see, she resembles her daughters.

It was Jules Bache, the financier, who asked her how she liked being Loretta Young's mother. That was in London where Mrs. Belzer had no friends of her own. Mr. Bache himself chuckled over his own life, remembering how he had first been known as his father's son, then as his son's father, and now as his son-in-law's father-in-law.

Mrs. Belzer could see his point. In London she was just Loretta Young's mother.

"And naturally her friends had no reason to be interested in me," she realized, "but I planned, when I got home, to call up all my own friends and see them at once."

She had plenty of friends in Hollywood before the Young sisters were known to anyone but their family. They were just youngsters then, playing around in the California sunshine, with no more thought of a movie career than had their mother. Mrs. Belzer is Kentucky-born, with a Southern accent still lingering in her soft voice, although she can't see why. She hasn't lived in the South since she was fifteen years old.

At twenty-five, Loretta looks back to a screen career that began at four

The famous family—Mrs. Geo. Belzer and her daughters—left, Polly Ann; center, Sally Blane; standing, Loretta

Do You Know—

What name Loretta Young was christened?
Whether she is older than her sisters, Polly Ann and Sally Blane?
Which of the three are married?
What is their mother's name?
How old were these girls when they first entered films?
Who is Georgina Belzer and what is her relation to them?
What famous dancer once "adopted" Loretta?
Loretta's mother gives the answers to these questions in this article.

The first time Loretta and Polly Ann appeared together in a film was in "The White Parade"

Loretta, when a child, lived for six months with the glamorous Mae Murray (right)

Little Georgina, the fourth sister anticipates a movie career, too

Her small brood of daughters got into pictures almost by accident. Their uncle was a production executive at a major studio. Neither Mrs. Young nor her little girls ever connected the fact with their own contented lives, until the uncle telephoned an appeal one day. They were filming a schoolroom scene; and they'd just had word that three of the children were down with chickenpox. He'd just realized that the Young girls were exactly the right age and size. Would their mother rush them right over, please?

Mrs. Young rushed. It seemed the only thing to do at the time, to get her brother-in-law out of a dilemma. It didn't occur to her that the girls would ever become actresses, even when they continued to get little parts at the studio.

Gretchen had been four then. She was playing mud pies when summoned for her first screen test. When it was time for her to go to the convent, the Ramona Convent in Alhambra, California, her mother never hesitated. Of course Gretchen must go to school, brokenhearted though she was to give up play-acting.

"I never thought they would ever go back to the movies," Mrs Belzer remembers. "If I had, well, I don't know. One never realizes how things are going to turn out.

"And of course we didn't take it seriously. I never guessed Gretchen would be a star. Somehow, that just didn't occur to anyone, that she'd really be a star."

That, of course, may be one reason for Loretta's success. It is certainly one of the main reasons why the Young girls, in spite of Hollywood and success, remain smiling, normal, happy young people. They are devoted to each other, as well as to their mother, and are intensely interested in each other's lives and careers. There is no professional jealousy, and no family bickering.

"Why, they're sisters," Mrs. Belzer will tell you. "Of course they get along. They just can't see enough of each other. They always have so much to tell and talk about. Why, I just can't imagine sisters quarreling."

Gretchen in some ways has not changed since her mother picked her name out of a newspaper. Her eyes are still light bright blue, and her hair fair, and curling. She has not lost that brisk decisiveness which, even in infancy, was one of her chief characteristics. When Loretta Young makes up her mind to do a thing, big or little, vital or trivial, she does it. Determination was the motivating force behind her first adventure.

She was two and a half years old then, and just as stubborn about getting her own way. Her mother had left the three children with another woman, while she went shopping in town. They lived in Salt Lake City then, where Loretta was born on January 6, twenty-five years ago. Her mother had walked two blocks, crossed traffic and boarded a street car when she heard Gretchen piping behind her, "I'm going too, Mama." That is one of the few times Gretchen hasn't won out. All she got was a spanking.

She was four years old when Theodore Roberts, a noted character actor of the day, told her mother that she had a genius on her hands. If Mrs. Belzer agrees, she is careful not to admit it. She treats Gretchen as she always has, as a companionable daughter. There is no talk of genius about the Belzer household.

Fanny Ward, as well as old Mr. Roberts,

(Continued on page 70)

Allan Jones Sings To Fame

Welsh ancestors gave him his golden voice but hard work did the rest

by VIRGINIA T. LANE

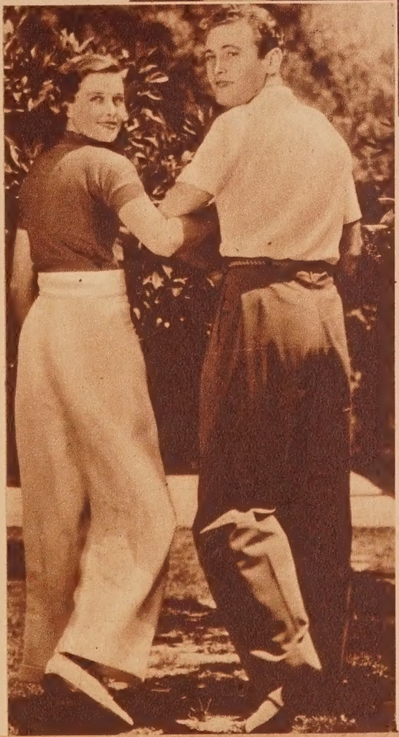
I'LL get Mr. Jones for you now," offered the cop. And presently Allan Jones, new star of the hour, came swinging over the bridge in very tight leather breeches and a wide sash. One of the youngsters (brought with the others from Los Angeles' Mexican quarter) cried out to him, "'ello, Don Diego!"

Don Diego — his character name in "The Firefly." "And playing the part is the biggest opportunity I've ever had," he said simply. "I either rise or fall as *Don Diego Jones.*"

There is not an affected pose in him. He's as real as the earth—and as gentle. The gentleness that comes of strength, and a knowledge of suffering and struggle. It was clear what Irene Hervey had meant when she said that New Year's Eve of 1936, "I've just met a man with the kindest brown eyes in the world!" Six months later she married him.

Jones—there are a million of them in the directories. But only one Daniel H. who was a slate picker in the coal mines of Wales when he was eight years old. Who finally came to Scranton, Pa. and had a son named Allan. Digging in the mines all day, finding release in music with his family at night. He was the first to give his son vocal lessons. Before Allan was nine he was leading boy soprano in St. Luke's Episcopal Church. He had one ambition—a musical career. And the way of the Welsh in getting it, which is direct through the shortest cut. First, you earned the money for an education in music. What did it matter if you spent all your free time from school in the black depths of the earth swinging a pick too heavy for you—at fifteen cents an hour? What did it matter if you went on double shift during

(Continued on page 72)



Allan Jones, who raised his voice and the world listened, has this quiet bower of refuge with his pretty wife, Irene Hervey

ALLAN JONES' weakness is—horses. He got a terrific thrill out of "The Firefly," where he plays a singing Mexican Don on a white Arabian stallion

For every way you rank the stars there is a definite "Number One"

Who's Tops In

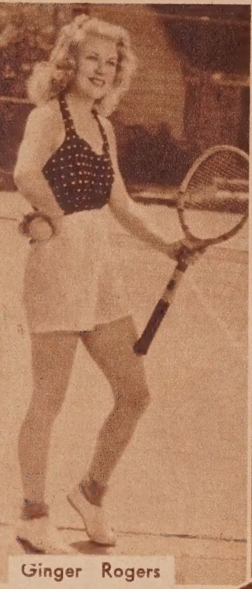
by BEN

WHO are "the bests" in Hollywood right now? Nowhere does time march on more dramatically than in the film world. Many a well-known name is really no longer to the fore. There's a brand-new listing in effect practically every month. No matter what classification you make, you will be pretty certain to uncover some admitted leadership. This leadership may be in the field of beauty, of popularity or of income. There are dozens of possible combinations and anyone of them is likely to reveal a surprise.

The following are unquestionably the *firsts,* today, according to the most trustworthy advice confidentially given.

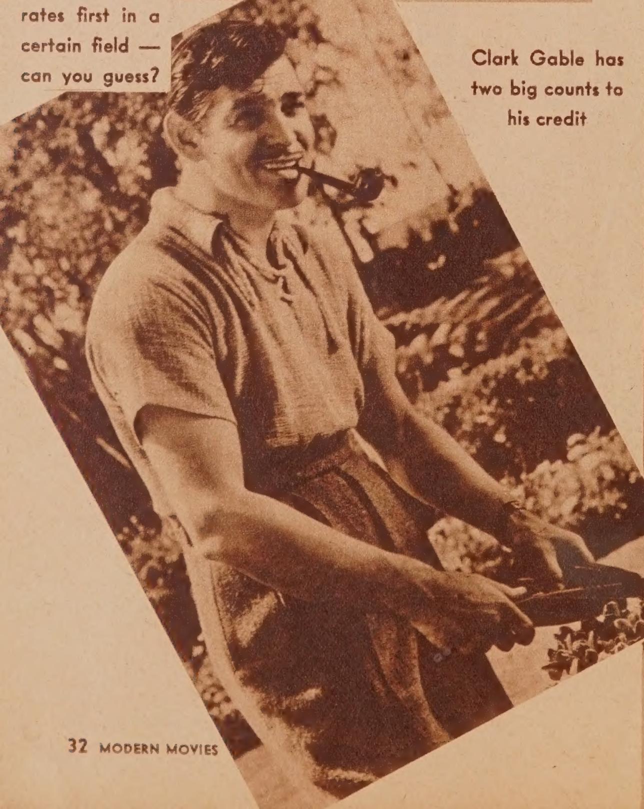
Clark Gable and Shirley Temple are the most popular stars. They are king and queen of the cinema, luring more paying patrons than any other single actor or actress. (If Shirley were only a boy, Joan Crawford could reign as the top feminine favorite!)

Ronald Colman and Greta Garbo are the highest paid per role, because years of constant clicking have proved their steady box-office draw and given them prestige value. For a notion of what they garner for playing a part, triple the President's salary.



Ginger Rogers rates first in a certain field — can you guess?

— while Shirley Temple heads two lists



Clark Gable has two big counts to his credit

Joan Crawford ha
peculiar distincti
that every woman
the whole wide wo
envies. Do you kn
what it is?

Hollywood NOW?

MADDOX

Shirley Temple earns the most money. Shirley rates a large salary, her mother is paid for supervising her activities; but a far greater sum is collected in royalties on the dolls and dresses to which she lends her name.

Charlie Chaplin and Marion Davies are the richest stars. While there are many who are receiving imposing paychecks, it takes years of regular wealth and exceptional financial sagacity to accumulate a fortune.

Harold Lloyd and Norma Shearer own the most real property. No stock market slickers ever plundered them. They've bought more real estate than any other players, their investments being mostly right in Los Angeles.

Harold Lloyd and Marion Davies possess the most lavish homes. The elaborate mansion of the comedian in its choice Beverly acres has every luxury. Marion's elegant Colonial residence on the Santa Monica sands is a model of magnificence.

Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford cause the most stir, in person. That a super-male is irresistible is evidenced by the commotion whenever Bob looms on a horizon. Mobbed at previews, tracked on Hollywood's streets, he's even stared at by fellow celebrities at social affairs. Joan's

(Continued on page 78)

And Marion Davies?

Robert Taylor enjoys laurels similar to those of Joan Crawford. Give up?

You may guess one of Garbo's big secrets—but the other? In a way it ties her up with Shirley Temple

Women spend fortunes emulating Carole Lombard's claim to fame

Any man can tell you what is Madeleine Carroll's chief claim for attention

"EVERYTHING

Oh, yes, our interviewer has caught the entire gang in their cups. No scandal, please! It's just an old English custom

Ha, a tea blower! Yes, sir, Robert Taylor is cooling his drink

Fair Elissa Landi holds her bite while watching Bob Taylor's table performance. Meantime, Buddy Ebsen is down to his last tin-cup and sandwich

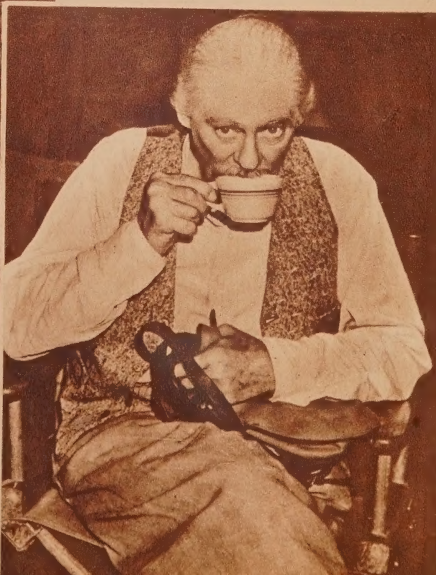
"TEA and crumpets, Jeeves!" So sounds the cry around the lot as cameras cease turning and weary figures pause in the midst of difficult scenes to the lure of the tea wagon and its tempting dainties. Long an old British custom, the art of tea dispensing has at last invaded Hollywood. No longer is such considered a pastime of fashionable idlers, but a necessary factor in the working day of the industry. Continentally speaking, "It sort of buoys one up, you know." And have they taken to it seriously? Well, you just try serving a Green China to a Black Salada addict. The following morning's periodicals will undoubtedly run your obituary notice.

Yes, without question, Hollywood is now a tea fraternity. Not only is it considered fashionable, but demanded. To prove this assertion, let's rove around the lot a bit. I wonder who that chap is in that dressing room over there? Come along, let's find out.

Robert Taylor: Look out, Roberto! Obviously, Bob has picked a hot one. In tea as well as his next picture opposite Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1938." He's quite handsome, isn't he? And seemingly good natured. Oh me, oh my! Why wasn't I born a brunette with a Grecian countenance?

Elissa Landi: Let's tarry here awhile and look around the sound stage. Why, there's Elissa Landi, a recent convert to M-G-M. She seems pleased with her tea. Yes, in fact pleasantly surprised. But no, alas and alack, it's Bob Taylor she's looking at.

Buddy Ebsen: Good Heavens! Who's this homely blighter? However, I don't think he'll bite. Let's try a moment with him . . . Pardon me, is that tea you're drinking? Really? You sort of "go in for it in a large way" as you Americans put it. Aren't you the famous Bull Montana? No?



Lionel Barrymore didn't have time to drop that strap ere he found a "drink" in his hand

STOPS FOR TEA"

By
BERT
LOUNSBURY
R. S. V. P.

No tea, please! Chicken broth for Jeanette MacDonald

Buddy Ebsen, the dancer? Pardon me. A slight error on my part. And what's your coming picture? "Broadway Melody of 1938." Sounds interesting. You're starring of course? No? That young lady standing over there by the table. Eleanor Powell? My word! She's most attractive, isn't she? Excuse me, Mr. Epstein. I'll go and have a chat with her . . .

Eleanor Powell: Good afternoon, Miss Powell, Bert Lounsbury's the name. Mind if we chat a moment? Thank you. Pardon my questioning, but that strange looking object you're immersing in your tea. What is it? A doughnut? Oh yes. I remember now. One of your countrymen in London told me never to eat one. He said it was nothing more than a large hole surrounded by a lot of indigestion. Aren't you taking unnecessary chances? . . . My word! Look! A rebel! Where? That chap over there drinking something from a bottle. That's Clark Gable? I don't care if he's Moses. He's still a bounder, if you ask me. Deserting our cause. This demands an investigation. Excuse me . . .

Clark Gable: Mr. Gable, are you a sportsman? You pride yourself on being such? Then kindly explain your deserting the ranks of "King Tea" for a bourgeois orangeade. You've already had tea? I say, I have botched things. Forgive me, old man. I was actually calling you a rebel. But I know that you'll understand.

Allan Jones: Pardon me, but might we visit? Oh of course, I forgot to explain. I mean, my friends the fans who read the magazine I represent. Am I English? Afraid so, old chap. Born in London, you know. Tell me, aren't you Allan Jones, the chap who's co-starring with that delectable piece of femininity, Jeanette MacDonald? The same?

(Continued on page 73)

It's orange juice and a straw and a bottle for Clark Gable. Backing California's products, eh?

Dunking the doughnut is Eleanor Powell's delight. And what a doughnut! Allan Jones follows the dainty routine of sip and nibble

Mrs. Deeds Goes

What Jean Arthur is like in private life and what she

A "close-up" in more ways than one for Jean and Ray Milland in "Easy Living"

"A visit to New York," says Jean, "is only an excuse to indulge in a luxurious wardrobe"

by RADIE HARRIS

IN "Stage Door," the play which George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber wrote and Margaret Sullavan popularized until motherhood terminated its Broadway run, the following dialogue took place:

"When you walk into an office, the average manager doesn't see anything there. You might be the little girl who's come to deliver the costumes. They wouldn't see that spark. If Elizabeth Bergner walked in on them unknown—or Helen Hayes—what would they see? Little anaemic wisps that look as if they could do with a sandwich and a glass of milk. But put them on the stage or screen and it's as if you had lighted a thousand incandescent bulbs behind their eyes. That's talent—that's acting . . . "

And that's Jean Arthur!

Recently, I had occasion to have this fact struck forcibly home to me. I had just seen the preview of "History Is Made At Night." I had watched Jean's shadow self flit across the screen—as flip as a Jack Benny wisecrack—as sparkling as a champagne fizz—as modern as tomorrow's headlines. I had applauded the delicate nuances of her characterization — the dramatic fire — the tender in-

To Town, Too—

does in New York City and at Hollywood Parties

"A thousand incandescent bulbs behind her eyes . . . that's Jean Arthur!"

That miracle worker, the camera, transforms Jean from a shy girl to an exciting personality

timacy of her love scenes—the unstudied nonchalance of her poise and sophistication. Here, in the dark recesses of a movie theatre, she was the ultimate in box office appeal.

And then, the following day I lunched with her. Like a lap dissolve, yesterday's vision disappeared and in her place was a completely different personality. Seated opposite me was a young girl who, without "lights, camera, action," might have been your next door neighbor in Forrest Hills or New Rochelle.

Off the screen, Jean Arthur *is* natural. On the screen, she *acts* natural. Every movement, every gesture before the camera, is a projection of another person—a second self that suddenly descends on her and transforms her from a shy, reserved, ordinary person, into a brilliant, translucent, exciting actress.

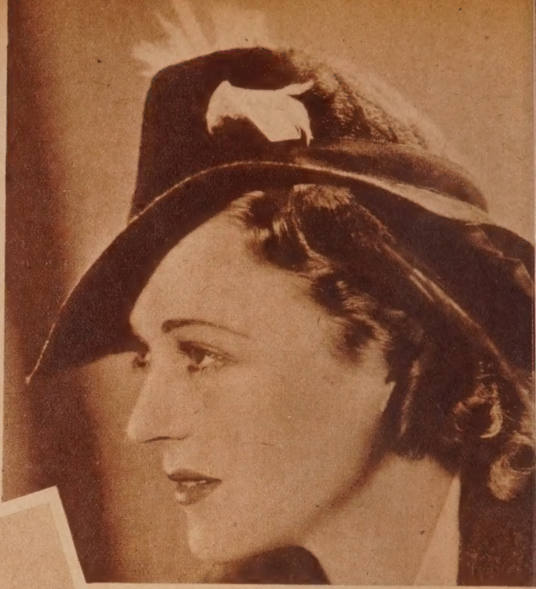
I've known Jean for nine years, ever since she made her first picture at Paramount—a little girl with two pigtails, playing Emil Janning's daughter in "Sins of the Father."

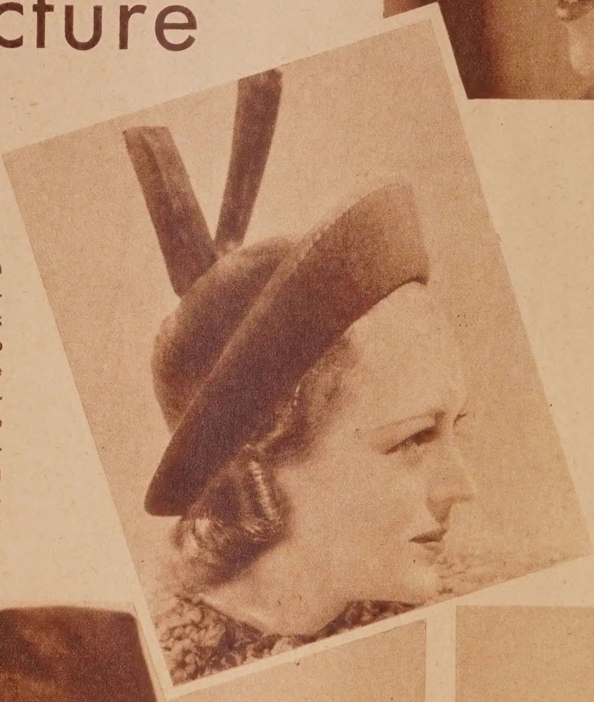
I remember how shy she was as she greeted me in her small dressing room on the second floor — "on the wrong side of the tracks"—far removed from

(Continued on page 73)

It never occurred to Jean Arthur there was but one way to get a reservation in a New York night club. You'll find the story in this article.

HEAD FIRST into a New Fashion Picture

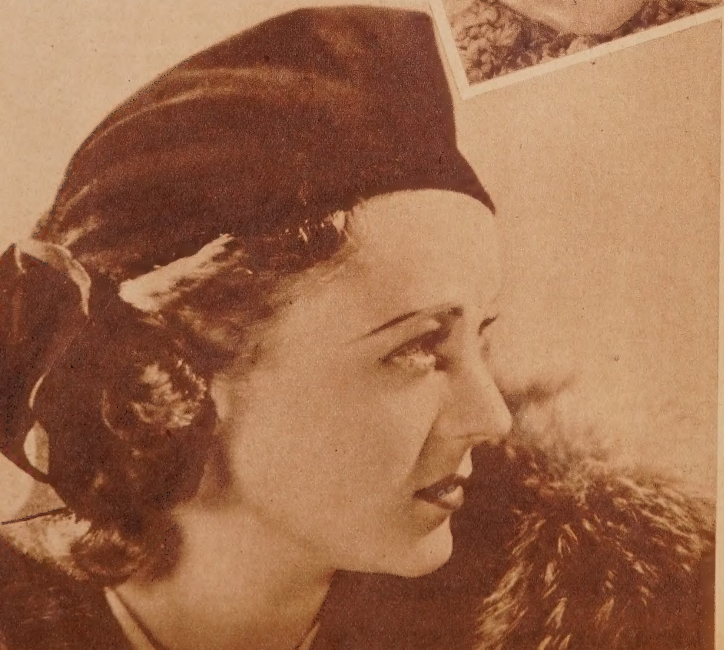


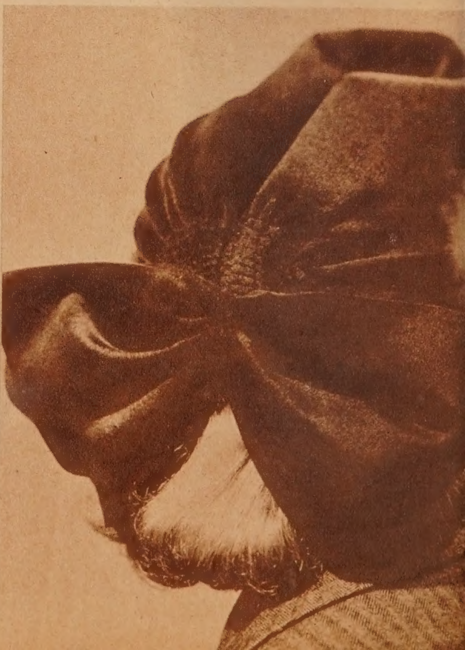


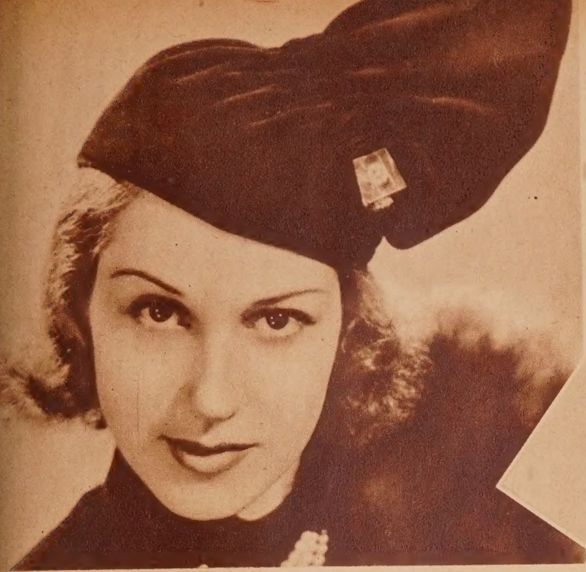
Below: Sally Eilers, in "We Have Our Moments," wears a new black velour hat designed to complement her "page boy" coiffure. It is an exaggerated Scotch cap with front peak and a flattering back line featuring fly-away bows of the material. Two views of this charming hat are shown

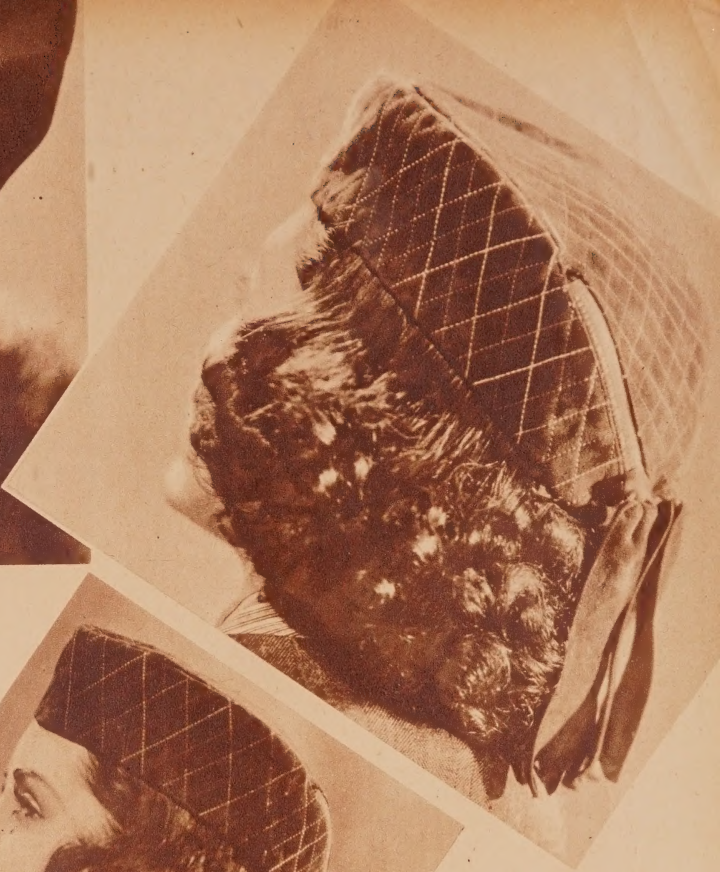
Above: High crowned, brim tilted to the side and forward — here's the picture of a new sports hat for your Fall tweeds. This model of Sally Eiler's has a design in dark brown stenciled on a lighter toned felt of the same shade. An eagle's feather is drawn through crown and brim

Left: Sally goes naive in a school-girl—looking black felt hat with turned back brim. Two bands of wired grosgrain trim the hat in a quill effect at back

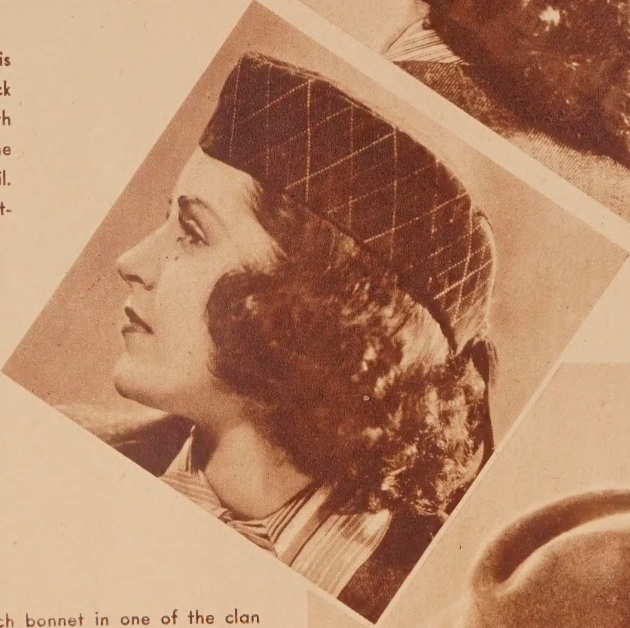




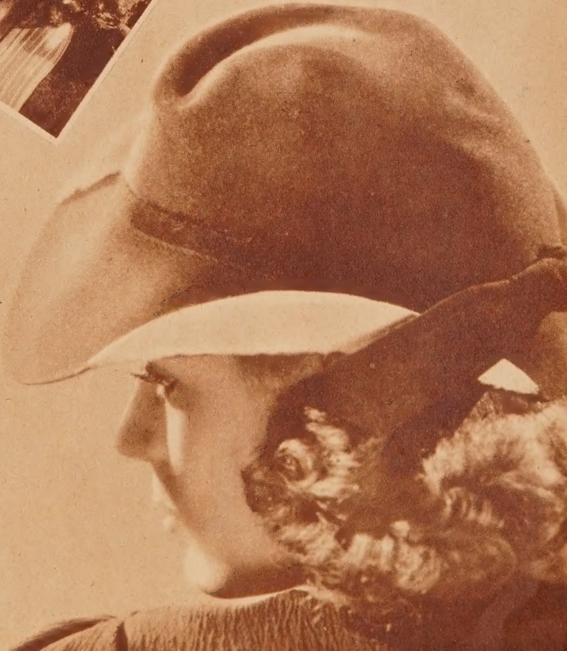




Above: Entirely new feeling is the one-sided drape of this black velvet turban worn by Judith Barrett. A crystal and rhinestone pin is the sole trimming detail. You will note that the crown itself is not particularly high.



Above: A Scotch bonnet in one of the clan plaid greens for a first Fall hat worn by Kay Hughes of "Radio Patrol." Kay's pert topper is suede stitched in plaid effect of orange, light green and blue. Twin zippers at back make a unique trimming and are in the blue and green of the stitching



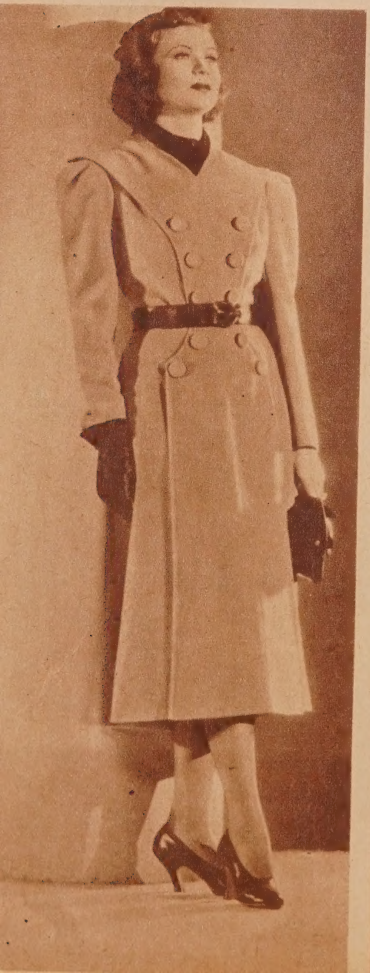
Right: Marine blue felt with white feathers—what a perfect color scheme for a blonde lass like Jean Rogers! Jean's felt, as seen from the side, has the forward jut to the brim, a characteristic of many new sports hats

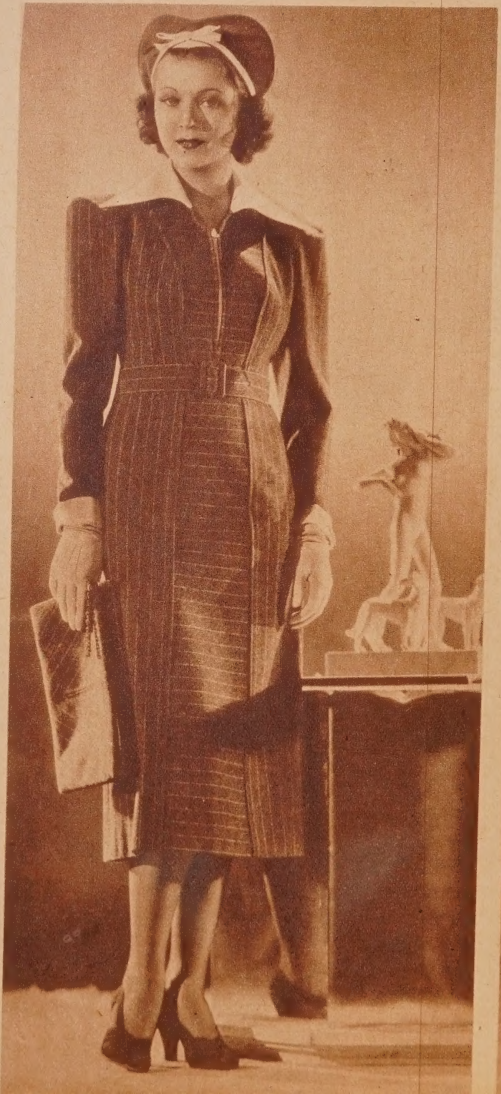
HOLLYWOOD POINTERS For YOUR FALL

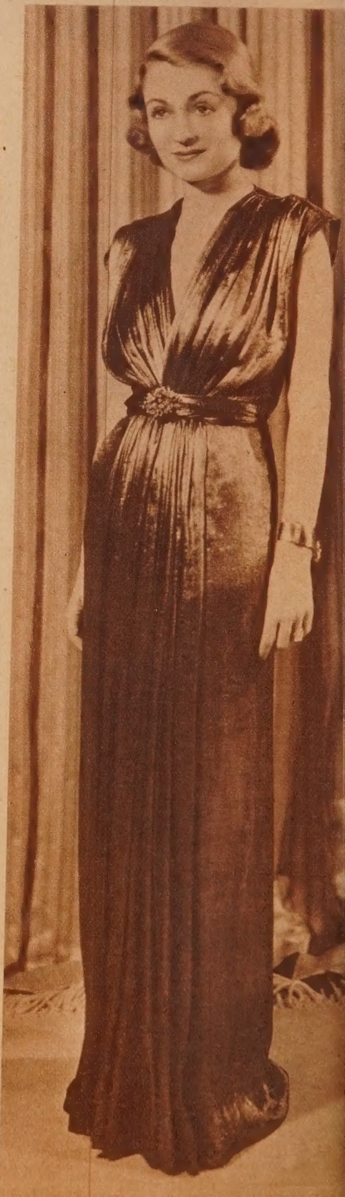
Duvetyn, that almost velvety woolen, stages a comeback this Fall. You see it cleverly designed into a beige collarless coat which Harriet Hilliard wears in "New Faces of 1937." A double-breasted effect worked out in a full length panel is unique. And from her tiny suede calot cap to her pumps, Harriet uses one of the new red-browns for accent

As tailored as a schoolboy's suit is this first Fall daytime dress worn by Harriet Hilliard. There's not an extra do-dad to mar its simplicity. Pin striped grey woolen is used two ways to make an interesting design for the dress and runs in diagonal effect on her large matching bag. Hat and shoes are of the dark grey, suede gloves in a lighter shade

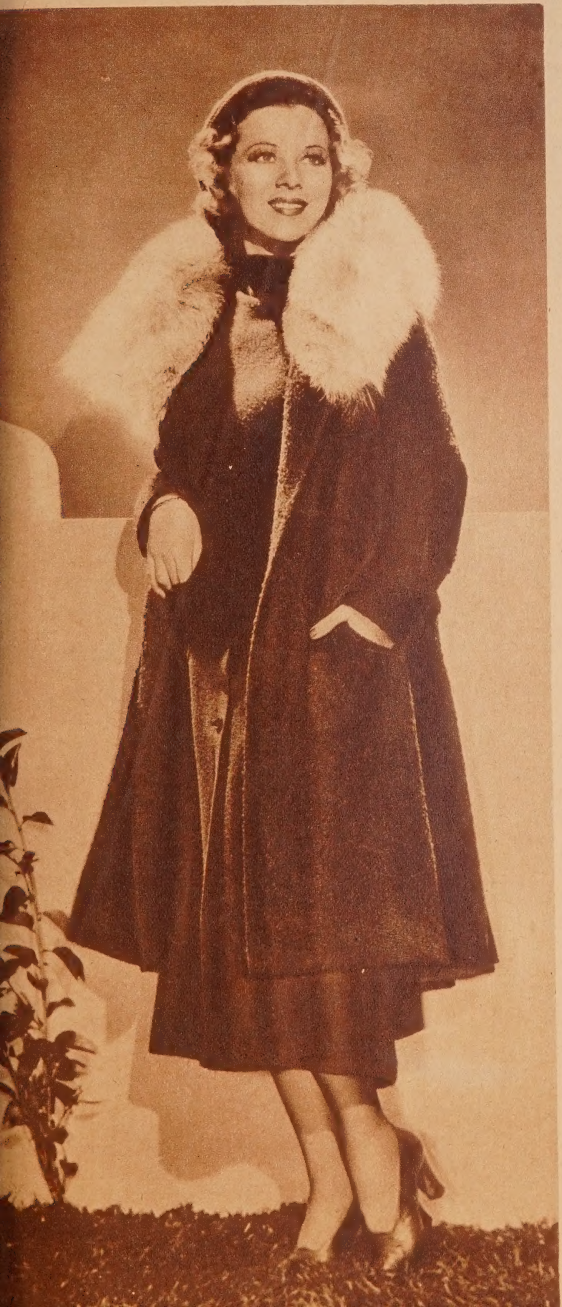
Slender as a pencil and softly draped, that's a new evening silhouette you'll be wearing. Constance Bennett shows you how flattering it is when done in rich gold metal cloth, unadorned but for a gold pin and bracelet. Not so suitable, of course, for the muscular, athletic girl or the woman of generous proportions, as it is built for slimness

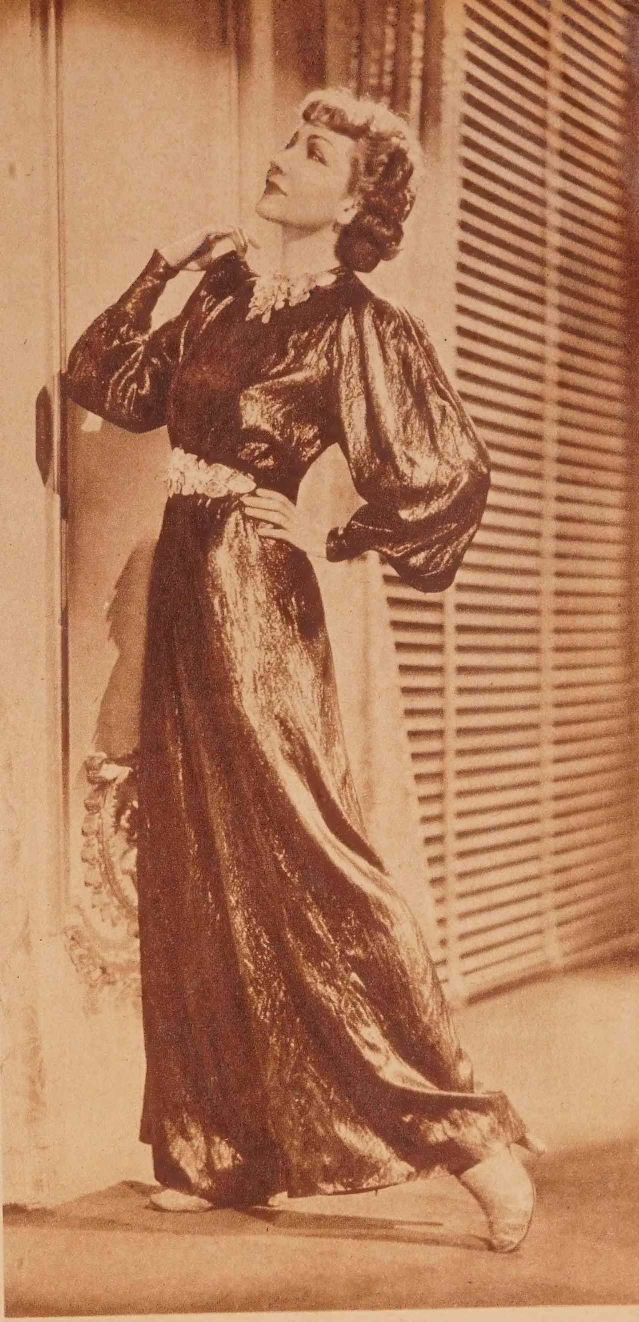






SHOPPING





Formal pajamas for "at home" evenings is the smart choice of Claudette Colbert. So full are the trousers that they masquerade as a skirt. Gold kid flowers pick up the golden glint in the dark metal cloth. Those tricky shoes are gold kid mesh

Football forecast: smart rooters in the stadium will be wearing Glenda Farrell's brown tweed ensemble . . . or one like it! A high-necked sweater and tweed skirt in rust brown, topped by a flared back, nubby tweed coat in a shade darker is Glenda's new color scheme. Her knit cap and shoes match the skirt and sweater in tone and that lynx collar gives the perfect contrast to the two browns

The hero of the air is going into pictures, and how all the ladies love him!

by

FRANK CUNNINGHAM

Charlie McCarthy and Eddie Bergen as they speak to a listening world every Sunday night

"AH me, ah me, do you think Mr. Goldwyn would like a lemonade, Mr. Cunningham? You are Mr. Cunningham, are you not?"

"Oh yes, I'm Mr. Cunningham, Charlie McCarthy," I answered.

My questioner was a dapper young man in tails, a high hat, and with a red carnation in his lapel. True, his hat was a bit battered, like an extra girl at the proverbial party, but Charlie McCarthy from monocle to his specially made patent leather shoes was a gentleman.

Charlie, whose invitations to have lemonade are famous in Hollywood, continued to speak: "Even if I'm only a couple of feet tall, the girls in the movies say I have personality. The beautiful girls, how I love them, Mr. Bergen."

Eddie Bergen, sky rocket hit of radio and soon to be featured in the motion picture extravaganza "Goldwyn Follies," laughed. "Yes, Charlie," he said, "the girls all like you. Remember how Carole Lombard 'went for you' on the broadcast?"

"'Tis true, 'tis true, I am indeed the best man in Hollywood." Charlie looked up at Eddie and smiled contentedly.

Charlie McCarthy, the world's most famous dummy and Eddie Bergen, the Northwestern University ventriloquist who is Charlie's voice, and the author were seated in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. Charlie and Eddie were filling an engagement at this popular play place of the stars, and the society smart set.

"Charlie," said Mr. Bergen, "you shouldn't read Mr. Cunningham's notes. That's not nice."

The little fellow glared at me. "So I'm full of termites am I? Termites! You said that, you who should use redwood for a nose!"

Mr. Bergen smiled apologetically to me. "Charlie's a bit mixed up, Frank," he explained. "Charlie thinks you are W. C. Fields. The comedian and Charlie are having a feud. They're given to insulting each other."

Charlie looked up at me. "Ah me, I'm sorry, Mr. Cunningham, I did err. But why can't my interviewers be like Ann Harding or Dorothy Lamour? And, come to think of it, Mr. Cunningham, you're no Don Ameche, either."

"Be quiet, Charlie, or I won't let you have any more pictures of W. C. Fields to tear up." Eddie turned back to me. "That ought to hold him for a while. Really, Charlie's a great guy, though, and don't take his kidding to heart."

"You and Charlie are swell pals, aren't you, Eddie?" I asked as I bummed one of the performer's cigarettes. (It must be nice to be on a big sponsored radio program and be a star in a Goldwyn picture. Imagine having enough money to buy cigarettes in packages!)

"Yes, we are pals," Eddie answered. "Want me to tell you when I first met Charlie?"

"Sure thing."

"Well, it was almost eighteen years ago. When I first saw Charlie McCarthy he was nothing but a log of white pine and —"

"But with no termites please, Mr. Bergen," Charlie interrupted.

Eddie smiled at Charlie. "Yes, with no termites. He was in a work shop of a wood craftsman named Charlie Mack. As I had asked Mr. Mack to make me a dummy for my ventriloquist stunts, the white pine was soon shaped into the fellow you see sitting between us."

The unstoppable Charlie looked at Eddie with a bit of anxiety. "Mr. Bergen," he said, "you aren't going to tell him about my childhood?"

"Yes, Charlie, I am," Bergen responded. "Frankly, Charlie wasn't the top-hatted smoothie he is now. I had been doing some cartooning along with my voice work and one day I drew a poor Irish newsboy. Somehow the character struck me as amusing and—well I decided that I wanted a dummy character like that.

"So when my dummy was finished, I dressed him in an urchin's rags and named him Charlie McCarthy. He was a sassy little fellow even then and—"

"And I sold more papers on the vaudeville circuit than anybody else, you must remember, Mr. Bergen." Charlie wanted to make sure he wasn't being libeled.

"Yes, Charlie, you were a good salesman—for Eddie Bergen." Eddie winked at me. "The lad knows he's good. He doesn't remember the time we got all of three dollars for a vaudeville date in a Chicago surburb."

"Don't forget the quarter tip we got from the manager,"

THE HOLLYWOOD *IT* BOY —CHARLIE McCARTHY

At the broadcasting studio: W. C. Fields, Dorothy Lamour, Carole Lombard, Don Ameche, Charlie himself, and Eddie Bergen. Below: This is how Charlie travels

Charlie McCarthy suggested. "It helped pay our board bill."

Eddie laughed, "That's right, Charlie, the manager did give us a bonus for the five shows we did. Twenty-five cents. But, I assure you, Frank, that's the only time in show business I got more money than called for in my contract."

ABOUT this time Charlie's alert eye caught sight of some beautiful girls headed for the Ambassador pool. Nothing would do but Eddie had to take him over to meet the girls. While the team was gone I looked over the notes that Eddie had given me previously.

Eddie (he told me) is a Chicago boy born shortly after the turn of the century. I think it was around 1903. While we are on figures he's five eight in height, weighs about 140 and is single. His ventriloquism, or voice "diffusion," as he calls it, came about accidently.

Always a mimic, Eddie one day played a joke on his mother, who was baking in the kitchen. He knocked on the kitchen table and said in a muffled voice, "may I enter, madam." The voice seemed to come from the door. His mother opened the door.

Mrs. Bergen became a bit annoyed when the stunt was repeated several times and, after voices started coming out of the stove, she discovered what was wrong.

After that Eddie did his practicing in his room and eventually he got good enough to use his skill in almost disrupting the classroom at school. Eddie could answer present for everybody and, when an oral examination came around, the only pupil who had to know the answers was Eddie. He could reply for the whole class.

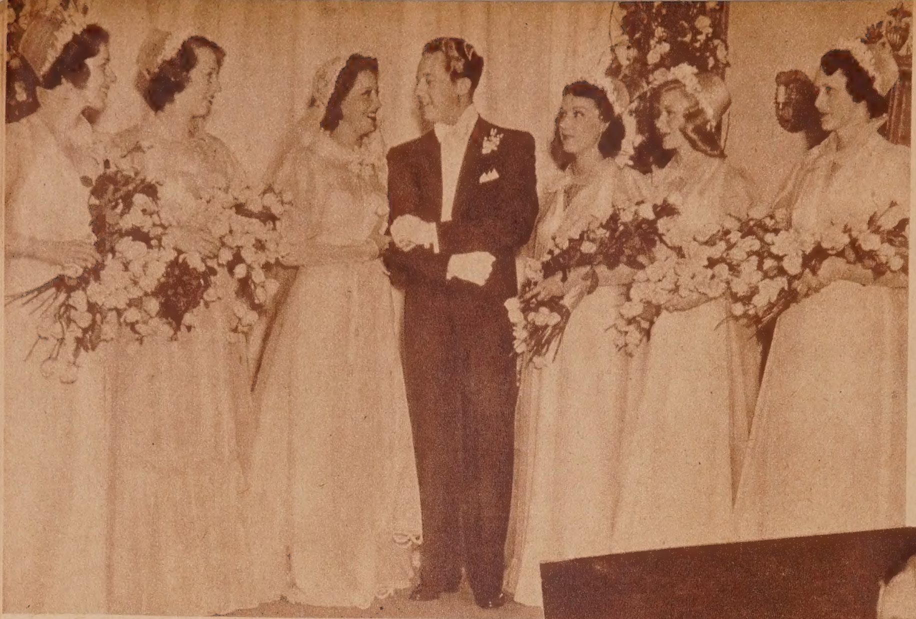
Later Ed attended Northwestern University where he was graduated around the middle nineteen twenties. Delta Upsilon fraternity brothers tell that Eddie was a great help to them in classes where the professor was a bit near-sighted.

I hope I haven't near-slighted anyone on the Evanston campus by implying that a member of the faculty was near-sighted.

Bergen's ability as a ventriloquist was a great asset in school

(Continued on page 82)

JEANETTE



It happened June 16. Left to right: Helen Ferguson, Mrs. Warren Rock (Jeanette's sister), bride and groom, Fay Wray, Ginger Rogers, Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown

Only ten days later these anticipatory smiles of Charles (Buddy) Rogers and Mary Pickford were realized when they, too, said "I do"

Anita Louise, very representative of the up-and-coming Hollywood generation with her mother and Henry Wilson

The dash from the church to the waiting limousine — the crowd couldn't stop them

AND GENE

After it was all over—Mr. and Mrs. Raymond at the reception in their home

Irene Dunne, whose beautiful gown and winning smile the photographer could not resist

The Dame from London

An elderly English actress adjusts herself to Hollywood's mad tempo

by WILLIAM K. GIBBS

Dame Whitty made her screen debut by being "murdered" in "Night Must Fall." She has another eerie role in "The Thirteenth Chair"

THERE are a lot of "dames" in Hollywood, but only one Dame. She's been a star of the British stage for more than half a century and she made her talking picture debut at the age of seventy-two, which is the height of something or other in motion pictures.

She didn't seek out the screen, the films sought her. Since January she has three film roles to her credit (that should be a capital C) and she has no illusions about the cinema. She thinks she should spend her life on the stage. Imagine that idea clinging to a woman who is seventy-two!

Dame: "A woman of high social position, rank or culture; a lady;" also, a specific title conferred upon women in England for distinguished service

May Whitty has been a name to conjure with ever since she tried to be a dancing fairy without rehearsal way back in 1881. The audience laughed at her because she was none too graceful, and her own grandfather never quite got over laughing at the memory of her first stage appearance when she was just short of sixteen.

Being "killed" nine times a week for fourteen months in London and two months in New York, made her such an integral part of the stage version of "Night Must Fall," that she virtually went with the play when they began filming it as a starring vehicle for Robert Montgomery—a screen opus that took the cocktail shaker out of Bob's hand and made him a murderer.

Maybe you should know why she is called Dame May Whitty. She earned the title, she says, "for being a pacifist in war time." To talk with her you quickly feel that this kindly, generous and understanding "little old lady" couldn't be anything but a pacifist. During the war she forsook the stage to help those who came back from the front. She raised $1,250,000 in nine months for the Star and Garter Hospital at Richmond, England, for wounded soldiers, and she did this without deductions from the fund for any expenses. As a tribute to her for this estimable work, King George V made her Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire. She was the first actress so honored and one of the few women ever to receive the title.

Dame May says her worst case of stage fright occurred during rehearsal of the ceremony at which the King was to present the decorations to the first Dames so honored.

Before Dame May had completed "Night Must Fall," the studio started her in "The Thirteenth Chair," and she began to think working for pictures was like a sweat shop compared with the stage.

"Nine performances a week on the stage always gave me much free time," said Dame May, "but pictures took all my days and interfered with my seeing shows, which is a great hobby with me. Of course, I could go to shows evenings, but after you've been doing a thing one way for fifty years or more, it becomes almost a habit, and my show-going always has been in the afternoons."

Even if Dame May does think she should "devote her life" to the stage, officials of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, as well as many fans who have seen her in "Night Must Fall," visualize May Whitty in heart-warming roles like those Marie Dressler played. She's versatile and those who work with her are high in praise of her ability, which, to a man, is described as inspiring.

"I came to Hollywood thinking I was to do only one picture," said Dame May, "and

(Continued on page 75)

The Dancer from Vienna

Tilly Losch brightens our films with her European art

by ROBERT ARNOLD

Has been on her toes since infancy—Tilly Losch, international prima ballerina

TILLY and Max may be just a couple of colored comics to you now, but wait just a sentence and draw yourself up another angle.

Tilly is Tilly Losch, the Viennese ballet dancer who has twirled and tour jetéed before so many European titles that to name them all would start everybody, graceful or not, going around in circles.

Max is the famous Herr Reinhardt, who sent Tilly across the Atlantic into a new shade of limelight, the bright white of Broadway's musical comedies, which eventually led to the more subdued, screened glow of Hollywood's motion pictures, first as the sensuous dancer in "Garden of Allah," and then as the sing-song girl, Lotus, in "Good Earth," and from there into a long term contract.

Tilly was afraid to come to America. Our idioms, skyscrapers, rush and bustle, and Chicago bang-bang stories frightened the prima ballerina. Each day on the boat brought her a new cargo of doubt and dread.

But she didn't know what great little handshakers we Americans are. In true Yankee style Broadway gave her a Lindbergh-like reception, praising her in raving reams of publicity before anyone in the country had seen her dance! "Why, it was like the morning after a theatrical first night," gasps Tilly. "It was something new to get publicity without doing anything, and it made me determined to earn it."

She did just that in her dance arrangements and solos in a stage performance of "Midsummer Night's Dream," not the screen version for which Reinhardt had imported her, and later in "Wake Up and Dream," "The Gang's All Here," a Connelly concoction, and with Fred and Adele Astaire in "The Band Wagon"—all stage productions. In between shows Tilly commuted to London for several plays, including Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet."

TILLY LOSCH'S FAVORITE

People: Fred and Adele Astaire
Peeve: Having her name spelled "Tillie"
Place: Hollywood

By the time Tilly met Mr. Coward, she was as proud of her English as a dowager with her first diamond. But the shine wore off quite suddenly when the sophisticated Noel poured forth a swift stream of excited expletives that lasted longer than the luncheon where they met. She doesn't know yet what he talked about, but an occasional "Yes, yes" fooled him into thinking she did.

Tilly's life story is as dramatic as a boy's dream of the West. The only reason she happens to have a Hollywood address now is that a Vienna revolution started up between her house and the Vienna Opera House while she was on her way to sign up as prima ballerina, and though it broke her heart to give up her life ambition because of bullets, this left her signature free for Reinhardt's contract. When chosen some time later for the portrayal of the Nun in "The Miracle," she felt the answer to her life's dream had come.

Once upon a time Tilly was a tutored little six-year-old who danced when she

(Continued on page 77)

Seven

You'll find them in a little white schoolhouse in Hollywood and their intelligence quotient is the highest in the world

by A. LILLIAN GAFFNEY

All fought out? Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew, two geniuses of the little white schoolhouse, call it a draw

THE buzzer buzzed! A door opened and I was led through the winding streets of a magic city to the little white schoolhouse. The schoolhouse was a small, old-fashioned structure, much like the insignificant white buildings that dot the rural districts of America.

But somehow, it was different. Mighty magic was in the air, for on the way to the school one views bits of Europe, Asia, Africa—all the world, in fact, in those few brief moments of approach. It is all there—that set-built world, ready to be released through the camera to strips of film for people everywhere to view.

There was no special material grandeur in that little schoolhouse. In fact, it was very simple. There were just a few ordinary desks and the usual school-room furniture. Here some of the most famous children in the world are taught. It is the M-G-M studio school.

The class had been dismissed, so Miss Mary McDonald, the teacher, was free to talk. She understands her charges perfectly.

"They are normal children in everything," she says, "except, of course, they are exceptionally gifted. Each has an added something that the average child does not possess."

This richness varies of course with the individual child. Perhaps the most outstanding of the "greats" is little Freddie Bartholomew. Freddie is the true genius. He compels a movie audience to feel with his feelings. He helps them to sympathize with his own ability to depict sympathy. He forces them to rise to the heights of occasion, when he rises to that occasion himself. One forgets completely that it is a role he is playing when Freddie steps into a scene.

Mickey Rooney is another of Miss McDonald's star pupils. He is a little more ebullient than Freddie, with perhaps a greater inborn "pep" and dash. His is a different talent than Freddie's, but no mind is keener or quicker. He has a true sense of dramatic values. Such dissimilar performances as that of Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and the young seaman in "Captains Courageous" illustrate this. Mickey in his moments of recreation likes to stand on his head, and has many of the happy, healthy boyish motives that might classify him as the Tom Sawyer type.

Other pupils are John Arlington, Suzanne (that's all the name she has, for public purposes, anyway), Betty Jaynes, Juanita Quigley and Judy Garland. Judy, in particular, deserves special mention. That famous trouper, Sophie Tucker, pronounces her "America's next 'red hot mama.'" Judy has a featured role in "Broadway Melody of 1938," which co-stars Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor. Judy is a blues singer.

Little Suzanne also shows remarkable promise. She is a child singer recently discovered in Minneapolis. The studio is a terrific thrill to her, and she loves to attend classes in such distinguished company. Imagine what that would mean to almost any child!

Incidentally, these children rate the highest intelligence quotient of any group in the whole world. Other children strive to mimic talented children. They are living examples to the many. They teach other children the meaning of character. Of loyalty. Of courage, and the rest of the category of finer attributes. Even the little "meanies" play an important role, for the "meanie" helps the average child to know that he or she doesn't want to be like that.

A great responsibility is vested in screen children. A greater social responsibility is vested in the producers of motion pictures. These little play-actors are really more important media of social conduct than either the par-

Teacher Mary McDonald (center) with pupils Suzanne, Betty Jaynes, Judy Garland and John Arlington

Smart Girls and Boys

Pronounced the movies' new "red hot mama," little Judy Garland is a blues singer in "Broadway Melody of 1938"

ent or the teacher. In short, pictures speak louder than words or the rod.

These youngsters are particularly keen on wit. They sparkle with originality and humor. There is never a dull answer to your question. And the answer is always there. There is no quibbling on their part. They have heads and they use them to think with. Acting is a sensitizing business and it makes them mentally alert.

But "all is not gold that glitters" and even these privileged youngsters have their own particular difficulties, in spite of the seeming bed of roses on which they rest their young heads. They must possess and maintain a major degree of stability at all times, else they are soon swallowed up by a cruel world. A world that does not mean to be cruel but unconsciously is.

Being little celebrities they are constantly besieged with invitations. The world thirsts for their presence at parties and social gatherings of all kinds. Other youngsters wait in line hoping for a photograph, or a signature in their little autograph books. They are breathless at the very sight of their "idols."

And so it is that being a screen parent is a "man's size" job. Perhaps one of the biggest jobs any person could have. Next in line to the parent comes the teacher. She must be wise in ways that the ordinary teacher is not. But she can go only so far. The parent must carry on where she leaves off.

Quoting Miss McDonald: "In spite of their well-roundedness, they are still problem children. It is their superiority that makes them a problem and we teachers must be constantly on our toes. We must always be running ahead to keep up with them. They teach us many things. They are quality children and they must be treated as such."

In all other ways they are the same as other children. They are happy and delighted with the same things other children are happy and delighted with. If anything, they have a keener sense of appreciation, for the average child tires quickly. The gifted children do not. They enjoy to the utmost.

Aside from acting, one asks what do they like to do most of all? Well, according to their teacher, the art of play comes next to the art of work. They play as hard and as vigorously as any other child. Take Mickey Rooney, sixteen year old protege. Mickey is extremely active physically. He is an all-round athlete. He is interested in all games. He has his own football team, his own orchestra which he conducts in his spare time.

"No more lessons, no more books"—Mickey cavorts like a carefree colt

But with all these children acting comes first. "They are vitally interested in their own performances," says Miss McDonald. "They view each one with a critical eye. They see each achievement as a ways and means for greater improvement. They resolve then and there to do better next time. They are never completely satisfied with their own work. Oftentimes they *ad lib* if it is more in keeping with themselves. And it frequently happens that they really know themselves better than does the director. Their own lines are more effective than the lines in the script.

"And they learn easily, and take direction well, for they are not the least bit self-conscious or camera shy. Of course much depends on the director. Some directors are able to draw off the overflow, others merely draw out the memorized lines. It is not merely accident that some directors coax a perfect performance from an actor. And children are no different from their elders in this respect."

It is really a struggle for these children to cling to their coveted screen places. There are lines upon lines of others waiting. Life stands by and salutes while they are in the high brackets, but the moment that authority is relinquished, life pushes them aside. They are ignored as though they had never existed. The life of the gifted ones is a life of service. And it is no easy task for the best of them. Their work never ceases.

The Meanest Meanie in Pictures

But in private life Jane Withers is the sweetest little girl you ever knew

by SARAH NORTON

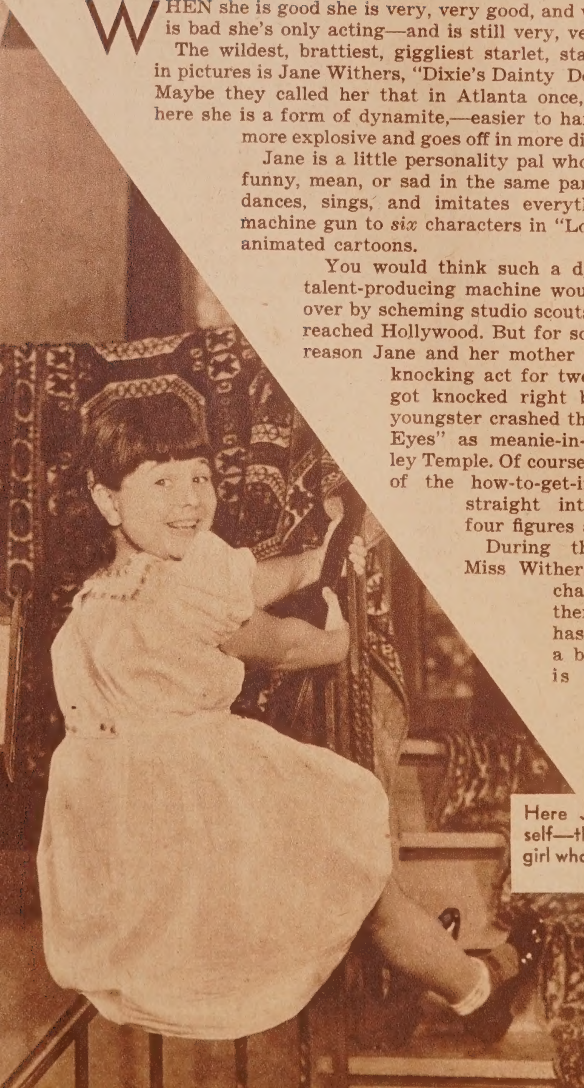
WHEN she is good she is very, very good, and when she is bad she's only acting—and is still very, very good.

The wildest, brattiest, giggliest starlet, star bright in pictures is Jane Withers, "Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop." Maybe they called her that in Atlanta once, but out here she is a form of dynamite,—easier to handle, but more explosive and goes off in more directions.

Jane is a little personality pal who can act funny, mean, or sad in the same paragraph; dances, sings, and imitates everything from a machine gun to *six* characters in "Looney Tunes" animated cartoons.

You would think such a dynamic little talent-producing machine would be fought over by scheming studio scouts the day she reached Hollywood. But for some unsolved reason Jane and her mother did the door knocking act for two years (and got knocked right back) before the youngster crashed through in "Bright Eyes" as meanie-in-waiting to Shirley Temple. Of course that shot her out of the how-to-get-into-movies class straight into the exclusive four figures a week group.

During those two years Miss Withers acted in more charity benefits than there are needy. She has more tricks than a bridge party, and is so tops as a



Here Jane is her true self—the natural little girl who wins everyone's heart

The little imp who makes life miserable for her fellow beings in "Angel's Holiday"

trouper that whenever a benefit performance was scheduled within the area of Southern California, the promoter said, "We'll get Jane Withers to do an act. She always stops the show."

Film executives, stars and critics raved about her, and sometimes a movie big shot promised Jane a screen test, but the promises all turned out to be as vague as the outline of a bride's biscuit.

Once in a while there was a bit part for her, which brought comments but no contracts. In a Paramount short Jane satirized a presidential campaign speaker so well that the country's most authoritative critic for that role, President Roosevelt, wrote her an appreciative letter.

All this trouping was good experience for Jane, but it was nothing new. She has been a fan-catcher since the day she sang "Little Pal" at the age of three and brought down her first house, the Ponce de Leon theatre in Atlanta.

Jane's debut was just as much a triumph for her mother. Objecting parents had kept the grease paint from touching Mrs. Withers' face, and she was determined that her daughter would be figuratively smeared with it. She even named her Jane because it takes so little space on a marquee. After "Little Pal" the tiny tot gave impersonations over the radio—one a week of whichever star was playing at the local theater. She "performed" at all sorts of entertainments. She won more amateur night prizes than there were contests.

She was mascot for Georgia Tech's football team and used their "I'm a Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech" for her theme song.

And then when she was five her mother brought her to Hollywood.

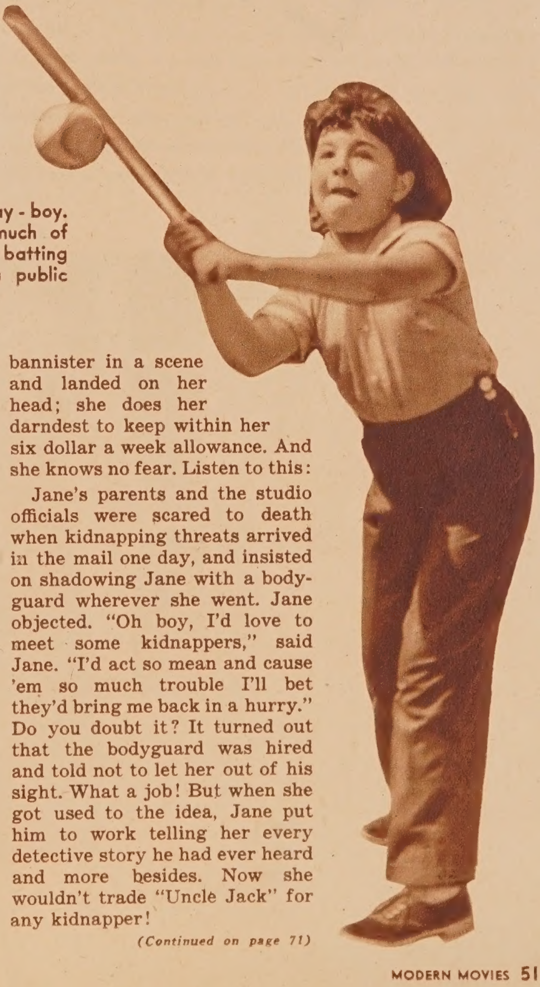
Two scrapbooks full of press notices plus as many letters from Eastern agents to Western agents made less than no impression on hardy casting office dictators. It was during this breaking-in period that Jane made so many public appearances in and around Los Angeles. Like the little Raye of sunshine that she is, she can put a song over with as much ease as the cow jumped over the moon. Jane did everything from entertaining Olympic contestants twice a day to singing with Phil Harris at the Cocoanut Grove.

And then came her test for "Bright Eyes," and Jane imitated, impersonated, danced and sang until the casting directors and scenario writers sitting around got dizzy. They told her to stop. Somebody happened to say something about a machine gun. "You mean like this?" said Jane, and imitated one so perfectly that everyone jumped. "Is there *anything* you can't do?" asked Director David Butler. She got the part and did so well with it that she was soon playing star roles in "Ginger," "Boy, This is the Life" (they called it that because Jane kept saying it all the time during rehearsals), "Paddy O'Day" (she insisted on eating Irish stew so she'd feel Irish inside as well as out), "Little Miss Nobody," "Pepper" and others.

Jane is a sparkly little trouper, off stage and on. She won't let her double double even though she gets paid for it anyway; her advice to anyone who asks is "act natural, and do everything they tell you"; she refused to cry when she slid likkety-split down a bannister in a scene and landed on her head; she does her darndest to keep within her six dollar a week allowance. And she knows no fear. Listen to this:

Jane's parents and the studio officials were scared to death when kidnapping threats arrived in the mail one day, and insisted on shadowing Jane with a bodyguard wherever she went. Jane objected. "Oh boy, I'd love to meet some kidnappers," said Jane. "I'd act so mean and cause 'em so much trouble I'll bet they'd bring me back in a hurry." Do you doubt it? It turned out that the bodyguard was hired and told not to let her out of his sight. What a job! But when she got used to the idea, Jane put him to work telling her every detective story he had ever heard and more besides. Now she wouldn't trade "Uncle Jack" for any kidnapper!

(Continued on page 71)

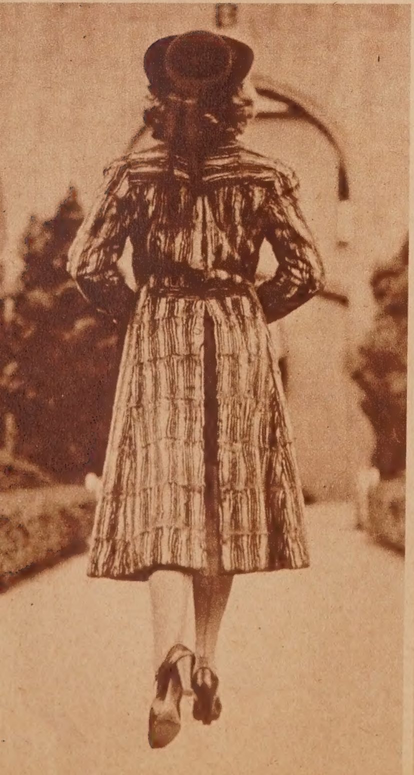


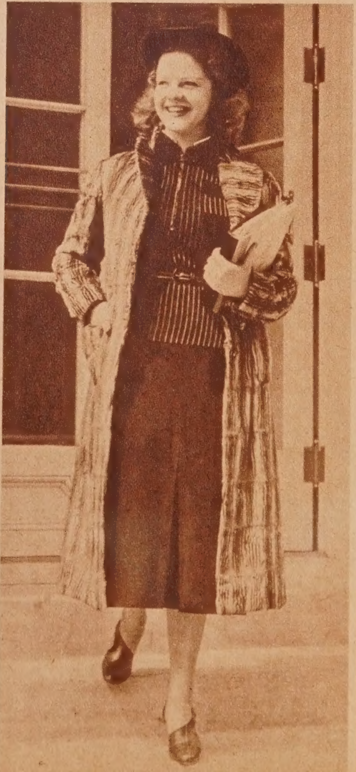
A regular play-boy. Jane spends much of her spare time batting out balls in a public park

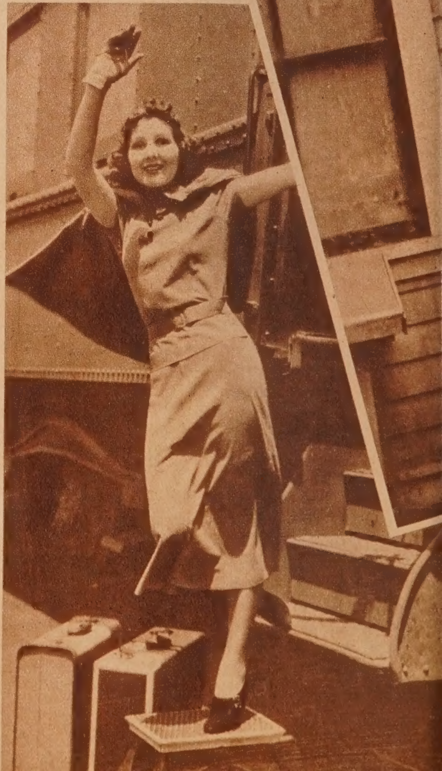
Below left: Off to school goes the youthful RKO Radio player Dorothy Moore attired in a smart sports coat of Baronduki. The coat is tailored to the nth degree with an action back and skirt slit to the waistline to give ample freedom for those long hikes across campus. From L. Bernhard. A brown felt hat with little girl streamers and brown kidskin shoes cut high over the instep complete this perfect school ensemble. Center: For the young girl nothing is smarter than a two-piece dress of light weight wool. This one worn by Dorothy Moore was designed by Bettermade and has a black skirt set off by a black and white striped blouse. An infinitesimal white pique collar, zipper and double breast pockets are fashion highlights. Dorothy plays the ingenue lead in the RKO Radio Production *Take the Heir.*

LET'S GO TO

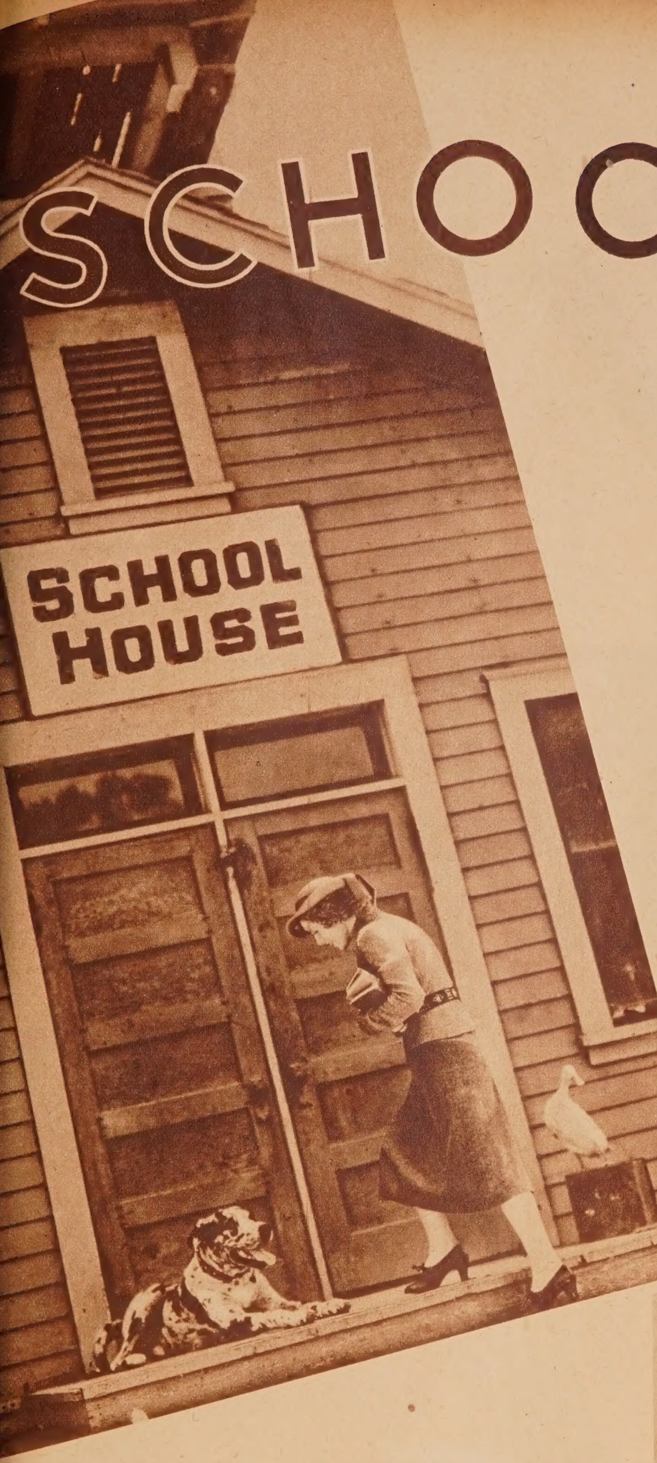
Right: Jean Parker waves to friends as she leaves for school in a burnt orange suede ensemble. The two-piece dress is trimmed at the neck with small brown buttons and is topped by a hip-length cape with youthful collar and shoulder fulness. A minute cap and gloves of the same suede are smart. Outfit created by Voris. Jean will appear opposite Douglass Montgomery in the Columbia film *Life Begins with Love.*





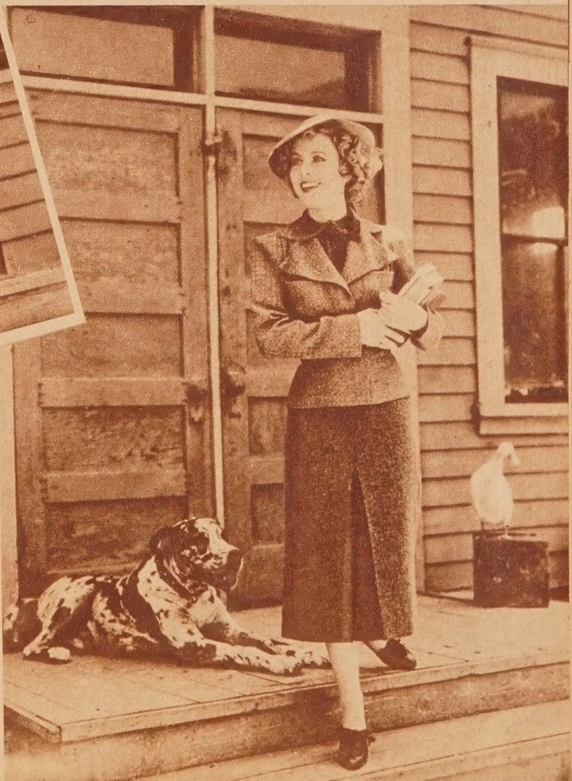


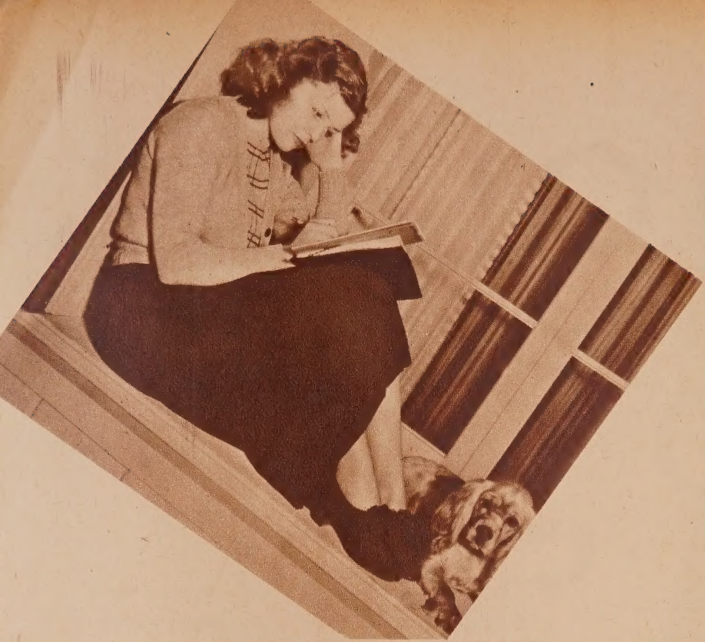
SCHOOL



Above: Rosina Lawrence featured in the Hal Roach, MGM feature production *Pick A Star* stops on her way to school to speak to Jiggs, the school house guardian. Jiggs is a Great Dane and an actor of high standing in Hollywood.

Below: Rosina Lawrence poses in a grey dress of light weight wool made simply with short sleeves and a tie neckline. Her short coat of red and grey check features wide revers, large breast pockets and a gay cowboy belt of black kidskin studded in bright colored stones designed by Viola Dimmitt. Black kidskin oxfords and a bright red felt hat with streamers complete her outfit.

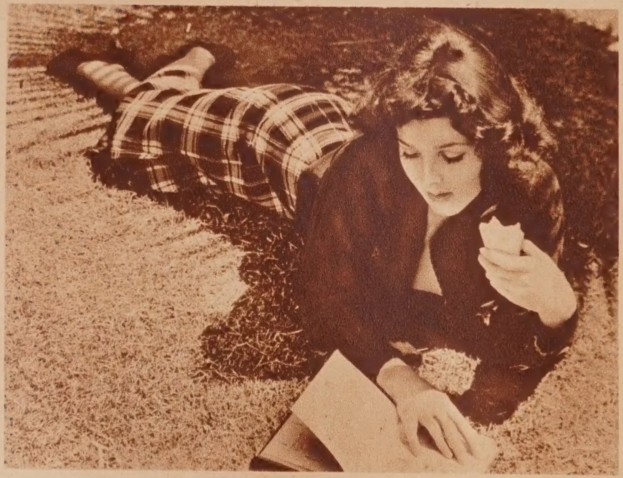


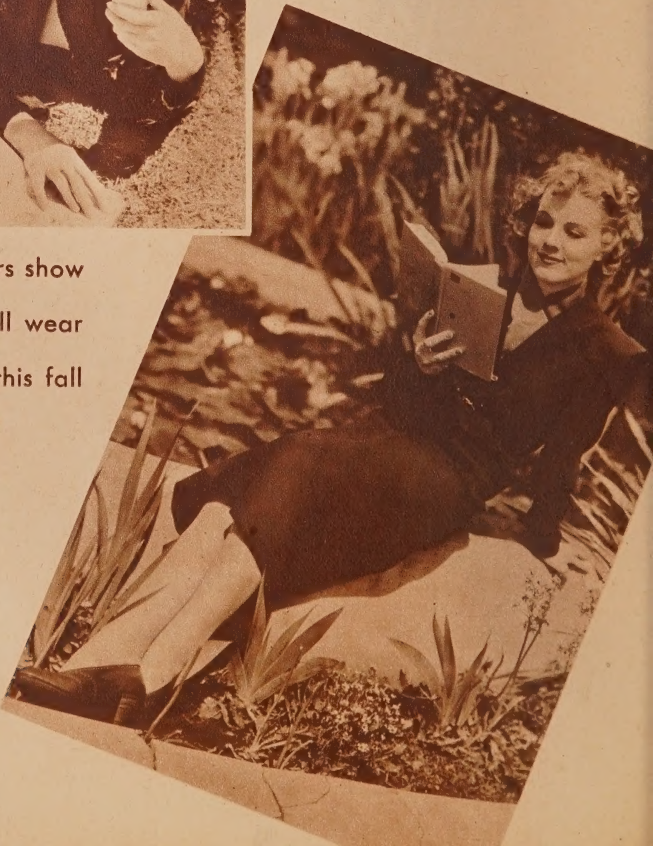


Left: Curled up on a window ledge hard at work is Dorothy Moore wearing the proverbial school outfit, a sweater and skirt. The brown skirt flecked in bright colors, pleated in front and back, is worn with a tan sweater set. The short sleeve slip-over is squared in brown while the cardigan employs brown buttons and a trick belt of brown, tan and yellow. From J. W. Robinson Co.

Center: Jean Parker takes time out during lunch hour to catch up on her lessons. Brown and green plaid is used for the skirt which is topped by a green slip-over sweater and waist length brown suede coat. The short coat is hand-sewed with thongs of leather and trimmed with large wooden buttons. Sweater and skirt from J. W. Robinson Co., suede coat from Voris.

Below: Viola Dimmitt designed this youthful model worn by Rosina Lawrence. In brown light weight wool, the dress is fashioned with novel yoke, hip pockets and unique buttons.





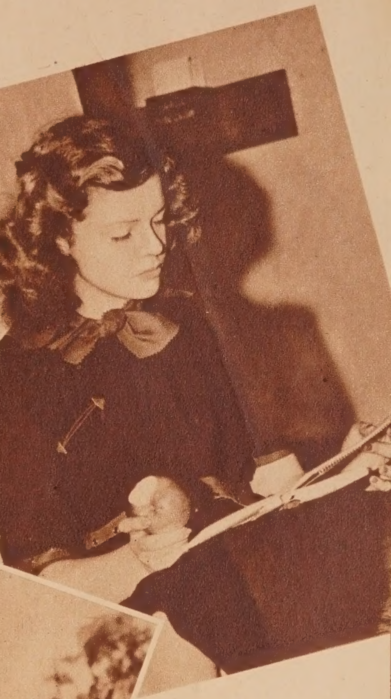
Hollywood screen players show what the smart co-ed will wear on and off the campus this fall

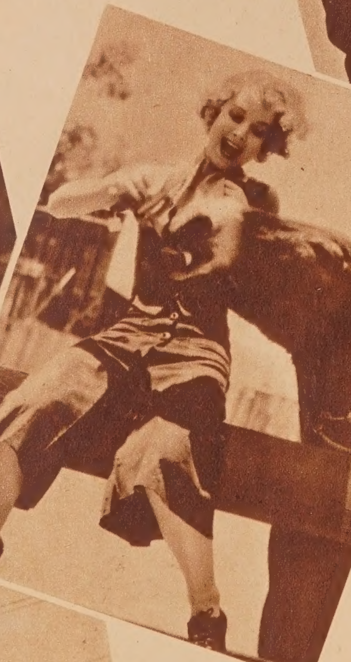
OUTFITS FOR HIGH OR FINISHING SCHOOL

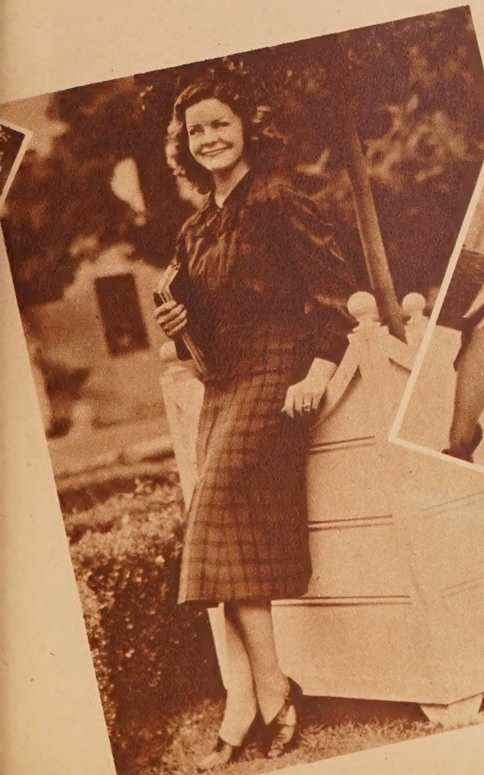
Right: Black crepe set off by green suede is practical and smart as worn by Dorothy Moore. The blouse of this two-piece dress is fastened with large hooks and eyes. From Bettermade.

Center: Rosina Lawrence divides her lunch with Dinah who performed so delightfully in the Laurel and Hardy comedy *Way Out West* and has been featured in Our Gang Comedies for the past sixteen years. Rosina wears suede culottes in brown with a coronation blue vest and chartreuse sport blouse. Culottes and vest from Voris.

Below: Ready for class is Dorothy Moore in a navy blue and red plaid dress from Bettermade. The dress, zipped down the front, features a small collar and wide belt in blue. The three-quarter length sleeves are fulled into the shoulderline.







Jimmy Has To

And he's doing it. The most versatile of screen actors again changes his role

by CHARLES BORDEN

Jimmy turns to the guitar in his latest, "Something to Sing About." That's news!

JIMMY CAGNEY and Mae Clarke must have laughed when they met on the Grand National picture lot to play in "Great Guy." The laugh was reminiscent of their last film together. That was back in 1932, when walloping women and bashing grapefruit in their eyes met with popular favor. But Mae could now face Jimmy unafraid. About the worst a man could do to a woman now was to clench his fist and make a face. Anyway, Jimmy had reformed. And Mae was glad of it, for Jimmy had been pretty rough in "Public Enemy."

It wasn't that Jimmy particularly liked that sort of thing. But when motion picture audiences demanded that he be tough, he was; when G-Men turned the tables on the gangsters and became national heroes, Jimmy joined up with them. Now, still with his ear to the ground, he's about to turn loose a voice pitched in song, to the accompaniment of his own dancing feet. Jimmy Cagney is as shrewd as any politician; he gives his supporters what they want when they want it.

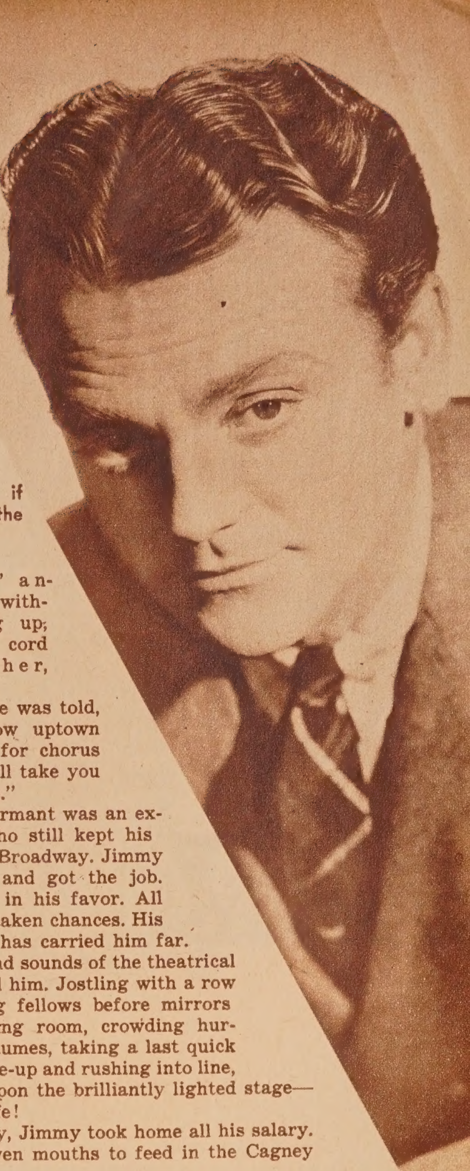
Music is in the air—musicals, operettas and dance and song pictures—and box office approval tells the producers we are still far from the crest of this trend. More of them are coming. "New Faces of 1937;" M-G-M's "Broadway Melody of 1938"; United Artists' "Vogues of 1938"; 20th Century-Fox's "You Can't Have Everything"—these are just a few of the major shows of this type in the offing.

New names are made, and big names grow bigger: Jeanette MacDonald, Bill Robinson, Buddy Ebsen, Eleanor Powell, Astaire and Rogers, Bobby Breen, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, to mention but a few. The public, hungry for musical comedy and home-sick for vaudeville, just can't seem to get its fill.

And here the versatile Jimmy Cagney, seeing his opportunity, starts to clear his tenor notes and polish up his hoofs. That's where he's one up on a lot of other stars. For Jimmy is both actor and entertainer; that last talent he has held in reserve for such a day as

As Bottom, the Weaver, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," Cagney revealed he was a first-class comedian

Cagney Something Sing About



Serene but alert and as dangerous as a tiger kitten if you rub his fur the wrong way

now. Ten years ago, he was one of our outstanding hoofers. He'd been at the game since he was in his teens.

Yet Jimmy had started out with no stage ambitions. He had enrolled at Columbia University and his intention was to become a painter or sculptor. Then the family fortunes faded and Jimmy found himself suddenly scratching for a living. He quit college to become a bundle wrapper in one of New York City's big department stores.

The stalky, red haired Irish lad, with the speech of a Lower East-sider, seemed little different from other youths in a similar environment. Yet he showed more aggressiveness than others, with something of cockiness, something of impudence in his attitude. It was good for Jimmy he had that spirit; he needed it to offset the hot, sweaty sub-basement.

Then one day as he slipped a piece of twine around a bundle, opportunity whispered in his ear. "Say," said a voice behind him, "can you dance?"

As a tough guy softened by a woman s wiles in "A Perfect Weekend"

"A little," answered Jimmy, without looking up, drawing the cord deftly together, "why?"

"Because," he was told, "there's a show uptown that's looking for chorus boys. Maybe it'll take you out of this hole."

Jimmy's informant was an ex-vaudevillian who still kept his ear attuned to Broadway. Jimmy listened, went and got the job. Chalk that up in his favor. All his life he has taken chances. His self-confidence has carried him far.

The sights and sounds of the theatrical world delighted him. Jostling with a row of other young fellows before mirrors in their dressing room, crowding hurriedly into costumes, taking a last quick glimpse at make-up and rushing into line, to swing out upon the brilliantly lighted stage—this was the life!

Each pay day, Jimmy took home all his salary. There were seven mouths to feed in the Cagney family.

"Pitter Patter" was the name of the show. Ambitious to get ahead Jimmy perfected some specialty steps. That foresight was rewarded by his being given a specialty dance. When the season ended he went into vaudeville and for five years did a Jewish boy sketch, touring the "hick circuit." His top pay during this period was $37.50 a week; some weeks, though, he got only twelve dollars. This experience gave him a foundation almost as sound as work in a stock company, once the graduating school of many of our famous stage actors.

Bad times came along with good. Once he and his bride were down to their last penny. But fortune smiled on the irrepressible Jimmy. He was booked on the Keith circuit. Then followed "Outside Looking In," a Maxwell Anderson play. That flaming hair had caught the eye of a theatrical producer. Besides, in those gruelling years on the "tank circuit" he had acquired a give and take manner. He was just the type wanted for the role of "Little Red." A part with Mary Boland in "Women Go on Forever" followed; the next season saw him in "Grand Street Follies." Jimmy

(Continued on page 78)

MODERN MOVIES'

WARNER BAXTER

JOAN BENNETT

HELEN VINSON

A UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

VOGUES OF 1938

WENDY VAN KLETTERING, New York debutante, pleads with Curson, the *couturier,* not to deliver her wedding gown as the match has been forced by her ambitious mother. The perplexed stylist would like to oblige, but is pestered by his own wife to back a show, and money is scarce. When the bridal gown is delivered, Wendy runs away, but is saved from newspaper notoriety by Curson. She offers to model for him. Because he won't back her show, Curson's wife leaves him. As a style model, Wendy is a terrific hit. Morgan, the jilted lover, tries to enjoin Wendy from continuing her work, but is outwitted. A rival fashion salon is set up, drawing heavily on Curson's clients and workers. In the midst of this disaster, Curson finally agrees to back his wife's show—"Vogues of 1938." Opening in Boston, it is a terrific flop. Wendy now offers to marry Morgan, but he believes this is only a ruse to save Curson, who now discovers that he himself loves Wendy. As a last hope, the sets of "Vogues of 1938" are put on in a fashion show, with singers, dancers, etc. The stunt goes over big and all is well for Wendy and Curson. Cast: *George Curson,* Warner Baxter; *Wendy,* Joan Bennett; *Mrs. Curson,* Helen Vinson; *Mr. Morgan,* Alan Mowbray.

THE PRISONER

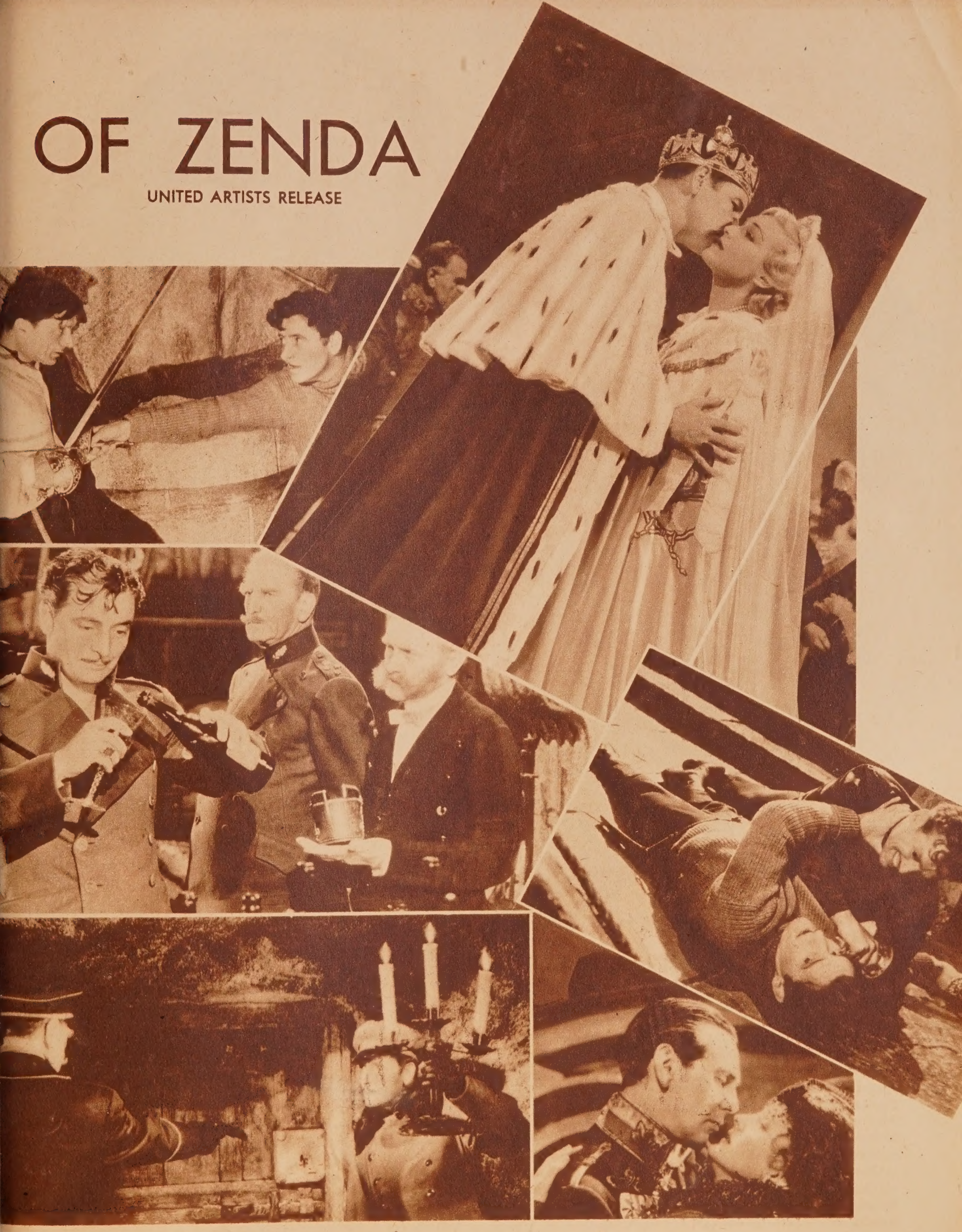
RONALD COLMAN

MADELEINE CARROLL

RUDOLF RASSENDYLL, an Englishman traveling in Zenda, startlingly resembles his distant cousin, King Rudolf V. The king, hopelessly drunk, cannot be crowned. Rassendyll takes his place at the ceremony while Black Michael instigates a plot to seize the throne. At the coronation the mock king meets the lovely Princess Flavia, Rudolf V's betrothed. Rassendyll falls in love with her and she, not penetrating his disguise, reciprocates. Meantime the real king is kidnapped and Rassendyll is compelled to continue his fake role. Through the jealousy of a woman, Antoinette, sweetheart of Black Michael, the imprisoned king is discovered. After a duel with Rupert, Rassendyll rescues the king, while Black Michael is slain by Rupert. Rassendyll reveals to Flavia his real identity. For a little they consider fleeing the country together, but duty chains Flavia to Zenda. With a rose as reminder of his love, Rassendyll gallops away into the night. Cast: *Rudolf Rassendyll,* Ronald Colman; *Flavia,* Madeleine Carroll; *Antoinette,* Mary Astor; *Rupert,* Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Black Michael,* Raymond Massey.

OF ZENDA

UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE



LESLIE HOWARD

BETTE DAVIS

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

BASIL UNDERWOOD, Shakespearean actor, and Joyce Arden, of his company, have an undercover quarrel during their performance of "Romeo and Juliet." Marcia West, an emotional Pasadena heiress, is smitten by Basil and goes to his dressing room. She declares her love without revealing her identity. Underwood and Joyce become reconciled and they plan to go out partying. While Joyce is dressing, young Grant calls on Underwood and pleads with him to go to a house-party to meet a girl who is infatuated with him, and to disillusion her. Arriving at the house at three in the morning, Underwood arouses the entire household. He is ordered away but explains he is an invited guest. Next morning, at breakfast, he is astonished to find that the girl Grant mentioned is none other than the vision in his dressing room—Marcia West. To discourage her interest in him, Underwood acts like a boor, the only effect of which is to increase Marcia's attentions. Underwood's valet phones Joyce Arden to come to the rescue. Joyce arrives and misrepresents herself as Underwood's wife. Joyce maliciously assures Marcia she will divorce him. In desperation, he starts to leave, but young Grant who is in love with Marcia—now thoroughly aroused, knocks Underwood cold. Marcia precedes Underwood to his hotel room and again Grant finds them together. Joyce intervenes and Grant and Marcia leave together, while Underwood and Joyce go out and get married. Cast, *Basil Underwood,* Leslie Howard; *Joyce Arden,* Bette Davis; *Marcia West,* Olivia de Havilland.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER

A WARNER BROTHERS PICTURE

JEANNETTE MacDONALD

in

THE FIREFLY

AN M-G-M PRODUCTION WITH
ALLAN JONES
WARREN WILLIAM

FERDINAND VII is entering Madrid as King of Spain. The year, 1808. At a cafe appears Don Diego and there sees and hears Nina Azara, "The Firefly," nationally famous singer and dancer. Nina flirts with the nobleman in order to rid herself of a former admirer, Etienne, a French officer. Nina is a spy hired to discover the conqueror, Napoleon's, plans. On her way to Bayonne in a coach, Don Diego saves her from an attack of bandits. Once in Bayonne, Nina pretends she has fallen in love with the Spaniard. Learning that Ferdinand is to be arrested, she appeals to Don Diego (who is really a French spy detailed to watch her,) to warn the Spanish king. Joseph Bonaparte ascends the throne of Spain and for four years the Spanish people struggle for freedom. Within the French lines Don Diego denounces Nina as a spy. She is to be shot. While the Don is praying her forgiveness, she takes his pistol, wounds him and escapes in his uniform. With the defeat of Napoleon, Nina and Don Diego are reunited. Cast: *Nina,* Jeanette MacDonald; *Don Diego,* Allan Jones; *Etienne,* Warren William.

ALICE FAYE
The RITZ BROS.

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

DON AMECHE — LOUISE HOVICK

Judith Wells, ambitious young playwright, arrives in New York, penniless. Nevertheless, she orders in a restaurant one heaping dish after another of spaghetti. George Macrae, successful dramatist, engages her in conversation. Discovering that Judith thinks his plays terrible, he hides his identity. Judith pays her check by carrying a sandwich sign in the rain, accompanied by Macrae who has fallen for her. Leaving Judith at the Y.W.C.A., Macrae returns to his Park Avenue apartment to find there a pursuing woman, Lulu Riley. Macrae secretly buys Judith's play. She takes the leading role in one of his musicals. Lulu is quieted by a ruse which carries her to Havana. She catches the next boat back and waves a phoney marriage certificate, claiming Macrae married her when he was drunk. Judith goes into hiding; the show closes, but the Ritz Brothers persuade Judith to return and she finds herself famous, as Macrae has rewritten and staged her script. Lulu is exposed and Judith and Macrae fall into each other's arms. Cast: *Judith Wells,* Alice Faye; *Macrae,* Don Ameche; *Lulu Riley,* Louise Hovick; *Ritz Brothers,* Themselves.

A New YOU This Fall

by JEANNETTE

Beauty methods that Hollywood's stars vouch for

DO you feel in the mood for a little Fall painting and remodeling? Not your house and not your car—but *you!* If you do, start at the top and do a thorough job—a new hair-do, a fresh and becoming make-up, new nail polish, a prettier figure. In fact, just do yourself over into the sort of person you've been yearning to be but just hadn't taken the time out before to accomplish such a transformation.

All this can be achieved with no more expense than it takes for you to keep your hair shampooed and waved, your nails manicured and your attractive face made up. It does take a critical outlook on your part however. You've got to be able to look in the mirror and say, "I need to have my hair changed, I've gotten into a rut wearing it the same way all the time." And after you've said that to yourself, you have to go to your local hairdresser and have your hair cut and arranged in some new becoming style. You have to put a strong daylight light on your face and criticize your make-up. Maybe you need a whole new tone of powder, lipstick and rouge. Not a radical change but a flattering variation of the shade you're using in powder and possibly a slight change in the tone of your lipstick and rouge.

You have to learn some of the pertinent points about new clothes and hats in order to fit yourself into the new fashion picture. There's the matter of a new hat, for instance. First models show a decided tendency for hats to be one-sided. That means that one side of your hair is going to be well exposed and you will have to have some arrangement that will give your profile just the right "break" when the brim tilts and your brow shows up boldly.

You'll find that your figure can't stand any superfluous rolls or "bunches" because dresses are going to be narrow, straight and slim with waistlines gently defined. Rather a willowy silhouette is to be yours this Fall and so you have to get your figure ready for these charming clothes.

No spot is more productive of good "remodeling" tips than Hollywood. Its beautiful stars are all examples of glorifying the assets and disguising the liabilities which Nature gave them. Any of you who have seen "A Star Is Born" must have been im-

Olivia de Havilland keeps her hands flexible and soft by these exercises—flexing fingers and thumb in "o" shape, rolling a marble between fingers of each hand, and wringing cellophane with vigorous use of fingers and wrists pressed with the complete change that was wrought in order to bring Janet Gaynor into the world as a star.

IF you don't think that your local hairdresser will be properly inspired to give you a new hairdress, take along a picture for her to use as a pattern. Libby Harben, one of the well-known models to appear in the fashion show sequence of "Vogues of 1938," has her hair arranged in a high-low curled effect that would be perfect for the side tilted hats. Soft curls are bunched low on the neck, contrasting sharply with the sleekly brushed back hair in front. Two rows of curls on top of her head, and at the side, are linked to the lower ringlets by a roll of hair curled toward the face. It's youthful and it's very adaptable to many types of faces. If you like this hair-fix, take the picture with you and get a similar arrangement.

The general trend in most hairdresses this Fall will be toward a lower back line with curls or soft waves still worn to the front and rather high.

One of the well-known cosmetic lines gives you a marvelous assortment of powders for new make-up experimentation. Six individual powder shades are divided into two groups, three powder tones to each group. The first group is Roseate and into it go three powders on a definitely rosy cast. The second group is called Aureate and into it go three related powders on a golden-ivory hue. These two groups give you a chance to discover whether a rose or ivory tint is best suited to your natural skin tone. If you choose the rosy group then you are given sample powders of the three related shades and can try them out before buying the one which is your choice, the same applies to the golden-ivory triad.

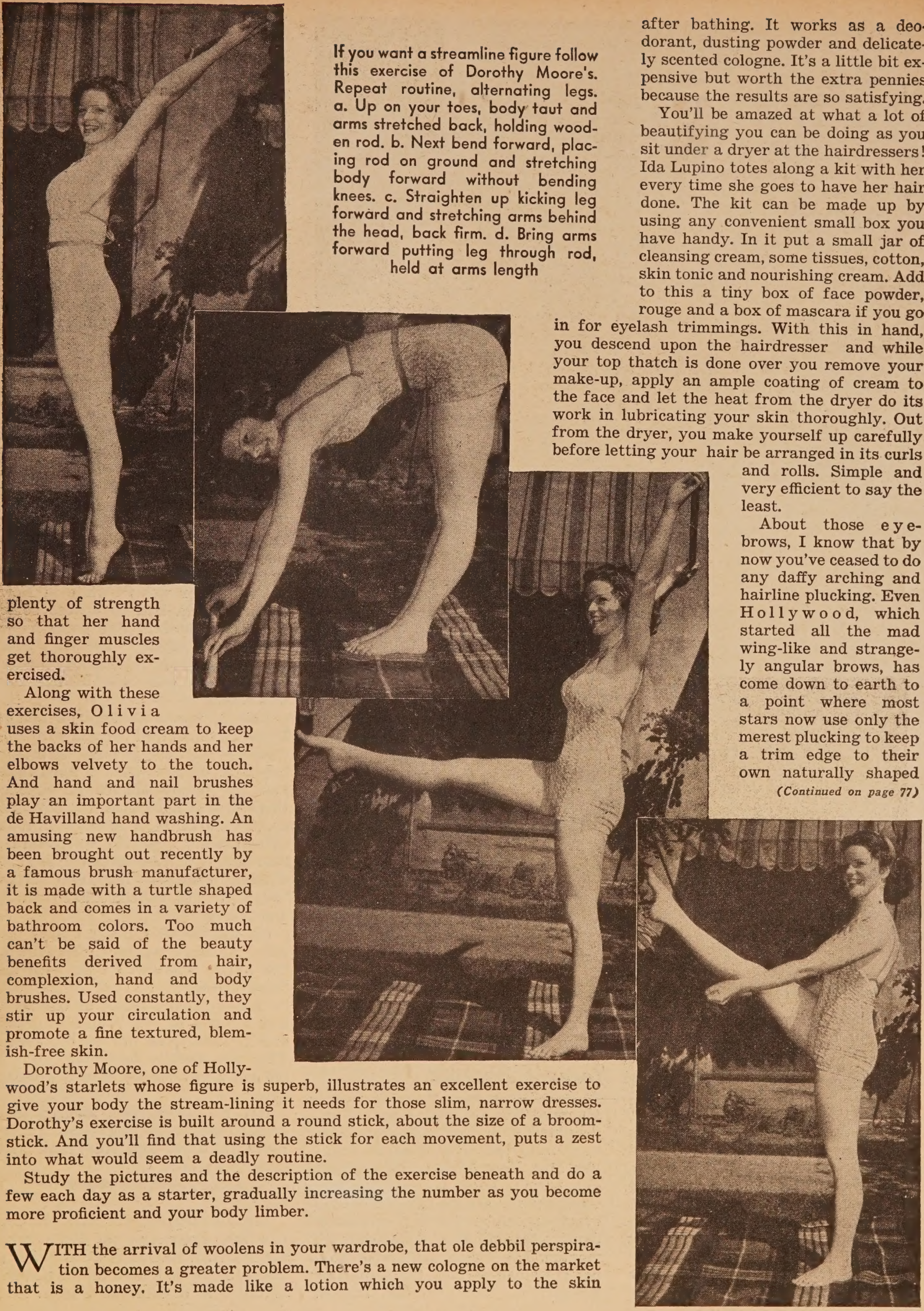
Libby Harben illustrates a new profile hairdress, perfect for the new side-tilted Fall hats

Frances Joyce's naturally arched brows and moderate eye make-up are a beauty standard for all girls

The red browns, bluish purples and coppery rust shades which you will be wearing in clothes, require a careful choice of lipstick, rouge and nail polish. Try to keep a tone relationship between these three. If you choose a lipstick on one of the new soft rose tones, select your rouge and nail polish in the same rose-red scale. The same is true of lipstick or rouge that brings out an orange cast.

One of your favorite nail polishes comes in shades that tie up with your costume colors in this manner—a mauve tinted polish for gray and blue costumes as well as evening pastels; a soft, new red shade which is very sophisticated with black; a dusky, old rose tone of polish that is stunning with the new wine shades as well as black; a muted rust shade for greens and reddish browns, beige and the gay Scotch Clan colors of Fall sportswear; and a real purplish wine shade that is perfect with black or brown on a coffee cast.

WHILE in the vicinity of hands, I want to call your attention to the hand beautifying exercises which Olivia de Havilland employs. Olivia has very expressive hands and she has a daily routine for keeping her fingers flexible and beautifully shaped. To keep her fingertips soft and finely shaped, she rolls a marble round and round, using each finger of both hands in rotation. As a second exercise, she rests her elbows on a table or dressing table and flexes each finger with the thumb, forming an "o" with each one. Also for making the fingers and hands supple, she takes a fair-sized piece of cellophane and "wrings" it firmly with both hands—this is done with



If you want a streamline figure follow this exercise of Dorothy Moore's. Repeat routine, alternating legs. a. Up on your toes, body taut and arms stretched back, holding wooden rod. b. Next bend forward, placing rod on ground and stretching body forward without bending knees. c. Straighten up kicking leg forward and stretching arms behind the head, back firm. d. Bring arms forward putting leg through rod, held at arms length

plenty of strength so that her hand and finger muscles get thoroughly exercised.

Along with these exercises, Olivia uses a skin food cream to keep the backs of her hands and her elbows velvety to the touch. And hand and nail brushes play an important part in the de Havilland hand washing. An amusing new handbrush has been brought out recently by a famous brush manufacturer, it is made with a turtle shaped back and comes in a variety of bathroom colors. Too much can't be said of the beauty benefits derived from hair, complexion, hand and body brushes. Used constantly, they stir up your circulation and promote a fine textured, blemish-free skin.

Dorothy Moore, one of Hollywood's starlets whose figure is superb, illustrates an excellent exercise to give your body the stream-lining it needs for those slim, narrow dresses. Dorothy's exercise is built around a round stick, about the size of a broomstick. And you'll find that using the stick for each movement, puts a zest into what would seem a deadly routine.

Study the pictures and the description of the exercise beneath and do a few each day as a starter, gradually increasing the number as you become more proficient and your body limber.

WITH the arrival of woolens in your wardrobe, that ole debbil perspiration becomes a greater problem. There's a new cologne on the market that is a honey. It's made like a lotion which you apply to the skin after bathing. It works as a deodorant, dusting powder and delicately scented cologne. It's a little bit expensive but worth the extra pennies because the results are so satisfying.

You'll be amazed at what a lot of beautifying you can be doing as you sit under a dryer at the hairdressers! Ida Lupino totes along a kit with her every time she goes to have her hair done. The kit can be made up by using any convenient small box you have handy. In it put a small jar of cleansing cream, some tissues, cotton, skin tonic and nourishing cream. Add to this a tiny box of face powder, rouge and a box of mascara if you go in for eyelash trimmings. With this in hand, you descend upon the hairdresser and while your top thatch is done over you remove your make-up, apply an ample coating of cream to the face and let the heat from the dryer do its work in lubricating your skin thoroughly. Out from the dryer, you make yourself up carefully before letting your hair be arranged in its curls and rolls. Simple and very efficient to say the least.

About those eyebrows, I know that by now you've ceased to do any daffy arching and hairline plucking. Even Hollywood, which started all the mad wing-like and strangely angular brows, has come down to earth to a point where most stars now use only the merest plucking to keep a trim edge to their own naturally shaped

(Continued on page 77)

Just a bit of rehearsal, as Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea prepare for "Hands Across the Table," a radio sketch. Claudette admits she is always "mike conscious"

Loretta Young's Mother Reveals Secrets

(Continued from page 30)

was in that first film. Gretchen's comments on her fellow players were dismayingly frank. Fanny Ward played a hag in the picture; and when Gretchen saw her face for the first time without makeup she confided to her mother: "Miss Ward is terribly pretty but I liked her best as an old lady."

About this time Gretchen was asked to dance at a benefit with Mae Murray. The dancing star was so delighted with the outspoken blue-eyed mite that she tried to adopt her. Mrs. Young was unwilling, but did permit Miss Murray to take Gretchen for a time. The child had every possible luxury, including dancing lessons. That lasted only six months. The Young household could not get along without the baby. Her mother, as well as her sisters, wanted Gretchen back.

There wasn't much money in the Young home. The baby, instead of gilded luxury, was back in the atmosphere of hand-me-downs. Polly Ann was the only one ever to get new clothes. Her dresses were remodelled for Betty Jane, and darned and mended again for Gretchen.

That childhood experience has left a mark on Loretta Young. She spent her last New York holiday in shopping. She couldn't get enough of it. Hats and shoes, bags and dresses, evening costumes and wraps, she bought and bought and bought. What she didn't buy, she tried on. She looked and admired and thrilled. It was her idea of a really grand time.

Her mother smiled and went with her. Loretta is really small, only five feet, three inches in height, although her extreme slenderness makes her appear much taller on the screen. She frets about this when she buys clothes, tries to pick out dresses that will make her look fat. She buys nothing without either consulting her mother, or asking a saleswoman she knows if she thinks her mother would approve.

Mrs. Belzer was ill while in New York. Loretta had to choose some clothes for herself. She came home with some chiffon dresses, with yards and yards of material added to make her look fat. And her day was complete.

This is really painless shopping. If the studio is well pleased with her choice of clothes, it buys them for her next picture. Miss Young then has the happy chance of buying them back at half-price. She now has enough wardrobe, much of it in blue to match her eyes, for six pictures. And she is a little worried because they've changed her film from "Jean" to one called "Doctor, Wife and Nurse."

"It will be all right if I play the wife," she said laughing. "But if I'm the nurse, what will I do with all those clothes?

"I don't really mind, of course. I was a nurse in 'The White Parade,' and I loved those nurses' costumes. They are awfully becoming. But I did get a terrible lot of new dresses here."

Her mother agreed, amused and herself not forgetting those hand-me-down days. She only said, and Loretta agreed:

"Gretchen, I think you've done a-plenty."

Life is simpler for Mrs. Belzer now that Polly Ann and Betty Jane are married. Each has a baby. Sally Blane, as she is known on the screen, is the wife of Norman Foster. Her daughter, named Gretchen of course, is a year old. Polly Ann's son, James Carter Hermann, Jr., is a few months younger. Each is keeping up, more or less, with her movie career, although this baby business has of course kept them off the screen for a year.

Mrs. Belzer used to worry when her girls were not all at home, even when Sally Blane went to England to make pictures, although she was well chaperoned by married friends. She is happier when she is with her daughters.

Betty Jane, or Sally, the middle one, was the daughter who started them all back into pictures again. She was lunching with Joan Crawford one day, back in the almost forgotten time when Joan Crawford was called Lucille LeSeuer. Betty Jane was a high school girl, but, once offered a picture job, she contrived to keep up with both work and school. Polly Ann followed suit.

"And when Mervyn LeRoy wanted Polly Ann for a part," Mrs. Belzer remembers, "and she was busy and couldn't accept it, I just told Gretchen, 'Well, all right, if she was so crazy to get into pictures, why she might just as well do it.' "

Gretchen did it, as Gretchen usually does. She told the watchman at the studio gates that she was Miss Young and Mr. LeRoy wanted to see her. Mr. LeRoy, surprised at the sight of Polly Ann's thirteen-year-old sister, thought it was funny. But he gave her the part. And next day Fox gave her a contract. It wasn't long before she played her first lead, opposite Lon Chaney, in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

That first picture, "Naughty But Nice," brought her a check for eighty dollars and, better yet, a thrill that neither she nor her mother has ever forgotten.

"By the time she got home," Mrs. Belzer said, "she had planned out how to spend every cent of it, and most of it was on presents for me. It seemed like such a lot of money. And to tell the truth, it still does."

The other girls had less spectacular careers than Loretta, although they managed to keep pretty busy. Everyone thinks Polly Ann is the youngest, because she is the smallest. It is taken for granted that Loretta, really the baby, is the oldest. Loretta doesn't care.

She laughingly says: "Oh well, let them think it. If we tell them any different, they certainly won't believe it."

That brief marriage to Grant Withers—it lasted less than a year—occurred when she was only seventeen. Gretchen, impulsive and determined as ever, eloped. That experience may partly account for the recent great development of her talent. It certainly accounts for her warnings to her sisters not to marry young, never to let anyone rush them off their feet, to wait until they were absolutely sure, because married life is not all it's cracked up to be. The sisters waited.

Georgina Belzer, the little half-sister, is breathlessly eager to join

Allan Jones' Arabian horse, Smoky, which was purchased by the singer for his role in "The Firefly." Jones intends to add other horses for a stable of his own

The man all lovers understand. Clark Gable authographs for the Washington Bicentennial Stamp Collection because "his love-making speaks a universal language"

her sisters at the studios. She can't see why she has to wait until she is grown-up. After all, Gretchen was only thirteen when she returned to pictures. Georgina talks about nothing else, except, of course, her sisters' babies. Georgina, more than any of the others, looks like Gretchen. It sounds a little, too, as though she had some of Gretchen's determination. Some day, soon, she insists, she will be in pictures.

"And if it comes along," says the mother of these three smart actresses, "if it comes along, why not?"

Allan Jones

(Continued from page 31)

summer vacation? Working sixteen hours a day in the mines to earn money faster.

Once, dizzy with fatigue, he fell fifteen feet off a steel girder and broke his wrist. They had to insert an aluminum piece so he could have the use of his hand. And then one day when he was repairing the belt on the jig which refines the coal, he gave the wrong signal to the engineer. The huge belt started whirling—and Allan with it. Down through the jaws of the machinery. He barely escaped with his life that time. For months he worked in a steel brace. But by November he had saved $1500, enough to enter the Syracuse University School of Music.

"Why don't you enter the Songfest in Philadelphia, Jones?" one of the professors suggested. It was an idea. Allan didn't know he would have to sing in front of 4,000 people. Not until he took his place on the stage. He drew a deep breath and began the opening lines of "The Willows." Before he was finished he had the award, a scholarship to New York University, as good as tucked in his pocket.

The next step was—Europe. And the most famous vocal instructors in Paris and London. But that, too, cost money! Allan went into conference with himself. Result: On sheer nerve he went back to Scranton and staged a one-man concert for the townsfolk. Net result: $1,100. Allan took the next boat to France.

During the next three years he alternated between summers of study in Europe and winters of touring America in oratorio and concerts. Only twice did he break his routine. The first time was when he received that frantic wire in Paris. A friend of his, managing a travel tour, had been taken ill in Interlaken. Could Allan come home at once—and rescue fourteen college girls? Allan could, but it turned out to be the most difficult job of his life!

The second time, he took three days off to visit the village in Wales where his father had been born. He wanted to ride horseback over the moors, to get the feel of the land. So he arrived in sombrero and boots. When they saw him every kid in the village ran out yelling, "Here comes Tom Mix!" Only one young skeptic stood apart. He surveyed Allan critically. "No, tisn't," he said. "It's Buck Jones!"

Well, *Cousin* Jones straightened that out. And he sang for them that night at the inn.

Back in the United States, again the Shuberts signed him for their operettas. He was singing opposite Madame Jeritza in "Music Hath Charms" when a M-G-M scout saw him . . . From the Pennsylvania coal mines to Hollywood gold mines —It isn't such a long jump when you have one of the greatest tenor voices in America—and the way of the Welsh!

"Have you," Allan was asking, "ever made a rum omelet? We made *nine* of them for a scene this morning before I could carry one into Jeanette MacDonald fast enough so that it didn't deflate. Omelets go down faster than the stock market!

"I am supposed to be a spy, you see, and just now I'm posing as a waiter — Hi, Smoky, stop eating that prop grass!" he interrupted himself to shout at a magnificent Arabian stallion. Smoky looked up innocently and gave us a horse laugh.

Smoky belongs to Allan. He's making his picture debut in "The Firefly" and Allan says it has gone to his head!

Over on the sidelines I saw Flora Finch and Naomi Childers, famous names of the silent days, playing bit parts. They watched Allan as he went back into the scene. "He's got what it takes to succeed here," said Naomi. Flora nodded. "I thought he was pretty good in 'Show Boat' but this is going to put him right up on the top."

Old troupers know.

Everything Stops for Tea

(Continued from page 35)

Lucky beggar, you! Frankly. I'd give ten years of my existence for such an opportunity. The picture's called "The Fire Bug" isn't it? "The Firefly!" Oh! Deucedly stupid of me. Next time I'll remember, really. Have tea? Thank you, but I must barge on. Business you know. Cheerio! And good luck with "The Lightning Bug" . . .

Jeanette MacDonald: Well, this day's tour has come to an end. Let's stop in at the publicity department and molest Nat Dollinger. He won't mind. He's a fine chap, really, and quite handsome. He's what you Americans call, "a regular guy" . . . But wait a moment. There's the lovely Jeanette. Isn't she lovely? Goodby, lady of my dreams! The next time we meet . . . well . . . bon voyage and the best of luck with Gene. May it be a long and happy voyage . . .

Mrs. Deeds Goes to Town

(Continued from page 37)

the elaborate quarters of Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, Bebe Daniels, Mary Brian and other stars who were of Paramount importance at the time. Dragging information from her then, was a slow, tortuous process. She was intent on but one goal—to make a success of her career. Interviews on her private life — whether she slept in nightgowns or pajamas—or if she liked strawberry cones—and why—had, as Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan said before her, "nothing to do with the case, tra la."

She still feels the same way. Only nine years ago, she was dismissed as poor copy. Today, when she shuns interviews, she is greeted with a supercilious sniff, "who does she think she is—Garbo?"—or vitriolic outbursts that read, "despite the recognition accorded her as an actress last year—and despite all she has to be thankful for, Jean Arthur is developing into one of the most disagreeable people in town!"

What sheer nonsense! The recognition accorded Jean during the past year has been entirely the result of her own efforts—months of tireless, uninterrupted work.

When Jean is working, her sense of importance to the world is of minor consideration—her sense of importance to herself is prodigious. There are some actresses who can turn their emotions on and off like a faucet. I have seen them dripping in dramatic sentiment one minute—kidding all over the place the next. Jean doesn't happen to be one of them. She lives, breathes and eats the role she is playing. She conserves every speck of energy for the scene of the moment. She expends no vitality unnecessarily. To her, acting is a professional job of work which should be done quietly and with decent reticence—not as a parade of vanity and exhibitionism.

It is for this reason that she doesn't kid on the set—doesn't fra-

Myrna Loy, proclaimed as one of the half-dozen comeliest women in pictures, manages two instruments while eating. And it's (entirely) proper, too

The dogs have got him! Maybe that's what the plot is about in William Gargan's next film, "Reported Missing." Prize Pekinese pups, are all these cuddlers

ternize with the gang—doesn't give interviews. If her personal reputation suffers thereby, that's unfortunate. As long as her screen career isn't jeopardized, that's all that matters.

To Jean, being a "career woman" has nothing to do with the outward trappings of success. Her name in electric lights — a salary in upper brackets — public adulation — these are but synthetic rewards compared to the inner satisfaction of a job well done.

"I have but one ambition — a chance to do better pictures and the ability to do justice to them," Jean told me.

"Recently, on a visit to New York, I saw Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina" and Katharine Cornell in "Candida." I came back to my hotel with such a sense of my own inadequacy, that I didn't think I could ever act again."

"And that's no 'line' either," Frank Ross, her husband and inseparable companion, interrupted. "Jean suffers from the most terrible inferiority complex as far as her work is concerned. She never thinks her performance is as good as it might have been. At a first preview, she lashes herself into a state of self criticism that is almost sadistic. When the picture is released, she can get fifty rave notices, but the only one she'll remember is the one dissenting voice, like the critic who objected to her 'Calamity Jane' because she was 'too pretty.' "

"I begged to play 'Calamity' with my hair cropped close like a boy's and no makeup," Jean confessed, "but Mr. De Mille explained that the average fan wants glamour with his movies, not realism. From his viewpoint and the box office, he was right—but as an authentic portrait, that critic was right. 'Calamity' was 'too prettied up.' "

Of all her pictures to date, the performance which upset her least and which her husband considers her best is "History Is Made at Night." But like the artist, who when asked which of his paintings he considers his masterpiece, answered, "My next," Jean's only interest now is her next production for Paramount, a gay, light comedy entitled "Easy Living."

By the terms of her contract with Columbia, she can make as many pictures outside the home lot as she desires. The time away from Columbia is added on to her contract. On her loan-out services Jean's contract stipulates that she okays story, director and cast. It is a generally conceded fact that actresses are notoriously poor judges of their own story material. Invariably, they see their part — never the story as a whole. Jean is an exception. She has a swell story sense, as can be evidenced by the material she has chosen for herself during the past year.

As soon as "Easy Living" is completed, Jean will take advantage of the most important clause in her contract—namely that she has the privilege of returning to New York for a stage play, provided she can find a good one.

Sometimes in a sentimental or indigo mood, she'll talk about retiring to devote herself exclusively to Frank and a "blessed event" or two, but she isn't kidding anyone, least of all herself. The habit of working is too inbred in Jean ever to have her stop. To her, "traveling" is much more fun than "arriving."

Money means but one thing to her—financial security for her mother, whose self sacrifice and encouragement were twin pillars of strength during her early struggles. For her, Jean has invested a goodly share of her salary in life annuities. Her name is in electric lights now—but someday a fuse may blow out, and Jean believes in preparedness.

Her salary, on loan-out, is $125,000 per picture. Her husband, Frank Ross, who is her business manager, has his own private income from realty activities. Yet they live in a small rented house, in the five hundred block of Beverly Hills, which, if you know your Beverly Hills, is "slumming" to the upper classes north of Sunset Boulevard—most of whom own their estates in escro.

No tiled swimming pool decorates the Ross backyard. If Jean wants to swim, she goes to the Westside Tennis Club or Malibu Beach. No private projection machine is revealed behind the living room wall. When Jean wants to see a movie, she and Frank stand in line, just like any other "Mister and Missus." No playhouse, decorated by Grieves, Adrian or Erwin, adjoins the patio. The Frank Rosses are no party throwers and don't care a hoop what Elsa Maxwell or anyone else thinks about it.

Recently, they did break down

with their first Hollywood soiree. It was a self defense gesture to reciprocate some of the many invitations extended them during the year. If their list included everyone who had tried to lionize them, they would have had to lease Hollywood Bowl. Jean is a "name" now—impressive bait for any hostess with a celebrity complex. But Jean is far too wise to allow herself to be exploited by a lot of sycophants, whose only interest in her is to shine in her reflected glory.

Characteristically, therefore, her first party was not at all in accordance with the true Hollywood tradition. In the first place it was given on Tuesday night, the night when "Everybody Who Is Anybody" is at the Cocoanut Grove. So she chose the Trocadero. Then, instead of the usual hundred or more of the star's most intimate friends, her guest list only included a mere twenty-five. The press were conspicuous by their absence. So were the camera lads. Scoop! The Gary Coopers, the Joel McCreas, the Charles Boyers *actually* danced without a single flashlight exploding in their faces.

"I had the most heavenly time!" Jean exclaimed as with rapt concentration she selected a Napoleon from a tray of French pastry. "I forgot all about being shy with people, as I usually am, even with my own friends. I wore a new dress made especially for the occasion by Irene. Would you like to see it?" And before I had time to nod an emphatic "yes," she had hopped up from the table and was back with a vision of flesh lace, so diaphinous, that it looked as if it might blow away at the slightest puff.

"This is a rare extravagance for me," Jean confided, "I never spend much money on clothes—first of all, because when I'm working I never make any social dates and, consequently, my wardrobe consists of one traveling ensemble to wear to and from the studio—slacks and a beret. Then, in between pictures, my vacations are so short that it seems extravagant to buy a lot of clothes that will only hang in the closet, especially when I have so little occasion to wear them. I guess that's one of the reasons I adore my annual visits to New York. It's my only legitimate excuse to indulge in a luxurious wardrobe."

Incidentally, it was on her last visit East that something occurred that sums up Jean's total unaffectation more than reams of honeyed adjectives.

She had been in town for two weeks without making a single noise like an actress. One night, feeling in a dancing mood, she and Frank decided they'd "trip the light fantastic" in the Persian Room at the Plaza. It was a Saturday night and the place was jammed.

With her hair a shade darker than her blonde screen tresses she was unrecognized, and her husband was politely informed by the headwaiter that there were no reservations left. At Versailles, the St. Regis, the Rainbow Room and El Morocco, they were met with the same rebuff.

But did Jean, like any other actress, draw herself up with an indignant "Don't you know who I am?" She did *not!* She blithely went back to her own suite at the Sherry Netherland and turned on the radio.

"Heigh-ho," she exclaimed as she waltzed around the room with her spouse, "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town—but *not* little Jean!"

The pay-off came the following Saturday night, when the composer, Arthur Schwartz and his wife, called to invite them to go dancing after seeing "Having Wonderful Time."

"But Saturday night is an awful night—we'll never get in anywhere!" remonstrated Jean.

"Don't be silly," retorted Schwartz, "I'm making the reservations in *your* name!"

The Dame from London

(Continued from page 46)

here I've been mesmerized into taking a house, which I did not intend to do when they first talked pictures to me.

"I feel like a sprinter when I get before the camera because one has to 'stay on his mark' which we don't have to do on the stage. That was particularly hard in handling a wheel chair in 'Night Must Fall.'

"The screen's inhibitions puzzle me. In the long run of the stage play, Danny always read the Bible to me just before he killed me, but they told me the Hays office would frown on a murder-bent bell-boy reading the Good Book as a prelude to his perfidy.

"When I see some of the sensuous poses of women on billboards along Southern California boulevards, I find myself wondering at morals in the movies as they are distinguished from other pictorial forms."

Dame May might have been a militant suffragette in England and joined with the campaigning Emaline Pankhurst had she not been such a pacifist. She did a great deal toward enfranchising English women, and placing them in war-time jobs, but she did it in her own quiet way. She was born of a newspaper family, her grandfather having founded the "Liverpool Post," of which her father was editor. Three years after her

"This is how it happened," says author-director-composer Ed. Goulding, between scenes of "That Certain Woman." He's got Bette Davis, Anita Louise wondering

Helping out the "candid camera." Priscilla Lane (left) expresses her (facial) opinion of the umpire at a night softball game. Sister Rosemary takes it all gleefully. They're both feminine leads in "Varsity Show"

stage debut she was a star.

This charming lady may be 72, but she says she doesn't boast about it. She'd like people to think of her as fifty. She has a capacity for hard work and her movements are not those of a septuagenarian.

"I miss the audience reaction in pictures," said Dame May. "For the killing scene in 'Night Must Fall' I was in a small room on the stage, yet when we did it on the screen I could look out and see the studio crew and I didn't feel like my life was nearly in so much jeopardy.

"When I went to the preview of the picture and heard the audience laugh in a wrong place I thought I must do something about it, but realized then that I couldn't. Had I been on the stage I could have controlled my audience. Timing is one of the hardest things a stage actress has to contend with in pictures. As it was, re-editing of the film was employed to correct what inspired the wrong laughter."

Dame May came to America the first time in 1895 with the Henry Irving - Ellen Terry company. Her next trip was as the wife of Ben Webster, whom she married in 1892, and not as an actress. Her husband was making a New York stage appearance in 1906 and Miss Whitty accompanied him, arriving in time to give birth to their daughter as guest at the home of Finley Peter Dunne, the well-known humorist whose pen name was "Mr. Dooley."

While Dame May was making "Night Must Fall," the daughter born in "Mr. Dooley's" house was directing Maurice Evans in "Richard II," in New York.

When I talked with Dame May she had just finished reading a letter from her daughter, telling her about the coronation of George VI.

"We have been taught to think of being crowned King of England as a great honor. Kings, even in fairy tales, are supposed to be highly honored," said Dame May, "but the general feeling toward Britain's new king is 'poor boy.' His subjects sympathize with him rather than envy him."

Dame May says Americans are likely to think she's a rather hard old woman, if they gauge her by her performance in "Night Must Fall," which she isn't at all. She's one of those kind, motherly types off-stage and had been so for years on stage until they called her to play "Night Must Fall" across the footlights. She wasn't sure she could be convincing in the demands of that role until she tried.

"I think actors and actresses should rehearse a role free for a time to get the feel of the part," said Dame May. "Then they would know if they fit. It isn't fair to actor or producer to have to contract an artist when he or she may turn out a misfit."

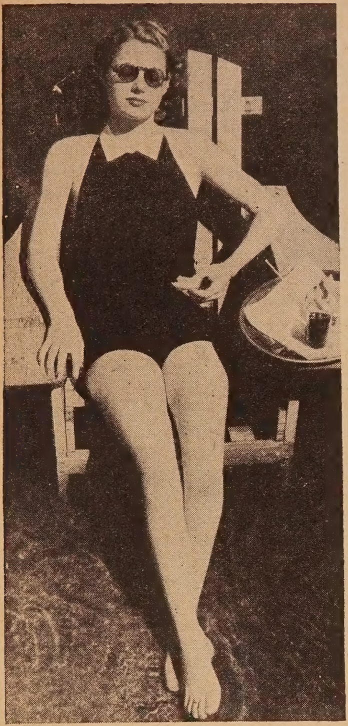
As Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer knows, Dame May Whitty fits well into its plans for the future. She has rare talent, long experience, versatility and all the other attributes that promise to keep her on the screen, even if she does feel so much a part of the stage that divorcing the footlights is no easy matter for her.

Dancer From Vienna

(Continued from page 47)

was supposed to walk. One day she danced her untaught steps for her mother's guest, Saharet, a famous American dancer. The next day he and she ran home to announce that Ottilie (she hadn't grown into her other name yet) was now the youngest pupil in the exclusive Austrian Imperial School of Ballet, a government institution.

From then on, as they say, her rise was phenomenal. Each year the ballet classes gave a public performance, and each year the press and public gave Tilly a bigger hand. Once they danced by rows and the



Ann Sheridan, Warner Bros. versatile player, takes refreshment to the accompaniment of ultra violet rays

applause was so great when her row danced that the ballet master had her dance alone, which was as thrilling to Tilly as a coming-out party to a deb, if debs are ever thrilled by anything. Her biggest break came when one of those things happened that rarely occur outside of stories—the leading lady got sick. Tilly was her understudy and did all right for herself at both Barcelona and Madrid, where the troupe was sent by official invitation.

By now Tilly was known as the "dancing wonder child" and was adopted by the tops of the town of gay Vienna. She earned millions in money during those days, but there was a catch—it was wartime and with it came inflation. Tilly's "millions" came to about twenty-five dollars a week in United States currency.

Evidently dancing all day long didn't keep her busy enough, so Tilly broadened out into music, acting, languages and art, which sounds like the entire curriculum of a college course.

Tilly has danced before kings and queens at command performances all over Europe, and in a dozen and more shows on Broadway and in London, where she found just as royal a reception.

Now Tilly is in the movies and happy about it. Pictures have unfolded a new horizon for her dancing since she has outgrown her stage type of roles. Tilly didn't mind starting in small roles, though once she starred as a dancer. She agrees with Mr. Selznick who said it is far better to begin slowly and have the public discover you, than to start with a fanfare and fail. May a small voice whisper that some other Europeans might have taken a lesson on this from Tilly?

Take a good look at Tilly's picture and then read what Cecil Beaton, noted photographer and painter, says about her looks:

"She has a blunt, semi-Slavic face, slanting green eyes and an upturned nose. She has the appearance of an innocent school girl, and yet there is a quality to her face that is both slumbrous and passionate. Women would rather look like Tilly Losch than anyone else."

Jane Withers

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"Angel's Holiday" is Jane's next picture. And don't ever get the idea that all these movies and the attention that goes with them will spoil her. Irvin S. Cobb said of her, "If Jane Withers is a sample of what a movie career does for children, a law should be passed forcing all youngsters to have such experience. I have yet to know a sweeter, more well-bred, gentle, considerate and wholly natural little girl."

A New You This Fall

(Continued from page 69)

brows. Frances Joyce, who is busy applying only the faintest shadow to her lids, is a grand example of lovely brows left to arch naturally. Frances takes only stray hairs from the *under* side of her brows, brushing the upper part into a smooth line with the aid of a small mascara brush, free of mascara, of course.

One more word about this Fall 1937 model of you, don't spare the foundation garments. All the slick hairdressing, new make-up and body exercising will be so much wasted time unless you keep a trim, firm line beneath your clothes with a good, restraining foundation and a properly fitted bras.

I Want To Know

(Continued from page 18)

those friends who doubt the fact that CLAUDETTE COLBERT is really French. Her family name is Chauchoin. Before coming to America her parents called her Lily. She arrived in New York at the age of five, in 1913. Both critics and public agree with you that her latest film, "I Met Him in Paris," in which she appears with Melvin Douglas and Robert Young is a smash hit.

•

D. F. C., Harrisburg, Pa.—BETTE DAVIS is taking a well earned vacation after a hard schedule at Warner Bros. studios. It is LESLIE HOWARD and not Ronald Colman she is teamed with in the forthcoming film "It's Love I'm After." Lovely OLIVIA de HAVILLAND is also in the picture. You will be glad to know that the producers have given Miss Davis a break and she gets her man. Others besides you have worried as to whether Bette was to continue to lose out in affairs of the heart, as has been the case in some of her films recently.

Dixie Dunbar here offers a good reason why boys should not leave the farm. This outfit (sans pitchfork) is really a suggestion for fading summer days

Who's Tops In Hollywood Now?

(Continued from page 33)

ever-glamorous looks account for the spectacular splash she makes everytime she materializes.

Robert Taylor and Shirley Temple get the most mail from fans. Bob's average is eight thousand letters each week, while Shirley receives half that number. (Ginger Rogers is the grown-up feminine leader and is only a little behind Shirley.)

Robert Taylor is the handsomest, and Madeleine Carroll the most beautiful, off-screen. The lithe, dark Taylor illustrates masculinity at its utmost; the finely modeled features and delicate blonde loveliness of the lady from London is no camera illusion.

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are actually the best-dressed. Even Bond Street and Fifth Avenue have bowed to the class of the Boulevard, Clark's sponsoring of comfortable informality being an especially notable innovation in male styles. The svelte Carole superbly distinguishes the dashing from the gaudy and is stunning for all occasions. Her wardrobe, like Clark's, is designed entirely in Hollywood itself.

Marlene Dietrich owns the most jewels. She adores a sparkling, gigantic gem to match each mood. But emeralds are her weakness.

Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers have the most dates. Fun-fond, they run the gamut of the eligibles. They avoid entanglements by diversifying their attentions. Often they get around to stepping out with each other, too.

Cary Grant and Loretta Young fall in love oftenest. They're invariably beginning or ending a romance which affects them deeply.

William Powell and Marion Davies are foremost at hosting. Entertaining is no less fine an art when you have the first prerequisite—cash. Additional necessities for excelling: the desire for company, a sophisticated knowledge of who mixes with whom and when, a splendid setting to focus the conviviality, and a gay manner.

Robert Taylor and Claudette Colbert are the most sought-after party guests. At present they're the rage in Hollywood, thanks to their never-failing charm and their jolly good humor. However, neither entertains much.

Fred Astaire and Joan Crawford are supreme as ballroom partners. For a swing fox-trot or a divine waltz, you'd pick Fred or Joan—if you had your choice. They're positively the cream of the whole crop.

Gene Raymond and Ginger Rogers are the most athletic. Perhaps you are more interested in who's fine at sports. Gene is adept at tennis, riding, golf, swimming, handball, wrestling, fishing, and—if you want to wrestle — in a gym he's completely proficient! Ginger is a whiz at bowling, ping pong, golf, tennis, riding, swimming, and badminton.

Edward G. Robinson and Ruth Chatterton are the best-informed and most delightful conversationalists. You may prefer stimulating tete-a-tete discussions. Then contact them. Cosmopolitan, cultured, and witty, they're familiar with whatever topic you propose.

Ronald Colman and Grace Moore are the most widely traveled. Wanderlust may be the most tempting quality in a person to you. If so, here are your soul-mates. Ronnie adventures around the globe incognito; Grace tours regally.

Gary Cooper and Greta Garbo are the hardest to know. They'll talk. But to learn their true thoughts you have to be a better man than Gunga Din.

Clark Gable and Una Merkel have the most personal friends. Their genuine concern with other people's problems and their extraordinary adaptability explains why.

Francis Lederer and Grace Moore are the ideal interviewees. The press judges by quotableness. Many stars cannot speak well for publication, don't dramatize themselves. These two are vivid, opinionated moderns who obligingly talk in the most engaging fashion.

Errol Flynn and Grace Moore are the most colorful characters in all Hollywood. Striking in appearance and excitingly emotional, they have led comet-like lives and still attract dynamic moments. Possibly because they relish them to the hilt.

At any rate, thus are they rated by the discerning ones behind the scintillating movie scenes you see. If you've been in a dilemma about who's who this summer, there's your explicit data!

Jimmy Cagney

(Continued from page 57)

could act as well as dance; his mastery of both arts now nearly always got him one sort of engagement or another. In "Grand Street Follies," played two seasons, he had a prominent role. Then in 1929 came a fat part in George Kelly's famous play, "Maggie, the Magnificent." There was a young girl in the cast. Her name was Joan Blondell. They were together again the next season in "Penny Arcade." Warner Brothers bought the film rights and redubbed it "Sinners Holiday." Cagney and Blondell went to Hollywood.

And here is where Jimmy's temper nearly tripped him up. He had been summoned to see the director. The director wasn't on time. Jimmy waited ten minutes, then rose to his full five feet, eight and a half inches, jammed on his hat and walked out. However, that was patchd up. Temper, Jimmy admits, is one of his weaknesses. But maybe Jimmy is mistaken in this. He's let off steam a number of times in his life, but somehow the only result seems to be he gets what he wants.

Jimmy brought to the screen characteristics seldom if ever seen before. Cast an actor mean and tough, have him rob and murder, and the audience will howl for his blood. Not so with Jimmy. Even in such a despicable characterization — or was it despicable?—as that in "Public Enemy" he did not loosen, he tightened his grip on his public. Jimmy sullen, Jimmy defiant, or with his back to the wall, never suggested cowardice. He had to be killed, of course, and the audience acquiesced in that necessity, but they did so reluctantly. It was that daredevil something about him that gripped their hearts. They felt better over his many screen spats with Pat O'Brien; and when he joined the forces of righteousness under Uncle Sam and tracked down men of his former ilk, all his past misdeeds were forgiven.

Harry Dixon is the dance coach who is polishing his new steps. Jimmy has never permitted his dancing to grow rusty and has kept his muscles limber by practice through the years, but preparing for a dance picture is a strenuous workout, at best, and Jimmy occasionally gets those twists and kinks in his legs, inevitable to all footwork. But every day his routine is a little smoother, a little more finished. His instructor is delighted with his progress. "He's got two things that I like," says Dixon, "a sense of rhythm and he's graceful."

Dixon has laid down the general lines of the routine but Jimmy has won his admiration by improvising some clever adaptations. There's a lot to this routine of his: it includes tap steps, double wings, pick-up slaps, knee bells, and beats. He does this on a stage, then down stairs and up again. He works as hard as Braddock did for his little fracas with Joe Louis, but the finale for Jimmy's effort won't be the count of ten. No picture he has been in has flopped.

(Continued on page 80)

MARVELOUS, DEAR! I'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU PLAY FOR ME THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

Love and Wonder Mingled As He Watched Her Play

How This Easy Way to Learn Music Won the Man She Loved

EVER since Mary joined the crowd we felt a little sorry for her — almost pitied her in fact. She wasn't popular—didn't seem to have the knack of making friends. At parties no one ever noticed her—no one ever asked to see her home.

So you can imagine our surprise when one evening, right out of a clear sky, she remarked, "How would you like to be entertained with some selections from Puccini?" Of course we thought she was joking.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting. I was sorry for her. But I saw her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through the room like a challenge. And suddenly the room was hushed!

She played La Tosca — played it with such soul fire that every one swayed forward, tense, listening. Bill Dalton, the most sought-after man in the crowd, stood beside her as she played. He was fascinated—held spellbound by her playing. It seemed as though he saw her for the first time.

A Proposal

When the last ringing chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher." And Bill was the most enthusiastic of all.

She played for us all evening and after the party Bill was the first to ask to escort her home. "Marvelous, dear," he whispered, as he said good night. "I'd love to have you play for me the rest of your life!"

After the Wedding She Told Me

We were life-long friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You play superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?" And flashing a smile at Bill, she replied, "It's no secret at all. I just got tired of being left out of things and decided to do something about it. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course in my spare time.

"And it was as easy as A-B-C. I didn't have a bit of trouble," she continued. "I began learning to play almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play many jazz or classical pieces."

"Isn't she wonderful, Bill," I said. "Think of playing like that and learning all by herself!"

"I'm not wonderful," she laughingly replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why it's like playing a game."

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

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Cornet
Trombone
Piccolo
Flute
Guitar
Saxophone
Mandolin
Ukulele
Harp
Clarinet
'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Trumpet
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Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for our free booklet. And with it comes a free Demonstration Lesson which shows graphically how simple this expert home instruction really is. You owe it to yourself to get this valuable booklet and Demonstration Lesson. There's no obligation on your part whatever. So be sure to mail the coupon TODAY. Instruments supplied if desired—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 4079 Brunswick Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

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Jimmy Cagney

(Continued from page 78)

Jimmy has come to a philosophy about making pictures that is unquestionably sound. He believes that you can't give an audience more of yourself than in two, or at best, three pictures a year. And, then, you've got to vary your roles. He holds to the thesis that it's much better for an actor to give the public too little than too much of himself and even then the diet should be well varied.

That's why he'll try another type of story in his next production after "Something to Sing About." It's going to be called "Dynamite" and its scenes will be laid in the Texas oil fields.

He's just turned thirty-five years, is doing now exactly what he likes to do and his future seems assured. At the present time he rates as one of the ten male motion picture stars with the biggest following. Run over in your mind the names of the famous actors now enjoying public favor and you'll realize the significance of that statement.

Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 15)

IN any ramble around Hollywood, you'll find television is the newest news. A new radio program, released as yet only on the Coast, is being weighed for practical merit in television. Screen and air biggies who have their own program, like Helen Broderick and Victor Moore, were among those on hand at the premiere to take in the latest Hollywood development on the radio front.

THERE'S more yet to come before movies kowtow to radio. Victor McLaglen, Claudette Colbert, Robert Taylor and Gladys Swarthout have all used the continental antennas to increase their screen popularity.

Buddy Rogers is making a come-back and two new names, Fibber McGee and Molly, are making cinema bows because, in the three cases, their radio squawks have put them into the vocal flickers.

Think back and recall how many movie names have become big-time radio names. Now, do a mental flip-flop and enumerate the established radio stars, particularly among the funny guys, who have become cinema figures with an established drawing power.

UNIVERSAL is starting a series of pictures which will have for their hero a new type of detective. His name is "Detective Crane." He was invented by Jonathan Latimer, one of today's leading writers of mystery novels. Universal is going to produce two of his stories, "Headed for a Hearse," and "The Lady in the Morgue," with "Detective Crane" as the sleuth in both.

Universal is looking for just the right player for this role, and asks readers of MODERN MOVIES to help in the search. Have you in mind an actor—any actor of any studio—who, you think, would be ideal for the part? Remember Ronald Colman in the "Bulldog Drummond" series, and Bill Powell in "The Thin Man?" Well, perhaps you may uncover another detective as notable as these in such roles.

SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD PUZZLE on page 8

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A	R	■	■	S	A	G	A	■	R	I	D	S	■	■	U	P
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SCIENCE NOW KNOWS WHY

You Lose Hair and Go Bald

Germs get deep into the scalp skin and are not removed with soap and water, shampoos, hair tonics, salves and oils. These germs **(flask bacilli of Unna)** create fine dandruff to clog up pores and hair follicles, causing itch, falling hair and smothering the roots so they cannot grow hair. So why hide your bald parts with your hat, when a new method enables men to easily remove the thin, congested, germ-laden outer layer of scalp skin and have a new outer layer that will absorb air, sunshine and benefit from stimulating, nourishing preparations to activate the dormant roots to function and promote hair growth. This new method is now explained in a treatise called "HOW HAIR GROWS" and tells what to do. It is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this paper who have hair troubles. Send no money. Write to Dermolav Lab., Desk 615-C, No. 1700 Broadway, N. Y. You receive it by mail postpaid. If pleased tell friends.

BALD
BLIND TO HIS GREATEST HANDICAP!
READ FREE OFFER!

Roses and Razzes

(Continued from page 6)

of the disagreeable nature of his rôle. The picture made me understand how pleasant people can do unpleasant things. This picture should teach tolerance and everybody should see it. Anyway, Bob is adorable, no matter what he may do.

Helen Jacobs
Louisville, Ky.

Starring His Dog

I HAVE a wonderful dog that can do anything. He performs a dozen different tricks and is very kind and gentle. He is a Collie about two years old. I am going to pay a visit to the San Francisco new bridges in August and I think I will take my dog down to Hollywood and see if I cannot get a contract for him in the movies.

Henry B. Finne
Baltimore, Md.

Appreciates Muni

I WOULD like to extend my heartiest thanks to *Modern Movies* for its excellent story written about my favorite actor, Paul Muni. He, of all actors deserves the most recognition; he gets the least. It is very, very seldom that one reads or sees pictures of an actor who really lives his role, as Muni does. I hope to see more of his famous characterizations on the screen and read more of him, and see more pictures of him in *Modern Movies.*

Beverly Suser
New York City

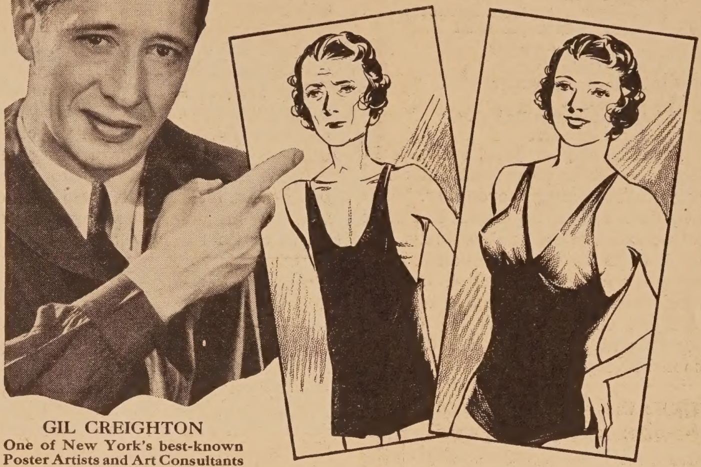
You Can Make A Pie

(Continued from page 14)

For a topping to this pie, you can use either a meringue or whip cream. For a meringue, you use 2 egg whites beaten until foamy throughout; add 4 tablespoons of sugar, but only 2 at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is blended. Then continue beating until mixture stands in peaks. Pile lightly on chocolate filling. If meringue is used, entire pie is baked for fifteen minutes in a moderate oven (350 F.)

SEE THE DIFFERENCE WHEN SKINNY PEOPLE GAIN NEW POUNDS

Well-Known Artist Shows by Dramatic Comparison How Extra Pounds Can Transform a Skinny, Unattractive Figure to Normal Alluring Feminine Loveliness



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One of New York's best-known Poster Artists and Art Consultants

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IF you look like the picture on the left—skinny, rundown, unattractive to the other sex—don't think for a moment that your case is hopeless. Thousands of men and women who never could put on an ounce before have gained 10 to 25 pounds of good, solid flesh in a few weeks with these wonderful new Ironized Yeast tablets.

In addition to their new normal attractive curves and feminine allure, they can also boast of naturally clear skin and lovely color, new pep, new popularity and joy in life they never knew before.

Why they build up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown simply because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. One of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale, world renowned for its medicinal properties.

Now by a new and costly process, perfected after long research, the vitamins from this imported English ale yeast are concentrated to *7 times* their strength in ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast and other valuable tonic ingredients are then added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength and potency.

The result is these new easy-to-take but marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people quickly to gain just the normally attractive curves, natural development and peppy health they longed for.

Make this money-back test

If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and to get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not absolutely convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 1159, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.

If you use whip cream, use a pastry tube and decorate in some attractive manner. A circle of the cream around the outside, leaving the center showing the chocolate filling, is very pretty.

Now for the chef's triumph—and will your spouse be struck dumb with awe and admiration when this arrives on the table!

COCOANUT CREAM FRUIT PIE

5 tablespoons cake flour
¼ teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
2 teaspoons vanilla
4 tablespoons sugar
2 cups milk
1 cup shredded cocoanut
2 oranges, free from membrane
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

* * *

2 egg whites, unbeaten
2 tablespoons water
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla
Dash of salt

Combine sugar, flour, and salt in top of a double boiler. Add milk and egg yolks, mixing thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from boiling water; add ½ cup cocoanut and vanilla. Cool. Remove membrane from orange sections and sweeten slightly. Place ½ orange sections in pie shell; then fill with cooled filling.

FOR the topping, proceed as follows: place egg whites, sugar, salt and water in top of double boiler; beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water and beat 1 minute; then remove from fire and continue beating 1 minute, or until mixture will stand in peaks. Add flavoring. Pile lightly on filling. Arrange remaining sections around meringue. Sprinkle with remaining cocoanut. Serve at once.

If you want a pie crust that can be made in a jiffy and lends an unusual flavor to any filling you care to use, try one made from zwieback. Mix 1½ cups of zwieback crumbs, ½ cup sugar, ¾ teaspoon cinnamon and ½ cup melted butter. Make a paste of this and press ¼-inch thick in bottom and sides of a 9-inch pie pan. Chill and then fill with filling. You may use this crust or a regular pastry shell for the following recipe:

PEACH PIE GLACE

1 package orange flavored gelatin
1½ cups warm peach juice and water
2½ cups canned sliced peaches, drained

Dissolve gelatin in warm water and peach juice. Add peaches. Chill. When slightly thickened, turn into cold pie shell. Chill until firm. Serve decorated with whipped cream.

For apple and berry pies, or any requiring a top crust, you merely roll out an extra layer of thin pie crust and press it firmly down along the rim of the pie dish. Try to make your crust look as trim and attractive as possible, avoiding ragged edges and a runover look.

Charlie McCarthy

(Continued from page 43)

life both socially and financially. During the summer he would play Chataugua where he could put into professional use the dramatic theories given him by Dean Dennis, of the university school of speech.

FOLLOWING college, Eddie and Charlie became a standard variety show act and their names were in the great vaudeville circuit lights from coast-to-coast. Eddie's success led him to many parts of the Globe. Charlie McCarthy, in his suitcase home, became a world traveller.

Eddie broke my musings. "Listen, Frank, I've got to get back and write my Sunday radio show. I've got to check my act here at the Grove and study the script for 'Goldwyn Follies.' "

"Poor Mr. Bergen can never remember his lines," Charlie sighed. "I never muff mine."

"All right, Eddie," I answered. "I'll tell the folk about how you got on radio when a scout for Rudy Vallee's hour heard you at the Rainbow Room in New York and realized that you had a sensationally different act. And now the smart swankily attired ventriloquist and his pal Charlie are set to be the next big hit of the motion picture world."

Eddie looked a bit worried. "Don't put it on too thick, Frank, or I'll take it out on you in tennis like I did when we played back in Chicago in 1933.

"What's more, remember that I'm no hero at home. When I am playing in Chicago, my mother will take the passes I give her—if she thinks the rest of the program will be good.

"Naturally I hope Charlie and Eddie are going over big in 'Goldwyn Follies.' I like Hollywood and I like the movies."

He looked at Charlie whose mind was on a gorgeous blonde passing by. Eddie whispered to me: "I may introduce another dummy in that picture to offset some of Charlie's smart remarks. I haven't quite decided yet. Charlie will be the star, of course, but he may have to put up a battle even harder than he does with Fields."

Charlie, not hearing the remarks, was ready to leave. He shook hands with me. "Do, do, do drop by to see me in 'Goldwyn Follies,' Mr. Cunningham." He stopped for a moment, looked at Eddie as if hesitating, then added, "If you can raise the admission price."

Little Janice Hood (left), as she appeared recently in the "Florodora" Sextette on a Hollywood stage. A cute youngster is Janice who promises to go places

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It is so easy to play by ear that "Professor" Russell's method could really be called a very clever trick . . . a trick that is always new — always successful and ever entertaining.

Only a few minutes of your time is necessary each day and in a few lessons you will be able to play not just one song, but ANY song you can remember. You want to play anything and everything, and after only seven short lessons, you WILL be able to play by ear any tune you can hum.

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Don't hang around the outer edge of the crowd that gathers around the piano to sing. Be the center of attraction . . . the motivating force of the whole group—the one at the piano! The person who can play anything . . . at any time . . . always heads the list when invitations are sent out! Surprise your crowd at their next party! You, who never knew one note from another, can sit down at the piano and run off all the latest song hits to the amazement of everyone! Not only will you get a tremendous amount of pleasure and fun yourself, but you will be able to give enjoyment to others. The person who can play the piano by ear is seldom lonely.

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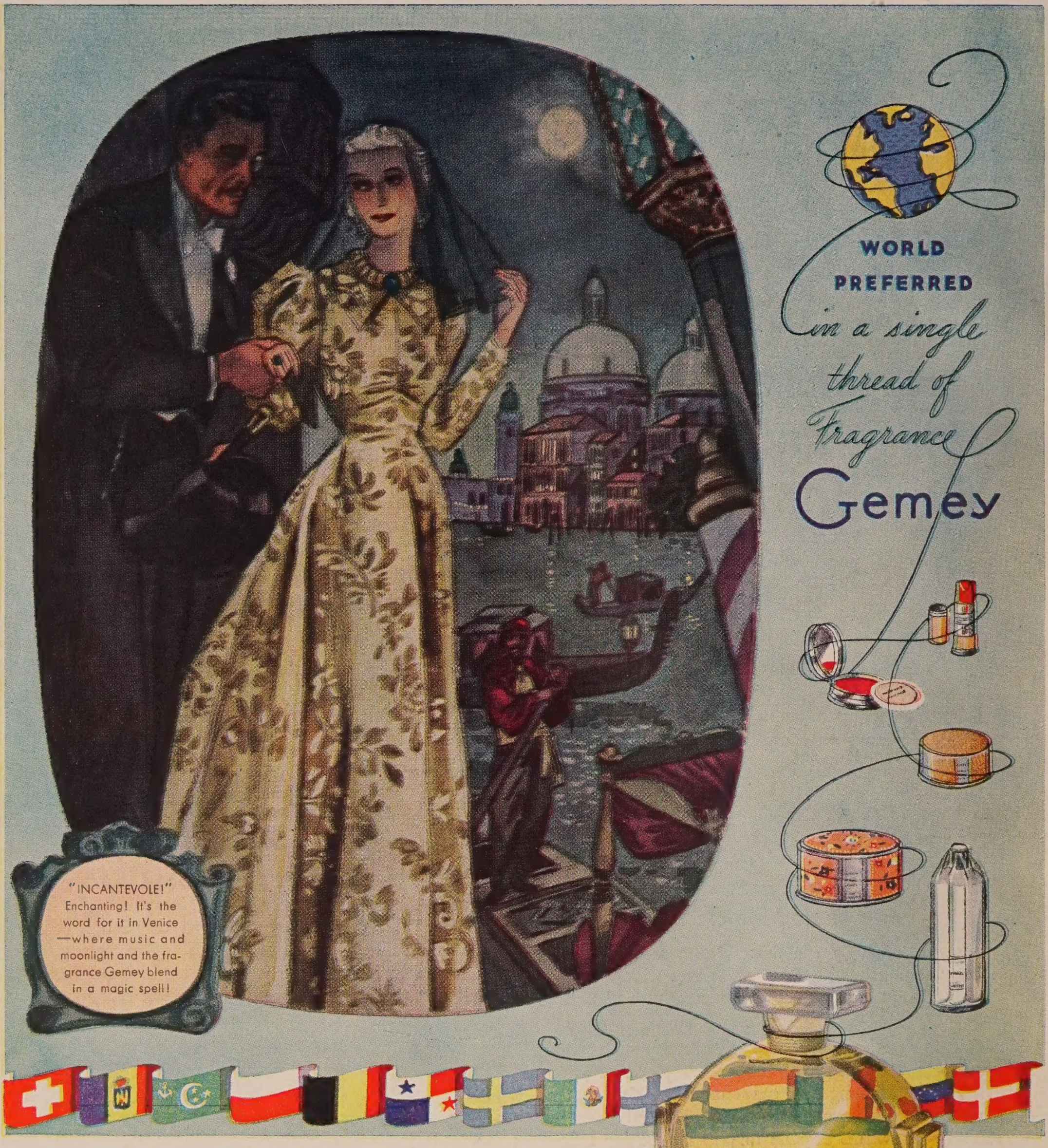

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Fragrance Gemey (Jem-may') in crystal clear dressing table flacons, $2.50, $4.50 and $15.

Look in tonight with the moonlight on Singapore or Samarkand, on the rippling waters of the Grand Canal or the dusky Vale of Kashmir. Find romance and youth and beauty in any land. And you find, too, the magic that is fragrance Gemey.

What *is* the secret of this perfume that has charmed its way around the world? Why is it high in the favor of lovely women everywhere? Now in America you may *know!* For Richard Hudnut presents, at your favorite perfume counter, a complete glamour ensemble in fragrance Gemey. There are powders and scents, rouges and lipsticks, eau de cologne and enchantments for the skin and hair. Through them all is woven this *single thread of fragrance* . . . one young and joyous perfume in all your beauty essentials . . . that the world may know as *you!*

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MODERN MOVIES

OCTOBER
FIFTEEN CENTS

"LOVE ME"

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by KATHARINE ROBERTS

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"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

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"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

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"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"
"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic"
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

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Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.

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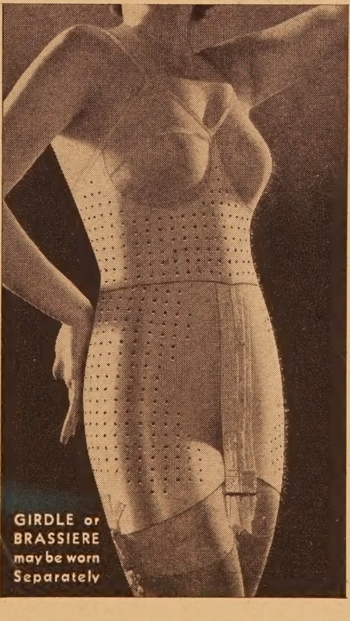

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10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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THE HOLLYWOOD CLASSIC

Vol. I, No. 4

OCTOBER, 1937

MODERN MOVIES

ON THE COVER
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AND
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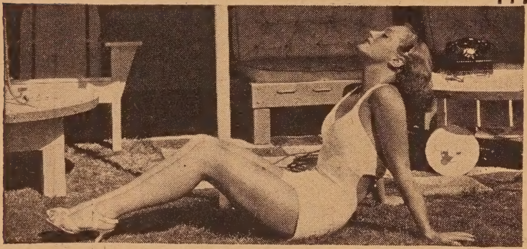

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WHO
is the
FOREIGN BORN STAR
Who Represents
the Typical
AMERICAN GIRL?

●

WHAT
Happens in the
Second
Thrilling Installment
of the
Hollywood Romance
"LOVE ME"?

●

WHERE
Else Can You Get
15 Great Features
12 Departments
100% Inside Dope
on the
Happenings in
Hollywood?

●

WHY
Not Answer These
Questions
By Reading the
NEXT
ISSUE?

"For the Entire Family"

WHEN the press critics use that line, it's good news for the producer of the picture. What everyone likes has universal box office appeal. Parking space around the theatre is crowded, and Father buys three or more tickets, according to the size of his brood, instead of the customary two. "For the entire family" means that it is safe to take the children.

Experience has smartened theatre managers. There was a time when they were eager to hang out the sign "For Adults Only." With minors barred, they knew their elders would crowd the house. But there came weeks when normalcy prevailed and though the doors were opened to the youngest children, still seats were empty. Regular patrons had meantime been driven elsewhere. Perhaps they had found other theatres they felt were safer for their families. Anyway, business fell off.

Today long term profits are to be found in family theatres where the potentialities for attendance are both large and regular. Despite the cynics, sometimes it does pay to be good.

In the realm of films that leave you refreshed and with the right taste in your mouth, are such pictures as "Captains Courageous" and "High, Wide and Handsome." No human being can possibly come to any harm by seeing either of them. Not only do they entertain; they stimulate to new aspirations. I single these two films out because they are recent and typical. Theatres where they are exhibited are packed and the managers gleefully rub their hands.

Grim, raw brutality may still be seen on the screen. But the motivation in such pictures has changed. Close-ups of murdered men, of scenes of horror for their own sake, apparently have had their day. Realism has been tamed by taste. "They Won't Forget," for instance, is a grim picture, but it most significantly points a moral. It may shock at times, but it is not deliberately a shocker. The scenario merely follows truth wherever it may lead. In essence, it is a sociological study. Warner Bros. have given the theme the same sincere touch characteristic of other similar productions of theirs, such as "I Am A Fugitive," "Black Fury," and "Black Legion." They have proved that honesty and sincerity are generously recognized at the box office.

Strictly, these may not be family pictures. Generally, they are not taboo to children and the more thoughtful of the movie house's patrons applaud the manager's policy in showing them.

Motion pictures began as a family institution, continued as such and now, if they were to go, nothing could possibly take their place. The industry is blamed when it misbehaves, too seldom applauded when it performs honestly and brilliantly. Compare the films we are now privileged to see with those of even two years back. The change, the progress they have made, is really amazing. Today, as never before, most of them are worthy of the stamp that indicates the highest approval —"For the entire family."

WILLIAM T. WALSH.

ROSES AND RAZZES

What's the Matter with Broadway?

"THREE Weeks on Broadway," or so they bill films at our local theatre. But I am somewhat puzzled by some of those advertisements, because I have seen shows here that can't half fill the house the second night. Maybe out our way we are just "hicks" or "rubes," but when we see talented stars do a lot of things that even no child in its right mind would do, I can't help but wonder at both the taste and the intelligence of New York City movie fans. We don't like a lot of just talk pictures in our town. We want to see films where people do things and speak our language.

John Herndon,
Springfield, Mo.

Three Cheers for Cheering Pictures

I'VE just got to tell how much I enjoyed "I Met Him in Paris." Never have I seen Claudette Colbert so delightful, so scintillating, and as for Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas, they were too funny for words. Why can't we see more of such gay, care-free films? I was feeling so low that at first I refused to accompany my sister to the theatre. She had to do a lot of coaxing. But in about two minutes after the picture started, I had forgotten all my troubles, and when I got home I wondered why I had let myself besome so downcast.

C. F.,
Springfield, Mass.

Jolly Martha Raye

WHEN are we going to see another picture like "Mountain Music?" When are we going to see Martha Raye again? Of all the pictures I have ever seen, this is the most charming, and Martha the most wonderful actress. Though she comes from the magic world of Hollywood, she is still "just folks." Everyone can understand and loves her. I read in the movie column in a newspaper that for two weeks she has been making personal appearances in New York and that at every performance crowds had to be turned away. I don't wonder! What a jolly person she is!

Frances Kerr,
Des Moines, Iowa.

England's Feminine Rockefeller

I UNDERSTAND that the highest paid motion picture star in the world is Gracie Fields, an English girl, and here in Superior we've never so much as even heard of her. She works for an English company. Why aren't her films released in America if she's so good?

Jessica Arnold,
Superior, Wisc.

ROSES AND RAZZES is your department, and you are at liberty to express your frank and honest opinion of motion pictures and players. Preferably, letters should be limited to a length of 200 words. You may sign either your name or your initials to your communication. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Two Advance Sales

I WOULDN'T miss Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly" or Joan Crawford in "The Bride Wore Red," if I had to spend my supper money to see them. And with Allan Jones in the one, and Franchot Tone and Robert Young in the other! I'm making myself a positive nuisance at our local theatre asking the manager when he expects to show these films.

R. L.,
Seattle, Wash.

Keeping Up with the Mauches

I SAW "The Prince and the Pauper" five times but it only took me the first time to be convinced that the Mauch Twins are two great stars. They are not only the two handsomest boys I have ever seen, but they are also two charming, natural and sincere young actors. "The Prince and the Pauper" was a great hit, but Billy and Bobby certainly did a large part in making it such a wonderful picture. I would go to see any picture they are in and I surely hope the Mauches will take part in another one shortly.

G. T. S.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Eyebrows! My Eye!"

DOESN'T the reader who criticized Marlene Dietrich in a recent issue of *Modern Movies* know that the studios make a scientific and esthetic study of each player's face? When Miss Dietrich plucks her eyebrows and changes their line, you may be sure that there is good reason for it. Heavy brows under the tremendous magnification of the screen would look not only unbeautiful, but grotesque. Dietrich's full, wide-awake eyes are one of her greatest claims to distinctive charm. And so I say, Eyebrows! My eye!

Sally Jenkins,
St. Louis, Mo.

That Hollywood It Lad

CHARLIE McCARTHY is so real to us that when we hear him on the radio it is almost impossible to believe he is not a human being. Our little four-year-old daughter insists that he is alive, and so we have given up attempts to convince her to the contrary.

And now that Charlie is going into motion pictures, we have a new delight in store. I never saw him, of course, and I was delighted with the pictures of him in *Modern Movies.* I couldn't imagine his looking any different than he does.

Ed Bergen, who thinks up those funny lines and talks for Charlie, must be a wonder. But don't you think he must feel something like Frankenstein, the man who created the monster? Of course Charlie isn't any ogre, just a cute little fellow. But I know if I were Mr. Bergen I would be jealous of my creation's popularity.

Ida Wentworth,
Columbus, Ohio.

The Films Teach "It's Proper," Too

ONE thing in particular I get from motion pictures—and that is the right way of speaking, and correct social procedure, too. I like sophisticated plays—with Irene Dunne, Joan Crawford and Kay Francis. These three are my favorite feminine stars. They say and do just the right things at the right time.

R. F.,
Appleton, Wisc.

Bette Davis takes those steps with easy stride. Neat looking costume she's wearing

"Hi, there! Where you been?" is Jane Wyman's greeting to her friend at the beach. Lucky greetee!

Firing up on a cool Hollywood night. Meantime, Bette Davis keeps warm by keeping moving

IT HAPPENS IN HOLLYWOOD

GEORGE MURPHY, Broadway's dancing-singing-acting gift to the talkies, has learned his lesson for the season in the cinema school of knock knocks. The theme: there is such a thing in Hollywood as being too good for your own good. And that though scene stealing is legitimate and even ethical, it is not always a profitable pursuit. Murphy walked into "Broadway Melody of 1938" and stole off with all the personal glory that was supposed to belong to Robert Taylor.

It was such a big cleanup that, as Murphy's reward, the bosses hustled the film back to the cutting room before it could get away, and operated on some of George's healthiest scenes. Now Bobbie T. has partially recovered his stolen "personal property" and Murphy was severely ordered to take his walking papers—with orders to keep walking until he reached center front, the leading man's position, on the "Umbrella Man" set. It seems you can't lose in this game. When you lose you win.

MOANIN' LOW. Like Garbo. Or Groucho. That's what the saxophones and sousaphones do in Jan Garber's orchestra, since the fad bug found another ripe spot to snuggle. The boys have done that indefinable something—"gone Hollywood" since settling here to make "pitchers," and have named their instruments after the stars whose voices have the same tune—supremely Hollywood, yes? Besides Garbo and Groucho, the tooters and moaners are called Marlene, Mischa, Myrna, and Patsy. Jan calls his baton "Zasu."

GABLE and Lombard have been forced out of their position as first romantic couple in the land. Their throne now belongs to Jane Withers and ebony-shaded "Alfalfa," who played together in a recent picture. Jane gave Alfalfa a red wagon as a celebration token when the picture was finished. Alfalfa liked the wagon all right, but he wasn't so sure how he felt about the razzing he got from the rest of "Our Gang" when he showed them his new vehicle. The kids were positive he was "Jane's fellow" when a few days later Jane asked Alfalfa and his father to her home. This time he came back to the gang with a real little automobile with an honest "injun" (one cylinder). According to "Our Gang,"—"Alfalfa's got a gurrul, and Janie's got a felluh."

"DANGER Rat Poison on Floor—Watch Your Domestic Animals," says a sign stage 14 at M-G-M. One popular actor (who would be just too confused if we told you his name) looked at it and murmured lovingly, "My, my, I must warn my producer."

WHEN a good actor can act bad enough to fool his own mother, that

(Continued on page 9)

Sylvia Sidney knits a sweater on the set for someone

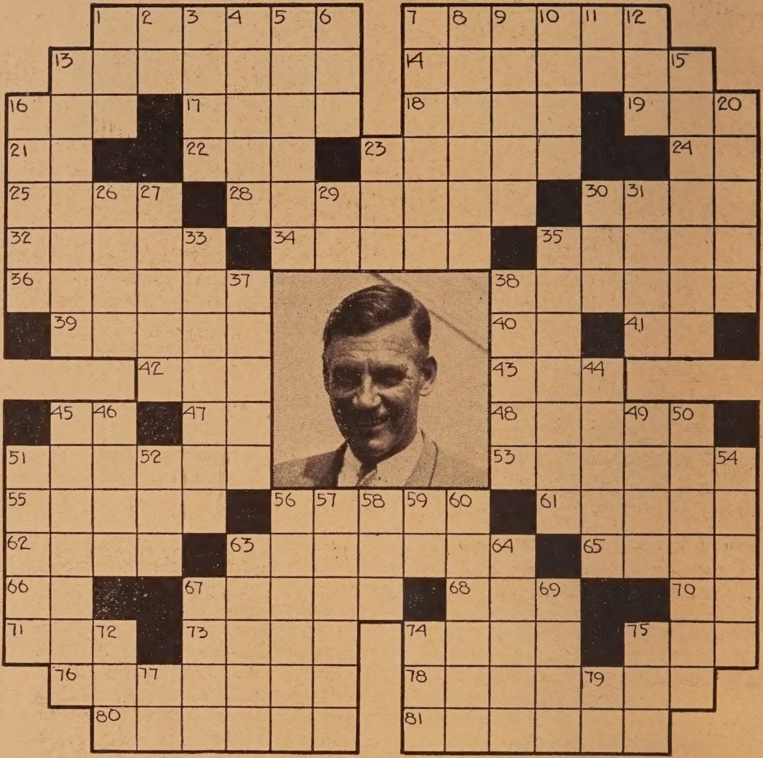
MODERN MOVIES' CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE

ON PAGE 80

HORIZONTAL

1. & 7. His picture is in the center square
13. Regret
14. An Indian tribe
16. Lady fowl
17. A measure of electric power
18. Small stream
19. A mountain peak
21. Toward the top
22. Orb
23. Coral island
24. Musical note
25. He sang in "Waikiki Wedding" (first name)
28. Treatises
30. He's a great screen lover (first name)
32. Come into use
34. Signifies
35. Slang for "girls"
36. Stops again
38. Mania
39. Kind of coarse cloth
40. Bone
41. Half an em
42. Prefix meaning "three"
43. Point of a scenario writer's pen
45. The sun god
47. He sings mammy songs (first name)
48. Demise
51. A Roman official
53. Absolve
55. Escape
56. Phil is this movie star's last name
61. Taut
62. Colors a light brown
63. A muscle that raises a part
65. A bristle
66. He played in "Holy Terror" (first name)
67. Male star of "Stella Dallas" (last name)
68. She starred in "Go West, Young Man" (first name)
70. Another bone
71. A color
73. Sin
74. The lime tree
75. Sooner than
76. He played in "Crack-up" (last name)
78. Gladly
80. Precious
81. The heroine of the "Torchy Blane" pictures (first name)



VERTICAL

1. A swelling
2. Exist
3. Male star in "Mad Holiday" (last name)
4. Flat shallow utensils for serving food
5. Regard
6. Steep in liquid
7. Comedy star in "Your Uncle Dudley" (last name)
8. What even Hollywood talent is joining
9. Purveys
10. Movie ticket sellers put the money in this
11. A hypothetical force
12. Detective in "The Thin Man" (first name)
13. Complained
15. Star in "Fifty Roads to Town" (last name)
16. He played in "Gay Desperado" (last name)
20. Wash lightly
23. A wine vessel
26. How Gypsy Rose Lee used to dress
27. Male star in "Topper" (last name)
29. Musical note
30. Container for preserves
31. Musical instrument
33. Office of an Emir
35. Most active
37. Grin; a pleasant expression
38. Star in "Slim" (last name)
44. What ball players steal
45. Competed with
46. Villain in "High, Wide and Handsome"
49. He starred with his wife in "The Bride Wore Red" (last name)
50. Record of events
51. He starred in "M" (first name)
52. Public notices
54. Rent
56. Dream over the past
57. She starred in "Happy Go Lucky" (first name)
58. What makes the car go
59. Near
60. A single term (in algebra)
63. Cared for deeply
64. To set in a row
67. Husband of Clara Bow (last name)
69. A delightful region
72. Canine animal
74. What Marlene is noted for
75. Guido's highest note
77. A negative
79. Abbreviation for a thoroughfare

Courage, Eddie, Gypsy Rose Lee won't hurt you. That's what comes of Cantor's playing "Ali Babi Goes to Town"

(Below) Patsy Kelly (the sleepy one) and Allan Jenkins go over a script for their latest production

(Below) when gob and girl get together. And, ladies, that's Wayne Morris, Mary Maguire's making up to!

Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 7)

actor *must* be good. His name is Bill Haade, a hard boiled looking steel worker from New York, who played the "bad man" in "Kid Galahad." Bill got this excited letter from his mother after she saw the picture: "Come home at once. What has Hollywood done to you? Even your friends booed you. It would have made you cry to hear them boo and hiss."

Sounds like the old melerdrammers when the roughneck in box right center took an occasional shot at the brush-lipped villain who held the mortgage and the innocent maid in his crafty hands. A trifle hard on Mama Haade, but proof of sonny's prowess under the Kliegs.

MAYBE it's because they're free. Maybe it's because they're fun. Whatsoever the reason, there are more rumors in Hollywood than Sunday swimmers at Coney. Stars do their best to ignore them because, like the weather, there's nothing one can do about it. Gossips are pleased to believe everything they hear except the denials. Tyrone Power led with his chin when he gave a farewell party for Sonja Henie before she left for Norway. What with all the stories circulating faster than the wind about Loretta and Sonja changing places oftener than a car shifts gears going down Hollywood Boulevard, the whisper that the party was a publicity stunt was too good to keep a whisper. It became a loud rumor, with the added details that Sonja and Tyrone weren't even on speaking terms (sort of a handicap to overcome at a party, one would think).

Anyway, it's all as false as Santa's stomach. The only thing the publicity boys had to do with it was to help prepare the favors—tiny life preservers with a picture of Sonja in the center. So pull in your ears, scandal sifters, Sonja rumor!

WAYNE MORRIS, the he-man with the slow sweet smile that keeps the women sighing at "Kid Galahad" showings, is *the* town's popular leading man these evenings. When girls call up for dates (they do *too*—this is Hollywood) he politely tells them his contract forbids going to night clubs. However, he accepted one phoner, and he'll never have to worry about his social status since he and the Countess di Frasso, famous for her title and her

(Continued on page 11)

SPOTTED FOR STARDOM

OLYMPE BRADNA
is headed for electric lights

CLIMBING the Hollywood ladder is a toilsome task for most Hollywood neophytes, but little Olympe Bradna is going up three rungs at a time. This talented starlet, with her luminous brown eyes and raven black hair, sings, dances and acts; while over all her work hangs the spell of her indefinable charm, the vivacity of her French spirit. You've seen her, you know, in several pictures, among them "Last Train from Madrid" and she has a fine role in the forthcoming film, "Souls at Sea."

Born between the matinee and evening shows at the Olympic Theatre in Paris on an August twelfth, she was promptly christened Olympe at a nearby church. At the age of eighteen months she was appearing in "The Bradna Family," formerly a famous equestrian act but by that time reduced to canines. Hard times and the horses' feed bill did it.

Little Olympe was raised in the theatre; her cradle was a make-up trunk; her first reading lessons were done with theatre-programs and from bill-boards. At eight she scored her first hit, doing specialty and acrobatic dancing for the French version of "Hit the Deck" and it was in this show that she received her tag, *"Le plus petite marine de France"*—"The Smallest Sailor in France"—a name which has stayed with her ever since. From "Hit the Deck" she went to the Folies Bergere on a year and a half contract.

On her fourteenth birthday she was a full-fledged star of the French Casino and between casual semesters at French schools managed to charm most of Europe's royalty with her dancing. She filled a six-months engagement at Ernest Rolf's theatre in Stockholm, being an especial favorite of King Gustav of Sweden. Back in Paris her fans were awaiting her and in Cannes, Biaritz, Monte Carlo and the Folies there were subsequent engagements, between which she worked in two French pictures, "Roger-la-Hont," in which she had a dramatic role and "Flofloche," a comedy in which she danced and sang.

Her success in both of these pictures and in her stage roles won her an American contract. Clifford Fisher signed her up for the New York production of "Folies Bergere" in which she had a singing and dancing part. She was an immediate hit and won so much favorable newspaper comment that she was called the "Darling of the Columnists."

This little sparkler (five feet three, weighing 115 pounds) soon caught the eye of Oscar Serlin, Paramount scout, who decided that the movies were the place for Olympe. A very successful screen test confirmed his suspicions and before long Olympe was on the train for Flickerland and Paramount with a contract for musical and dramatic roles in her pocketbook.

Now she is living in Hollywood with her mother and father, and a tiny fox-terrier, Bobby. Between pictures she's learning English with the facility and rapidity of a Continental who has a more or less intimate acquaintance with most modern languages. She still speaks with an accent but Paramount is not trying to conserve it. The higher-ups rightfully figure that the little French maid's vivid personality is of a quality that does not need to be either accentuated or disguised by a "cute" foreign accent.

Warner Bros. give a benefit fight and ringside "standees," left-right are: Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Pat O'Brien, Lee Dixon

Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 9)

parties, night clubbed at the places where Hollywood big shots go to be seen.

A *TALL handsome young man entered the life of Norma Shearer. No, he isn't a prospective boy friend, but a life guard at Lake Arrowhead, with such a pleasant personality that all the boys and girls along the shore were crazy about him. Including Miss Shearer's children. He changed from the most pleasing to the most surprised life guard when he was informed that Miss Shearer had arranged for a screen test for him. Here's luck on a big dive right into a leading role.*

HOLLYWOOD has had its "ideal couple" tradition followed by the equally traditional divorce ever since the "perfect" romance of Mary and Doug, but when one marriage lasts beyond a silver wedding anniversary, it's hard on the town's shaky matrimonial scoreboard when such a point-with-pride marriage as that of the Warner Olands splits into a separation.

Their recent parting was a shock to the film industry, as everyone had taken for granted that twenty-seven years is a forever and ever union. But there has been no sound of that word "divorce," so perhaps the Olands will still set a new marital endurance record in the film colony.

Can she swing it! That Scotch lassie, Ella Logan, is showing the world she can while putting over a hit number in "52nd Street"

R*AY MILLAND and his wife were engaging a servant. "We're Welsh, you know," said Ray to the first applicant. "Oh, that's perfectly OK," she said very quickly and politely. "I've even worked for a Chinese family."*

A local ad in a Los Angeles newspaper for a neighborhood theater was causing many snickers among film folk. It read " 'Love on the Run' Still Running After Playing Four Weeks."

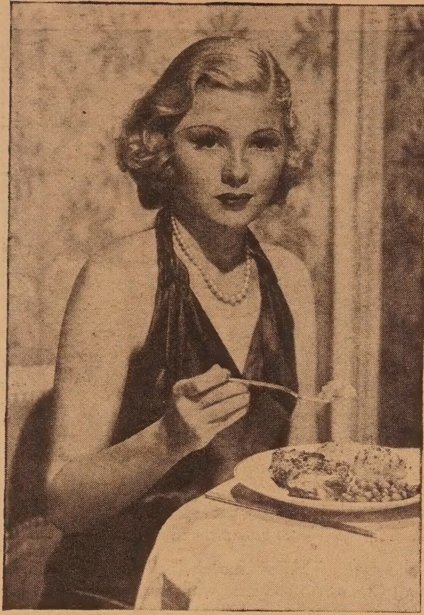
G*ARY COOPER may be slow-footed on the screen, but he's plenty heavy-footed on the accelerator of his super super charged Dusenberg. He believes in caution like the little boy who knows he'll get sick on green apples, but figures he can always take castor oil. Gary carries a rabbit's foot on the dashboard and a fire extinguisher under the seat of his car, then worries not at all about being the town's fastest driver.*

FAN mail is as important a sign of Hollywood star's prestige as having a Mayflower riding ancestor is to a New England community.

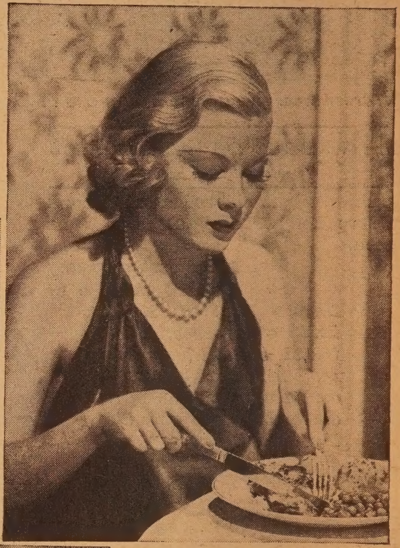
(Continued on page 82)

IT'S PROPER

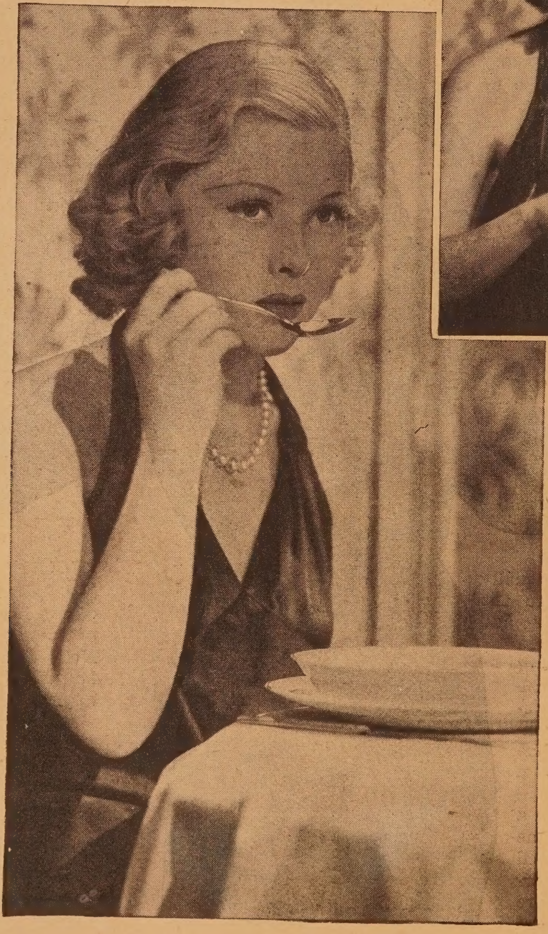
Information with reference to any problem in etiquette may be obtained by writing to Dorothy VanHuyten, care of Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Please send with your question a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply



The proof of table manners is in eating—fish, for instance. And Mary Carlisle is giving a demonstration here of what to do about this sometimes hazy matter. You will note she uses her fork exclusively, because her knife, being steel, would spoil the taste of the fish



Here is a double demonstration. Mary now uses a knife, because it is silver, not steel, for silver does not interfere with the flavor of fish. Also, you will observe how gracefully she holds both knife and fork — the index fingers placed just so, as etiquette requires



Miss Carlisle takes her soup gracefully; hence, correctly. The natural way is usually the best—not from the tip of the spoon, but from the side. There's nothing like forming the right table manners in early childhood. If "company manners" are also daily manners, social slips are not likely to occur

In this era of nicotine, everyone has discovered there are many taboos to observe. A smoker, particularly a cigarette addict, can annoy in a number of ways, and often without being aware of the fact. Pretty Sandra Storme has laid her manners aside for the moment to wave a cigarette in Director Charles Reisner's face. You've probably had it done to you at cocktail parties or elsewhere. It's a triple threat—fire, ashes and that gesticulating hand that your eyes can't escape. Sandra just wants everyone to know you can't make a man happy by this sort of thing

Gertrude Michael and Larry Crabbe are all set for a pleasant chat. Even the crowded dressing room doesn't interfere with their tete-a-tete. Gertrude isn't running any chance of burning the dressing table. When not smoking she carefully lays her cigarette down in its proper place, the ashtray. Thoughtfulness like this is, of course, habitual with her, not merely a temporary pose. As a host or hostess, you yourself know how pleased you are when your friends observe the proprieties in such matters. A burned table top or cloth makes you hope "those people" won't come again very soon

Sandra Storme, in putting out her cigarette thus, is showing how one can be both right and wrong at the same time. She uses the ashtray—yes—for the purpose, but she wants us to know, too, that she doesn't approve of crushing down the butt into the ashes

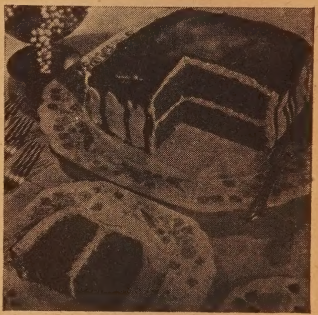
Josephine Hutchinson has a knack of making afternoon tea a real event. Good food and beautiful tea-table appointments are part of the trick

TEA FOR TWO OR MORE

AFTERNOON tea is one of the pleasant, lazy interludes in a busy day and, as you know, has become quite a rite in the picture colony. Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert and Josephine Hutchinson are three Hollywood girls who dote on tea parties, both on the set and off.

As an alternate to the traditional tea, try French Chocolate. Your guests will like the novelty of "mixing" it themselves

Josephine Hutchinson, who is Mrs. James Townsend in private life, has a knack of serving tea so that it becomes an event. And it doesn't matter whether it is for herself and husband James or whether she invites a group of cronies in to share it. Josephine is one of the few lucky stars who don't have to watch their diets—in fact, she has to eat heartily to keep weight on her slender frame. For that reason, her tea table usually groans with teatime specials.

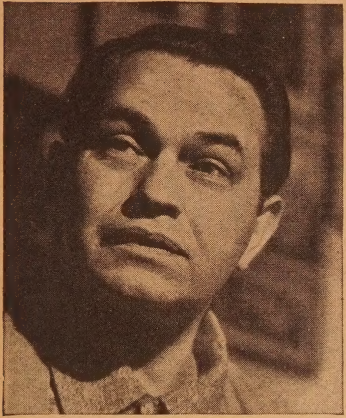


Creole Fudge Cake is one of those chef-like looking creations that actually is simple to make

Even before you taste the food on the Hutchinson tea table, you get a kick out of admiring the beautiful service. Above everything else it is artistically arranged with fine linen, white china and the gleaming silver plates, platters and tea pot. But don't think you can't get as charming an effect by using simpler appointments. And, after all, it's the spirit of the thing that counts. How

(Continued on page 82)

I WANT TO KNOW



Eddie Robinson, at the present moment, is considering carefully what his next film shall be. "Kid Galahad" set a standard hard to surpass

GEORGE K., St. Paul, Minn.—Virginia Bruce will appear next in "Between Two Women," with Franchot Tone. She was born in your twin city of Minneapolis. (How come you hadn't heard about that?) She was educated at Fargo, N. D. She is five feet six and one-half inches; weighs 128 pounds; blonde hair and blue eyes. Her complexion is said to be the most perfect in Hollywood. I'm sure she won't object to receiving a fan letter from you. She gets lots of them.

Soon we're going down to the sea in ships with George O'Brien and Constance Worth. Together they're making "Windjammer"

BETTY D., Cheyenne, Wyo.—That's right: Mary Astor's real name is Lucille Langhanke. She was born at Quincy, Ill. You ask for her "real nationality." Well, she's a combination of Portuguese, Scotch, German, Irish and Polish, so we might call her "the typical American girl." Her next film will be "The Hurricane," a thrilling drama of the South Seas.

●

RAY, Oklahoma City, Okla.—Oscar Homolka is the name of the very fine actor you ask about. He played the role of President Kruger in "Rhodes, Empire Builder,"—a British-made film—so convincingly that Paramount signed him up. You will see him again soon in "Ebb Tide" with Frances Farmer. He was born in Vienna.

Through this department, *Modern Movies* will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., Modern Movies, 404 4th Ave., New York City.

●

GEORGE T., Louisiana, Mo.—William Frawley has been around theatres and studios for all of 23 years now, so his appearance in "High, Wide and Handsome" doesn't exactly mark the "debut of a new player." You should remember him in "Hell and High Water," and "Ship Cafe" among many other films.

"The Morning Star." That's the title of Carole Lombard's next. Fredric March will be the lucky fellow to co-star with her

DAISY, Lexington, Ky.—No one need worry over any troubles that George Brent may have. He's been in hot water these twenty years. Maybe it's just the Irish in him. Sorry, but I can't give you the names of all the pictures he's been in and all the parts he's played. It would be difficult even for the studios to answer a question like that.

●

J. C. R., Freeport, Ill.—All about Martha Raye? Well, we've received so many requests on that grand lady that we're printing an article about her in this issue of *Modern Movies*. If you don't find all the answers there, just write us again.

●

SCHOOLGIRL, Providence, R. I.—You may see Charles Bickford in his latest "High, Wide and Handsome" in which Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott are co-starred. Your memory is good; yes, 'twas he that raged with and loved Garbo in "Anne Christie," the elusive Swede's first talkie. Jack Benny is a Waukegan, Ill., boy. His first appearance in pictures was in the musical, "The Hollywood Revue of 1929." He's been married since January 12, 1927; his wife is known on the air as Mary Livingstone. (Her real name is Sadye Marks.)

MODERN MOVIES Presents for Your Convenience

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

SOULS AT SEA — PARAMOUNT

This vehicle takes you back to the danger and thrill of seafaring days when sailing ships between England and America braved the Atlantic. Gary Cooper, the star of the picture, proves he is a heroic and likable figure in this environment—new to him. The great scene of the picture is a sea disaster which comes to a climax in the struggle between bad men and good.

Frances Dee and Olympe Bradna contribute to the feminine interest of the picture. Incidently, the latter indicates that in her Paramount may have star material. George Raft, too, proves that he is still very much in the running as an actor of quality. But Gary Cooper is the towering figure of the production. His work is admirable. If you want to get away from this work-a-day world, or long for adventure in an unusual setting, then we suggest for your entertainment "Souls at Sea."

CONFESSION — WARNER BROS.

This film, in essence, is a story of mother love. Right here it should be said her role gives Kay Francis the finest opportunity she has had for a long time and she makes the most of it.

Betrayed in her young wifehood by Michael Michailow, a concert player (Basil Rathbone), Vera (Kay Francis) loses both husband and daughter. Years later, Vera, now a stage dancer, kills Michael with a pistol shot in a cafe. Even while on trial for her life, she refuses to reveal the motive for her act. It is not until evidence that betrays her secret turns up that she makes her confession. Both as a young and as a middle aged woman, Miss Francis plays her part subtly. Basil Rathbone as a philandering villain is superbly convincing and Jane Bryan as the daughter, Lisa, fulfills the promise of the career she has indicated in her previous pictures.

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—PARAMOUNT

Here is a picture that is tops in entertainment. It has everything—romance, sentiment, suspense, thrills, and a mighty troupe of splendid actors, and over and above all this, there is music which blends so naturally with the action that it seems a part of it. A rattling good story, rightly told, still has a universal appeal and the enthusiasm of preview audiences indicates that in following this theory the producers hit the nail on the head.

The time is 1859. A young farmer, played by Randolph Scott, drills for oil and brings in a gusher. A black gold boom follows and the rest of the story depicts the bitter struggle between the farmers and the grasping railroads which raise freight rates to prohibitive figures. In the attempt to freeze out the oil well operators, the railroads employ a desperado (Charles Bickford) to head a gang of ruffians who impede the progress of a pipeline with brutal force and cunning. The picture ends in a terrific climax.

Particularly delightful are the love scenes between Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott. Randolph plays a role significant for its consistency throughout. His love scenes have a realism that even such experts as Clark Gable and Robert Taylor might well consider.

Alan Hale and Charles Bickford were never more villainous, and special laurels must be given Elizabeth Patterson for her delineation of the sharp-tongued, shrewd but kindly grandmother. Her acting is flawless. This picture is for everybody. We strongly recommend that the whole family see it.

The Best of the Latest Films

These pictures have been selected because of the excellence of their story, acting, and direction

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Clark Gable in *"Saratoga"*
Jean Harlow in *"Saratoga"*
Irene Dunne in *"High, Wide and Handsome"*
Randolph Scott in *"High, Wide and Handsome"*
Eleanor Patterson in *"High, Wide and Handsome"*
Barbara Stanwyck in *"Stella Dallas"*
John Boles in *"Stella Dallas"*
Gary Cooper in *"Souls at Sea"*
Kay Francis in *"Confession"*
Basil Rathbone in *"Confession"*
Jack Oakie in *"Super Sleuth"*

SARATOGA — M-G-M

If for no other reason than curiosity, millions can be counted on to see "Saratoga," for the release of Jean Harlow's last picture is an event in itself. Moreover, "Saratoga" is good entertainment and Clark Gable and Miss Harlow carry their respective roles admirably.

As the title indicates, the story is of the race track. Miss Harlow, who plays the role of a socialite, is compelled by her father's illness to cancel all her racing interests. But she has not bargained on the enterprising bookie, Bradley (Gable), who happens to hold the mortgage on her father's stud farm. As a consequence, she comes to Saratoga determined to gamble everything to clear the property. But the winning ways of Gable is a factor she has not considered — a factor good neither for her heart nor her peace of mind. Her conduct from then on is at cross purposes. The finale is a triumph for Gable both in money and love.

The production is, in part, marred by confusion in the development of the plot. Miss Harlow's constant changes of mood and interests are particularly bewildering. If a smoother script had been used, the outcome would have been more satisfactory. Yet, taken all in all, "Saratoga" is good entertainment.

Lionel Barrymore, Una Merkel, Walter Pidgeon, Frank Morgan and Cliff Edwards do excellent sustaining work. Mary Dees, who was catapulted into the limelight to finish the picture, can scarcely be recognized as a substitute.

SUPER SLEUTH — RKO

If it's robustious comedy you want, "Super Sleuth" fills the bill and Jack Oakie furnishes more than half the entertainment for this picture. It is a slight vehicle, one professional critics will not consider too seriously, but one which, nevertheless, they cannot help admitting possesses considerable entertainment value. Jack Oakie carries over into his private life his famous screen detective role. When a murder does actually occur, Oakie attempts some real sleuthing with results almost disastrous to himself. The situation is complicated when he takes in as helper the real murderer. Even the ticklish situations in which Jack becomes involved are a scream. In the end Ann Sothern saves the day. The team of Oakie and Sothern is an excellent one. Both turn in delightful performances and Miss Sothern is unusually lovely. "Super Sleuth" is likely to give you more good entertainment than some of the more pretentious shows billed for your theatre.

STELLA DALLAS — SAMUEL GOLDWYN

If Barbara Stanwyck has disappointed her admirers in some of her recent pictures, they can have no cause for complaint with this one. Miss Stanwyck seems to have renewed the spiritual emotionalism of her sensational picture of several years ago, "Ladies of Leisure." The role of Stella is peculiarly fitted to Miss Stanwyck's talents and she rises to the occasion with convincing sincerity. "Stella Dallas" is the story of a woman ill adapted, not so much by lack of training as by lack of moral nature, for the social circle into which she marries. Through her daughter, Laurel (Ann Shirley), Stella comes to a belated regeneration.

The evolution from a selfish, tempestuous, reckless woman, to one who comprehends the true meaning of love and sacrifice, is an artistic achievement. The termination of the picture on a sad note only adds to its strength.

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EMILE ZOLA

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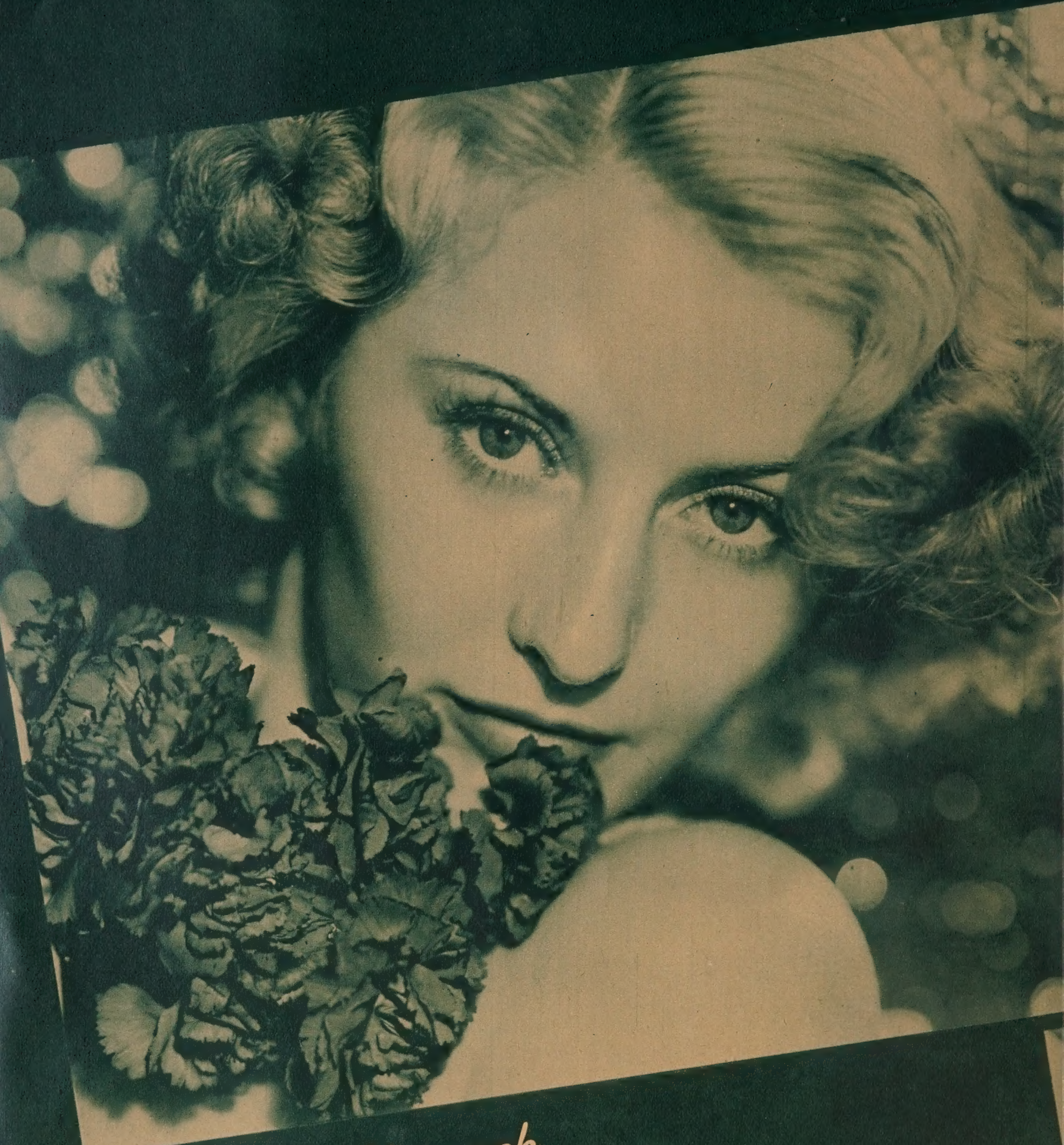
*

Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.

Gail Patrick

You have seen Gail Patrick as a very modern girl—poised, pert, her lines smart and brittle, as typical as any heiress in New York's Social Register. But here, in "Artists and Models," is a new Gail—a Juliet who loved Romeo



Barbara Stanwyck

Closest close-up. And it's a sample, too, of perfect photography, not to mention the new intimacy it gives us with Barbara Stanwyck. This portrait reveals the emotional actress as she really is

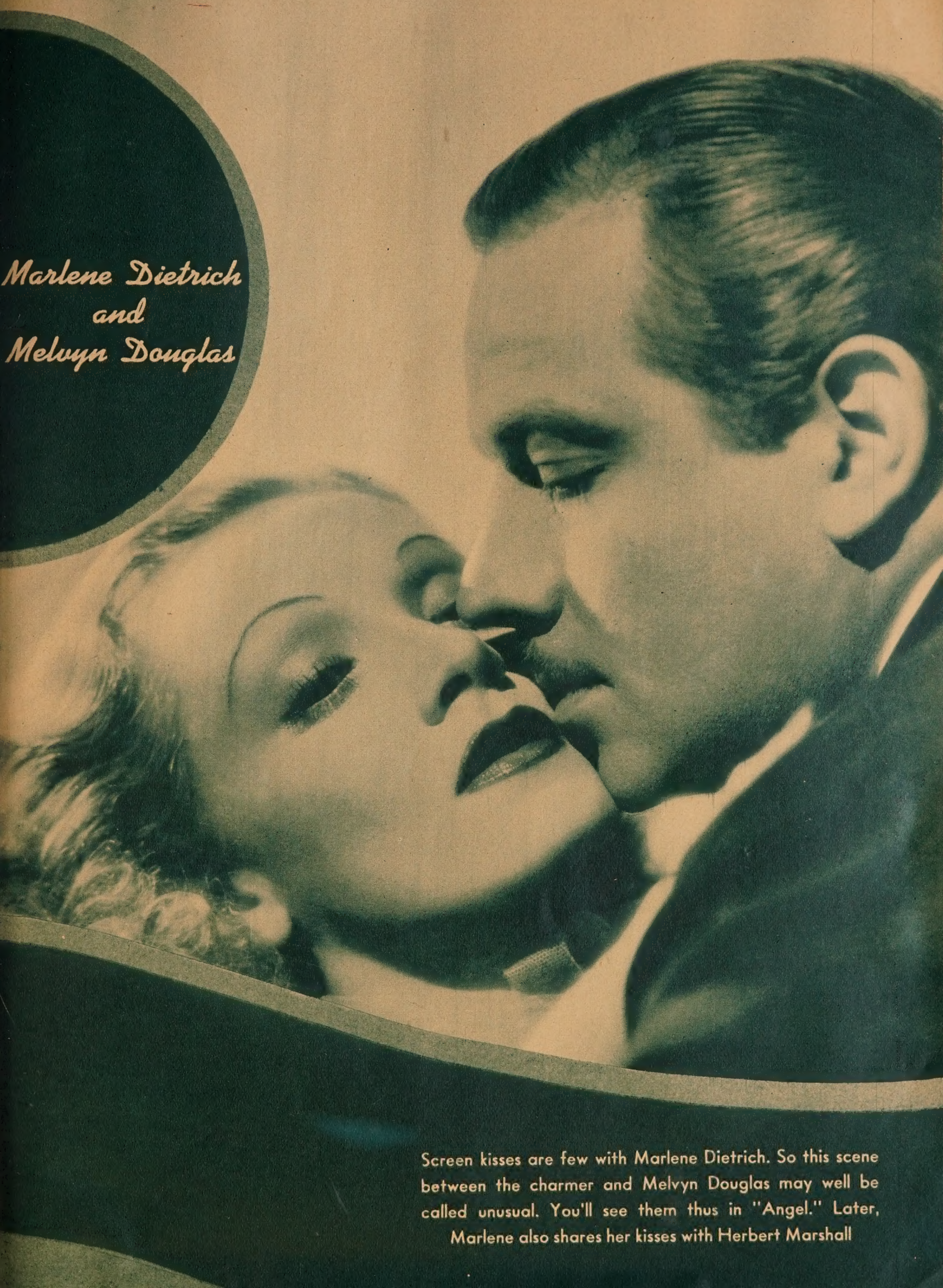
Sonja Henie

Fame and fortune come easily if you're a champion skater, have a winning personality and can act. A simple formula, if you can mix the ingredients as skillfully as does Sonja Henie

Ramon Novarro
and
Lola Lane

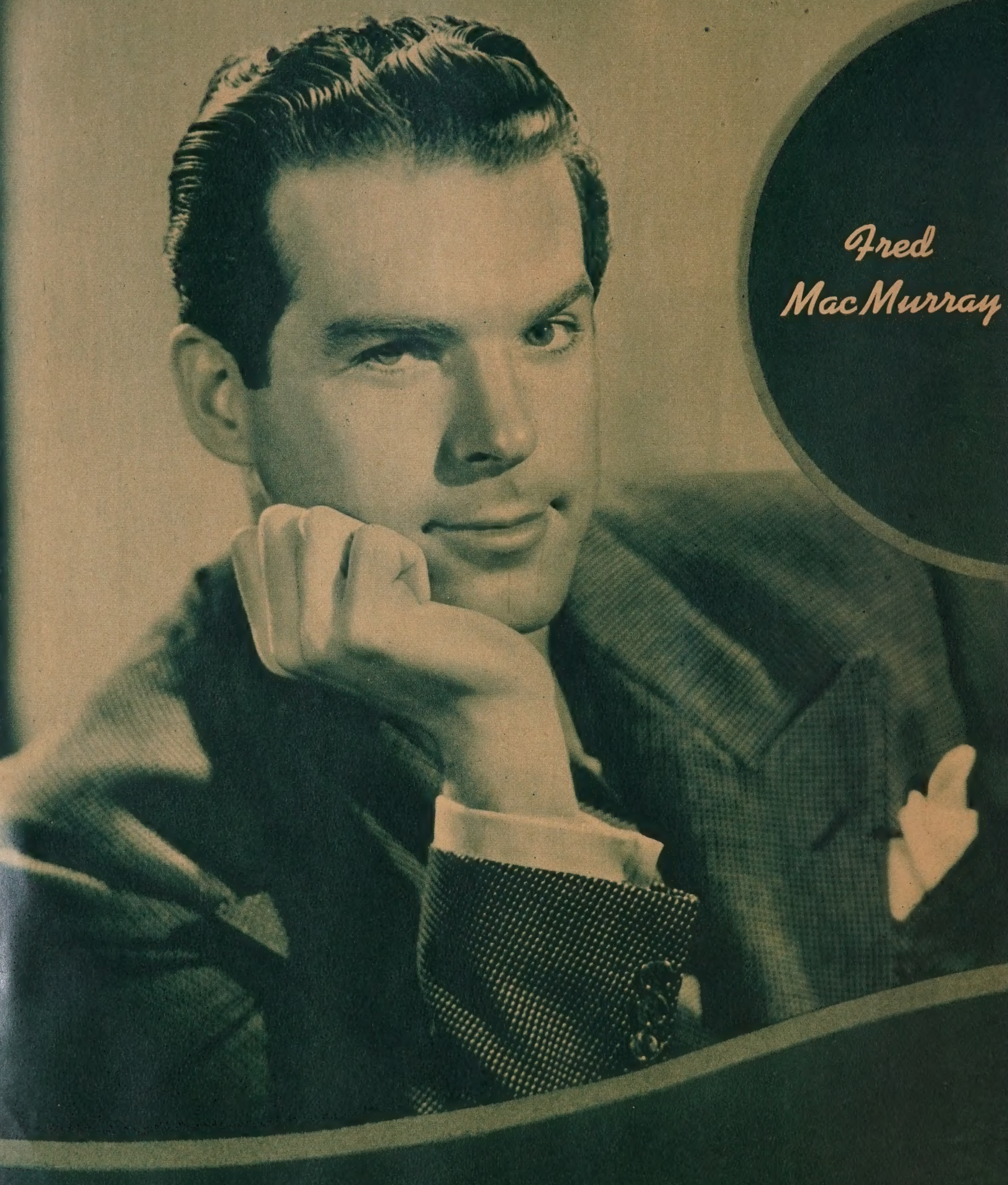
The sheik comes back! And Lola Lane is strolling happily with him through the desert, even though, according to the film's title, "She Didn't Want a Sheik." For two years Ramon Novarro has been on European and South American concert tours

Marlene Dietrich and Melvyn Douglas



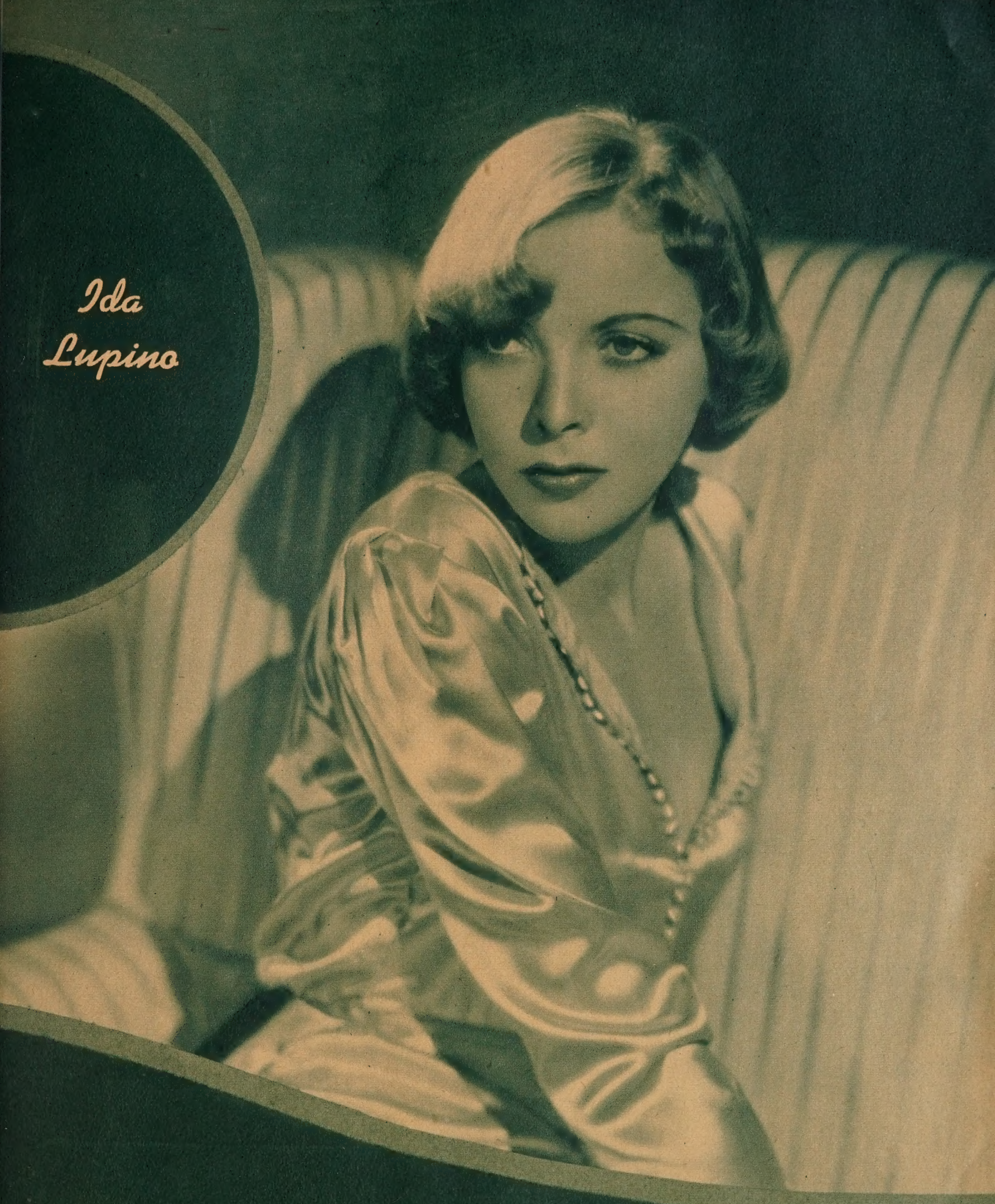
Screen kisses are few with Marlene Dietrich. So this scene between the charmer and Melvyn Douglas may well be called unusual. You'll see them thus in "Angel." Later, Marlene also shares her kisses with Herbert Marshall

Fred MacMurray



From the very first picture he made, Fred MacMurray never disappointed his audiences—a he-man among men, a woman's man among women. Resting now, after his success in "Exclusive"

Ida Lupino



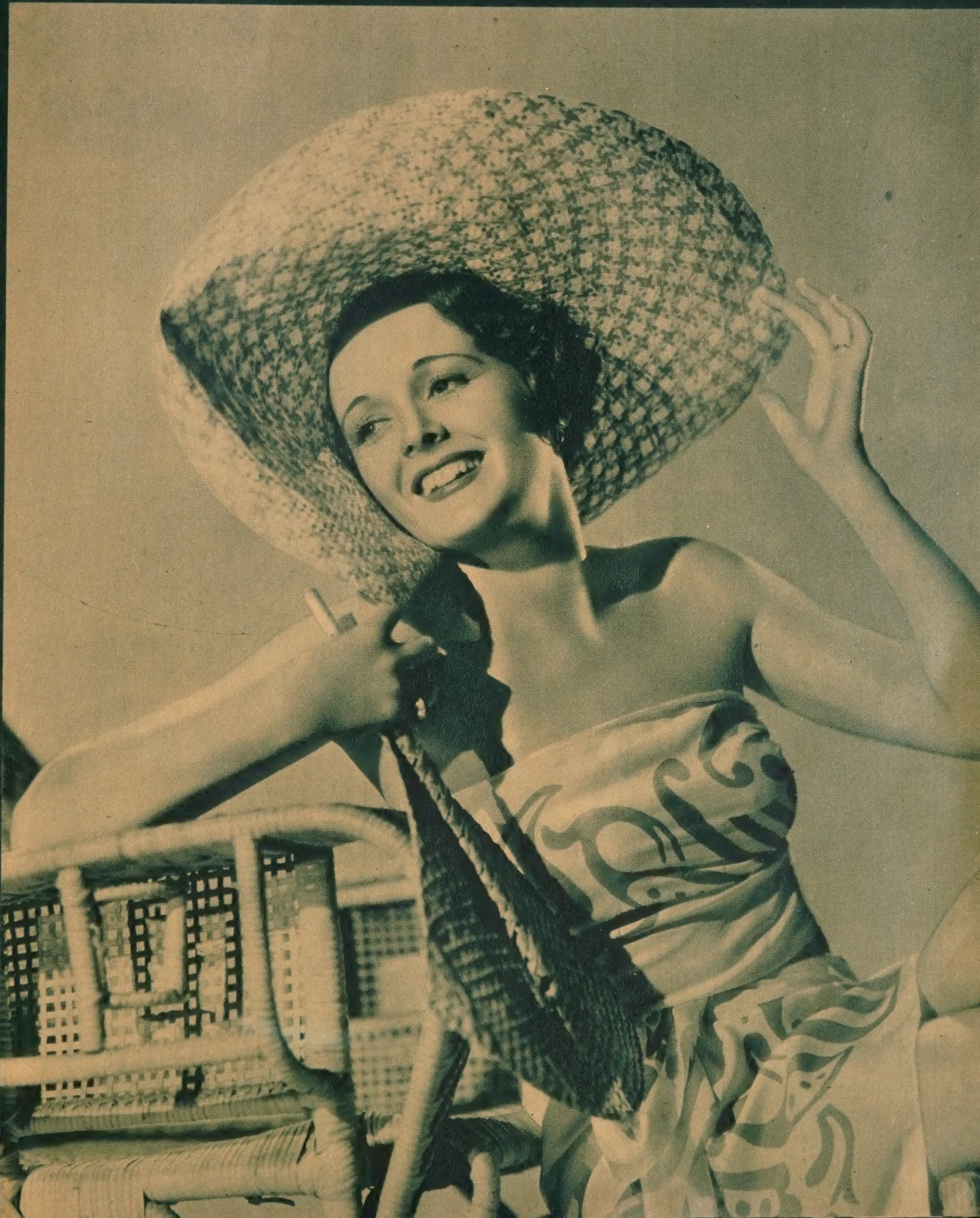
The blonde from England, with generations of show tradition in her veins, is finding her stride on the Paramount lot. The little lady is ear-marked for stardom

Pat O'Brien

An Irishman's Saturday night, or anyway, some such occasion. Pat O'Brien's at home with the Missus and their little daughter, Mavourneen, and the group makes a refreshing portrait of what family life can actually be like in Hollywood

Mary Astor

She's gone completely native, has lovely Mary Astor in her latest, "The Hurricane." That's why she's wearing this South Sea hat, and that cute dress, known as a "sarong." An old Tahiti costume, and a lovely one



Sneaking to the studio at 7:30 A. M., Joan hides behind smoked glasses. Otherwise autograph hunters would catch and delay her at red light stops

Joan Crawford

by KATHERINE ALBERT

THE other day I had a letter from a girl who sometimes writes me to ask such questions as "What is Carole Lombard *really* like?" "Do you think fame will spoil Robert Taylor?" or "Is Garbo as mysterious as she pretends to be?" Her latest communication was not concerned with Hollywood but she made a point which I think is worth consideration.

She wrote: "I wish someone would tell me how to budget my time. I want so much from life. I want to be a well rounded, cultured individual. I want to be able to converse with people of intelligence. I want to know not only the classics of literature but current works as well. In other words, I want to have as much pleasure and learn as much as I possibly can. Yet I seem to waste so much time. I'm always cluttered up with non-essentials—shopping, dull people, aimless rumination. How can I do all I want to do in the allotted twenty-four hours?"

As I thought about that—wasting a great deal of time in idle contemplation—a year old remark came to mind. A girl in the publicity department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer once said to me, "Every time I say I'm 'too busy' to do some unpleasant chore I think about Joan Crawford and am thoroughly ashamed of myself."

Last Christmas I had sent off gifts to various friends. Of the people I had remembered Joan Crawford was by far the busiest. She also, I'm sure, received more gifts than anyone on my list, yet it was from her I received the first "thank-you" note. It was written just two days after Christmas.

Joan, when she is in the fantastic scramble of picture making, gives more hours to her job than any other salaried

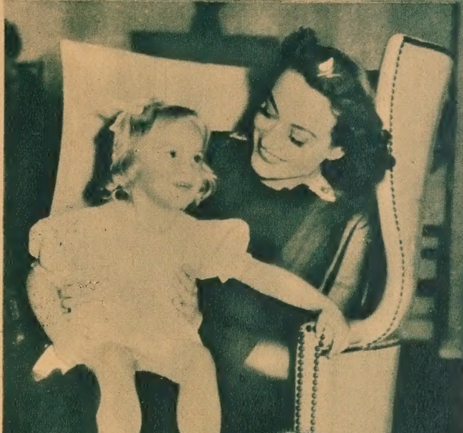
Tennis may not have created the Crawford figure, but it helps keep it that way

tells how to live on 24 hours a day

The swimming pool which maintains Joan's health and beauty

person I know. She is at the studio at seven forty-five A. M. She changes her make-up and usually has a wardrobe fitting during her forty-five minute lunch period. At five-thirty she comes home just in time to keep her daily appointment with the hair dresser. Immediately after dinner she studies her lines until nine o'clock when she must be off to bed so she will have that old Crawford sparkle next day. By actual count she is on duty eleven hours a day—and no Saturday afternoons off, either.

Yet she does a thousand and one other things besides. She has no secretary, which means she attends to all personal and business correspondence, autographs, photos requested by fans, takes an active part in her fan club and makes her own appointments. She hires no housekeeper, which means she makes out all her own menus, does shopping for the house—linens, bathroom supplies, dishes, etc. She does her personal shopping, too — a tremendous task for a movie star — and although she has a personal maid



Joan LeSeur has the wonderful experience of being "house guest" at the home of her famous aunt

Joan schedules time for that most important person Franchot she puts away her own clothes, sends them to be cleaned, sees that they are mended. And once—but maybe you shouldn't tell—I caught la glamorous belle Crawford actually bending over a hot iron pressing a skirt she wanted to wear that day.

When she travels she packs and unpacks without aid, and if you own stock in a tissue paper factory you can check the market rise by a Crawford journey because Miss Priss must wrap every garment, shoe and handkerchief in a separate piece of paper.

She takes singing lessons, tennis lessons, plays badminton, swims, keeps up with the new books, goes to all the worthwhile concerts and plays, entertains her friends often, never forgets a friend's birthday (incidentally she selects every gift she buys personally and I wish you could see her Christmas list—looks like the 1937 census) makes dozens of hooked rugs, knows all the new games—well, that's enough for now. If you aren't exhausted, I'm tired just thinking about it.

Am I painting the picture of some female efficiency machine? If so, I do Joan an injustice for I've never heard her say she was "too busy" to do anything. Vitality, energy—why, it oozes out of her fingers! But she never seems rushed and her activities don't get in your hair.

Surely here is the woman who can answer my young correspondent's question. Here is a woman who leads a full rich life—work, play, culture, love. She has time for them all.

Well, how does she do it? What can you learn from her?

Joan's personal mail is enormous, yet she handles it without the aid of a secretary. The Crawford brand of efficiency is unbeatable

Down to the pool in shorts. In her moments of "leisure," Joan either writes letters or reads

When I asked her to give me her time budget Joan said, "Budgets become too static. What suits one person's schedule would be all wrong for someone else. You can't say, 'I'll do one thing at nine, another at ten and finish that job by twelve.' You're going to be pretty stodgy, pretty set in your ways if you do. The best time budget is not to have a time budget."

But hear my story and this paradox will be explained. I hope you will learn as much about time saving from Joan as I have.

First of all, she devotes as little time as possible to the non-essentials. Go with her on a shopping tour. Clasped in her little hot hand is a list of everything she needs to buy. "Bag for grey suit." "Half dozen bath-towels for Franchot's bathroom." "Evening wrap for Mother's birthday," etc.

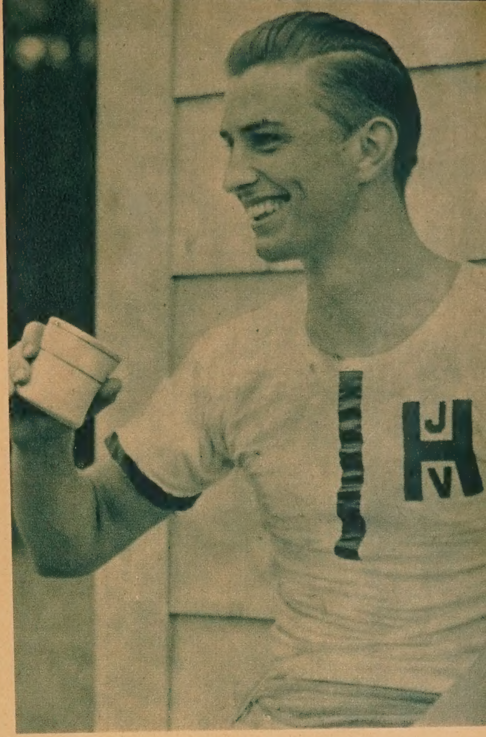
That item "evening wrap for Mother's birthday" is important for our time budget. She does not say "gift for Mother." She has already figured out what the gift is to be which eliminates the tedious query to the saleslady, "Could you suggest a gift for a middle aged lady?" and the endless suggestions. Joan's mind is made up before she goes into the shop. But not too well made up that it can't be changed, which is another important item.

For instance, she has on the list "bag for grey suit." She would like a grey bag with a green lining since she is wearing green accessories with the suit. She asks the saleslady for this. "Sorry, modom, we have no green-lined grey bags." Instead of making a fruitless search of a dozen stores Joan asks to see the grey bags and the green ones. And because she knows how valuable time is and because she wants to get on to the important things of life, she has schooled herself to think quickly. "I'll take that one." No hemming and hawing.

(Continued on page 79)

Nature cast them in the same mold. Can't you imagine Franklin in Robert's screen roles

by
JOHN BLIGLE



ROBERT TAYLOR

VERSUS

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.

THE obvious too often remains unnoticed. We make no comparisons of things alike because we expect dissimilarities. Even the prince's courtiers, in "The Prince and the Pauper," refused to credit his real identity when he was dressed as a beggar boy. Differences in occupation or surroundings of two persons may cause us to show a like blindness to similarities. We haven't thought about it; therefore we don't see.

And this brings us to two men—both young, both eminent, both magnetic and handsome. Everyone recognizes they have these qualities in common, but what no one seems to recognize is that they share not only physical characteristics, but certain mental and emotional relationships as well.

One of these young men is Robert Taylor; the other, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr.

With both standing in the bright light of publicity, no one has commented on this curious kinship.

Doubly odd, it seems too, in view of the fact that the distinguished screen star, on an invitation visit with beloved Jean Harlow, was actually a guest within the portals of the White House.

In profile, perhaps, the similarity is the more startling. The contour of the features—the cut of the head and chin, the smile, warm, friendly, spontaneous—all attest to a "family likeness." It wouldn't be surprising if the Taylor ancestry could be traced to some branch of the prolific Roosevelt tree, even though Bob's patronymic is Brough.

General coloration, such as hair and eyes, check. Differences in weight and height are unimportant. Ages are off by four years, Bob being the elder—again a difference that is immaterial.

Both walk and carry themselves alike; similarity in figure is maintained by vigorous physical activity. Bob is extremely fond of tennis and horseback riding; Franklin, as everybody knows, was a member of Harvard University's racing crew.

PHYSICAL resemblances, of course, may end when you come to comparing personalities. But not so with Bob and Franklin. Here, too, the parallel holds. Both are serious and gay, light-hearted and thoughtful. Both are extremely fond of company; Bob says he hates to be alone, and you may be sure his distinguished counterpart is ever surrounded by friends. Both are modest, both sincere, both generously impulsive. Neither is affected by the spontaneous attention they receive wherever they go. They are as stalwart in character as two sturdy pieces of oak carved from the same forest.

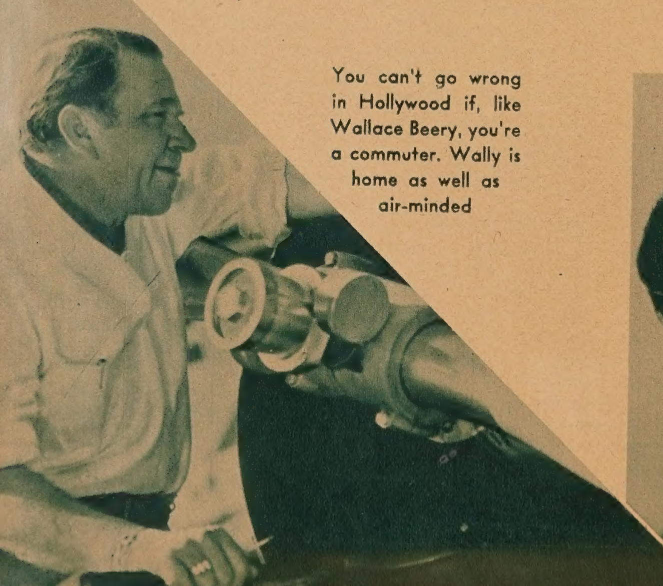
Similarity of environment and of pursuits tend to amplify in two persons common char-

(Continued on page 81)

Leslie Howard and Bette Davis make-believe most convincingly, for screen purposes, but they are excellent exponents of a happy home life

How To Stay Married in Hollywood

By
CHARLES
BORDEN



You can't go wrong in Hollywood if, like Wallace Beery, you're a commuter. Wally is home as well as air-minded

Veteran Jean Hersholt follows a prudent course. Where he goes, so goes his wife

If the actors follow simple rules the golden wedding anniversary will take care of itself

Self-entertainers are Alan Dinehart and the Missus, Mozelle Britonne. It's a method that works

PEOPLE marry because they are, as a rule, in love, and anyone in love does not enter the bonds of matrimony lightly; if the union does not "take" there must be logical reasons for failure. Because of its dazing record of divorces, Hollywood should be considered separately from any other community in the United States. The causes that apply there may not apply anywhere else.

But contrariwise, rules that make for marital happiness in your own home town may be universally useful, even in the film city.

First, a word, though, on Hollywood's curious outlook on marriage. According to West Coast notions, a couple going places separately are on the verge of a split; if apparently happy, they are "pretending." Either way, gossip wins, and where the atmosphere is charged with synthetic suspicion, the most devoted of couples are likely to breathe its pestilential fumes. The poison in their systems, they begin to look askance at each other. That is only human nature.

To offset this situation, Jean Hersholt invariably adheres to a certain rule of his own creation. Hersholt, though past fifty, and with a son in pictures, continues to look over the scene with a cautious eye. He frankly states he still guards his private life. He says that, socially, he and his wife are never seen apart. Often, too, they refuse invitations for one good reason or other. Of course nothing that could be said would influence this devoted couple in their love and faith in each other. But it's an ideal way to avoid possible unpleasantness.

And that matter of never permitting separation is rule number one for a happy marriage in Hollywood for any couple that is staunch and patient can conquer eventually the disrupting force of gossip, which is always present.

"Spatting" in public is danger number two. Such disputes quickly become everybody's business. Friends feel at liberty to offer unsolicited advice. Such impertinent sympathy merely engenders bitterness between husband and wife, and a temporary difference is liable to grow into a permanent cleavage. Though friends are silent, columnists are pretty sure to speak up. And when the whole world knows, that's bad. Within the warring household accusing fingers point and rancorous voices taunt, "Now, see what you've done!"

"I've had plenty of trouble with my husband," one prominent feminine star admits, "but one thing I've never done, and that is, quarrel with him in public. I've always kept differences locked up behind our own doors."

A practical escape from Hollywood's blighting atmosphere is "to get away from it all." Few, if any stars, consciously use the method but, nevertheless, they enjoy its benefits. Joel McCrea is one of these. With his wife, Frances Dee, he hies to the seclusion of a ranch in the mountains, where he raises cattle

(Continued on page 77)

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are believers in "far-away-from-it-all." They retreat to their citrus ranch

The Warner Baxters go up to their mountain home. Nothing like nature to keep well-balanced maritally

Don't Be Unfair To Simone Simon

by MARION CLAIBORNE

Resenting a pinch on the cheek, Simone was accused of being temperamental

The little French girl is not temperamental, but familiarity angers her

THE trouble with playing a provocative youngster on the screen—and looking very much the part off the screen—is that people, especially men, are apt to place themselves in the position of the lady's leading man, and assume that the "come hither" look of the screen performance is always on.

Simone Simon, the little French girl who has made good in a big way in Hollywood, has found it so. And her stern refusal to let people get away with any rough stuff on the basis of such a presumption is at the bottom of the innumerable stories that circulate concerning the Simone "temperament"—stories which, when they are true, have another and much simpler explanation.

It was with some trepidation that this writer, mindful of Simone's reputation for being "difficult," set out to study her at close range during the diminutive star's recent visit in New York. We didn't know exactly what to expect, but if half of what Hollywood rumors reported was true, it was likely to be a novel if not uncomfortable experience. We thought of those stories of innocent by-standers being slapped, of directors being "sassed back," of pictures being walked out on—of all the terrible incidents that have been woven into the intricate pattern of the Simone tradition in the short time she has been in this country. We thought of these—and crossed our fingers.

Somewhat to our surprise, no untoward incident marred our arrival at Simone's hotel suite. Instead of some unstable little hoyden, some creature of unusual moods, we found ourselves being greeted by a charming, gracious little lady who, with a few words barely suggesting, in accent, her Gallic origin, made us welcome. A pretty girl, tastefully dressed in the latest American clothes.

The little French bomb as she would appear if you met her on the street

"Love and Hisses"—that's the title of the film Simone's now making. But who could hiss, looking at that smile?

We thought it best to go back to the beginning, and check some of the seemingly extraordinary incidents that have been reported concerning her. We asked her if it were true that she had brusquely dismissed the first man who had offered her a screen role, M. Tourjansky, the Paris producer.

"Indeed, yes," Simone answered readily. "And what else would I do? The man was a perfect stranger to me. I was seated at a table in a Paris restaurant. Suddenly, he comes up to me, bends over and says 'Mademoiselle, you are beautiful.' Any girl knows what that usually is leading up to, and I promptly told him to go about his business before I called a gendarme. Of course, when he identified himself and told me what he wanted, then things were different."

Nothing extraordinary about that, we thought. And as the interview proceeded, and incident after incident was explained on the same basis, it became increasingly clear that Simone is just a pretty, intelligent person with a normal girl's desire—and determination—not to be subjected to the unwanted familiarity of misguided people who apparently think that anything goes with this vivacious youngster merely because her appearance is in accord with the provocative roles she plays on the screen.

Another of the numerous Hollywood reports concerning Simone is one that tells of her sharply rebuking a minor film official whom she encountered in a Hollywood restaurant shortly after her arrival there. Yes, Simone admitted, she had done that. The man, it appears, without even the formality of an introduction had greeted her with a pinch of the cheek and a squeeze of the waist. Simone saw no excuse for such familiarity, and promptly demonstrated that that sort of thing was not permitted.

While we spoke with Simone, we noticed that the room was a litter of emptied packages, and through the open door of a closet we saw what had come from them—an array of the latest Fifth Avenue models that would delight the heart of any girl. Following our glance, and anticipating our question, Simone delightedly told us that she had been shopping and had bought more clothes than at any other time in her life. Indeed, that she thought she had bought enough to last her the rest of the summer. It seemed unusual to us that a French girl who shortly was to sail for her native Paris, should do her shopping in New York stores.

"They wouldn't give me nice clothes in 'Seventh Heaven'," says Simone. "And I like nice clothes"

Oo-la—non, non—we forgot! Let's just say Simone looks swell in this swim suit

"And why not?" she countered. "The New York shops had just what I wanted. So I bought them. It is not the place they are sold that counts. It is the clothes themselves."

Simone, we were told, had first come to America without the array of raiment that traditionally accompanies an arriving celebrity from abroad. A couple of hat boxes, a single trunk and one suitcase had contained her belongings. The imposing group of luggage that busy porters were removing from her room as we talked with her contained clothes "made in America," and we confess we felt kindly toward her on that account alone. The phenomenon of ladies from abroad taking all their American dollars home to spend has been too frequent to our liking.

In her shopping for those clothes, Simone departed from the custom of the cinematically important by visiting the shops herself, instead of having the stores send over their models for her inspection. She confessed she saw no reason why she should be favored above other customers by such attention—and laughingly confessed that the delight of "doing Fifth Avenue" was one of the high points of her visit.

(Continued on Page 73)

Jack-in-the-box-Haley

by

FRANK CUNNINGHAM

At one time Jack couldn't fuse into the customs of Hollywood

Above (right to left): Jackie at six years, his mother and brother; and at eighteen, as a vaudevillian

CAN you imagine a Peter Pan turning into a Scarlett O'Hara? If by some unaccountable stretch of the mind this can take place, then you can imagine the shy, whimsical Jack Haley changing into a gaudy man of Hollywood. A riot of color which makes one think a Scotch Highlander has been crossed with a race track dandy.

Anyone who has admired Jack Haley's work on the stage or in motion pictures cannot realize that Jack would "go Hollywood." Well, he didn't, but he had as close a call as an extra who wasn't home when Central Casting phoned.

It seems that around 1933 the musical comedy and vaudeville headliner, who signed a motion picture contract to star in "Sitting Pretty" with Ginger Rogers and Jack Oakie, knew little about Hollywood. The Boston lad, whose family wanted him to become an electrician, was cast into the make-believe of Southern California.

He must have felt as strange as Alice did when she went through the looking glass.

So it was that Jack found himself under the

The happy comic pops up where

"protection" of other stage folk, who had come to Hollywood and made the grade. The first thing suggested was that Jack get himself a new wardrobe. Blue serge suits might be just the thing in the East, but in Cinemaland such an attire would class the wearer as a professional mourner.

And therefore it came to pass that Jack and his California companions found themselves in an exclusive haberdashery where the prices were higher than the salesman's nose. The entirely good-intentioned, but sun-dazed friends, saw to it that Jack attired himself as a successful Hollywoodian should.

Wide checked coats, the colors of which were as bizarre as an early Technicolor picture; trousers or slacks, that were walking candy sticks; sandals woven by Mexicans, whose knowledge of life below the Rio Grande came from seeing *los hombres malos* in cowboy thrillers—all these were brought to Jack's attention.

There might have been a warning bell inside Jack that tolled every time another new color flashed before his eye. If there was a warning signal, Jack would have sounded like *The Bells of Saint Mary's*.

But like a bell at a railroad crossing, the warning was unheeded and disaster threatened.

Although the store may have been almost bought out, Jack, when he returned home, must have felt sold out.

And so he did, he confessed to me during lunch in the dining room at 20th Century-Fox recently.

The actor didn't tell me, but I found out later that Jack bought the extreme clothes for one reason. His pals had been nice enough to spend their time on him. They had given him advice that they thought was correct. It had worked with them. To them the Irish comic in many-hued garments would have fused into the screen city scene.

Jack couldn't bear to let them down and hurt their feelings.

Anyway, to make a point, Jack Haley isn't the type of fellow to "go Hollywood" even if his best friend reads the newspaper ads to him. (Don't get Jack wrong, I mean the clothing ads.)

He's the same fellow you see in pictures. He's the appealing, wistful—sometimes a bit helpless—Jack who was the football coach of "Pigskin Parade," the well-meaning, wrong-doing hero of "Pick A Star," the touching phantom tenor of "Wake Up and Live."

Some actors can go Hollywood and fun males can draw fan mail. But if Jack forgot his real personality so that he went movie, he'd need a nightmare for a stand-in.

Odd, too, the picture moguls didn't pay a great deal of attention to Jack Haley until "Wake Up and Live." He was as forgotten as the vice-president during Lincoln's first term.

Odder still, Jack had made a quarter of a million dollars out of his flicker roles. The fans liked him, his name was in the lights, but at the Big Ones' offices he was as unknown as a visitor without a letter of introduction.

Just how many feature pictures had Jack appeared in before Darryl Zanuck, at 20th Century-Fox, found he was holding a new card in the deck, an *ace-joker,* I started to ask the actor. "Jack, let's put your clothes aside for a moment and—"

Jack put down the shrimp. He spoke, "Let's put my clothes aside, eh? Say, who do you think I am, Gypsy Rose Lee?"

"Now, let's be serious, Jack," I countered. "Tell me something about yourself. What pictures were you in besides 'Pigskin Parade,' and 'Mister Cinderella' and 'Pick a Star'?"

The actor drew a deep breath, answered, "There's more than most people would imagine, and I'm not counting all those shorts I did for Warner Brothers. There's 'Follow Through,' 'Here Comes the Groom,' 'Poor Little Rich Girl,' 'F-Man,' 'Spring Tonic,' 'Coronado' and—"

I helped him out with the titles "The Girl Friend," "Redheads on Parade" and "Sitting Pretty."

"That's about the lineup," he commented.

So Jack Haley, the "surprise success" of "Wake Up and Live," had around a dozen photoplays to his credit. At least, *most* of them were to his credit.

But it appears that Haley has a way of being discovered. Even when he was a top name in musical comedy, critics were "discovering him."

Some years ago when the Chicago musical laugh hit "Follow Through" followed through to New York, the Gotham comment writers went into raves. Who was the good looking lad who stopped the show with "Button Up Your Overcoat?" Remember? *Button up your overcoat when the wind blows free, Take good care of yourself, you belong to me.*

(Continued on page 72)

Ah! Terrifying! Haley and Ann Sothern having a bad moment in "Danger—Love at Work"

The story of a young man and two girls, one of whom "went Hollywood" before she got there

"Love

"AH, honey, of course you can do it. Listen, Ruthie—listen, you'll be a wow!" He leaned across the table in the little Broadway restaurant that made up in dimness for what it lacked in decoration. Even at noon—or especially at noon—its small booths were thoughtfully darkened. Fondly he took her hand.

Her hatless blonde hair caught the amber light of the two reticent bulbs in the bracket above their table. Blue eyes raised to his. "I guess I can if you'll help me," she said. Her soft throaty voice was appealing and he squeezed her hand in answer. "I always thought I could," she added in careful contemplation, "if I only got a break." She looked at him again and smiled.

Nick grinned proudly. "You got it, honey. I told you I'd get it for you sometime. Jeff Marks is all hopped up about it. When that number fell through at the dress rehearsal last night, he was sunk. Then I nabbed him and—"

"You said that number wouldn't click two weeks ago," she broke in. "They should of listened to you."

"Sure, I know," he brushed the thought aside, "but who am I that they should listen? A second assistant music coach, most of the time playing the piano trying to teach Torrez rhythm—Spanish star, my eye!"

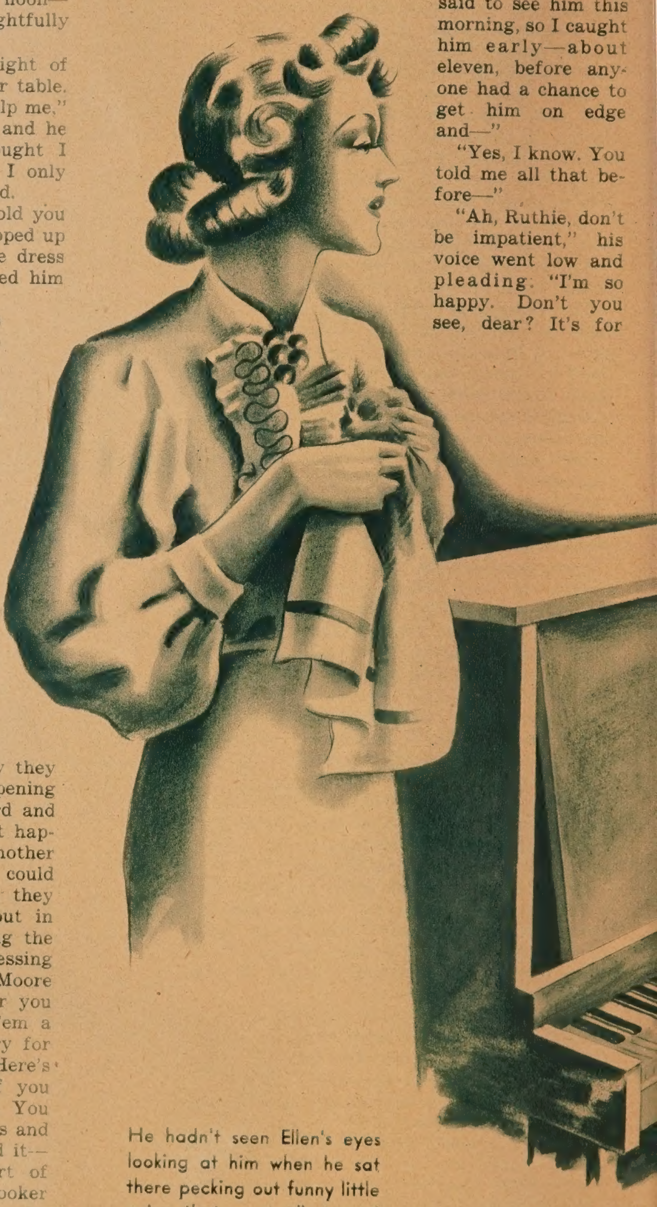
"You got a song in the show," she reminded him.

"That one doesn't count. They sing it while two guys are wrestling. All they needed was three beats for 'em to waltz to. No one'll ever hear it—and it's just as well." His face went happy again. "But now, baby, we got a song! That new one I started to write for you—you know." He whistled a thin little tune. "Just wait till it's done! And you're going to sing it—even if you never sang a song before. You're going to sing it the way you've been singing to me—see?"

He gulped some coffee. "It certainly was lucky they had that scenery smash and delayed the Philly opening four days. Just gives us time." He leaned forward and settled into rapid speech. "Now, here's the way it happened. When that satire on the starving grandmother fell through—and who the hell ever thought they could get a laugh out of that anyhow?—Well, when they didn't, I said to Jeff, 'Look, Jeff, you got to put in something that'll go in *one* while you're changing the stage. You can't use Torrez because she's undressing for the next number and you can't use Bert Moore because he's just off from the one before. Either you got to use somebody in the company and give 'em a little extra or you got to pay a whole new salary for someone that don't fit into the rest of the show. Here's Ruthie Lorre just spoiling for a chance and if you don't give it to her, somebody else is going to. You know yourself, when a girl stands out of the chorus and puts one over, it goes twice as big as if a lead did it—Cinderella on Broadway,' I said. And that sort of clicked with him. Naturally, he admitted you're a looker and he knows you can dance like a thermometer in the hot place, but can you sing? That's what he wants to know. So, I gave him the motif of our song and showed him how I'd work it up. And what I told him about your singing! Well honey—you're going to sing all right! He said to see him this morning, so I caught him early—about eleven, before anyone had a chance to get him on edge and—"

"Yes, I know. You told me all that before—"

"Ah, Ruthie, don't be impatient," his voice went low and pleading. "I'm so happy. Don't you see, dear? It's for



He hadn't seen Ellen's eyes looking at him when he sat there pecking out funny little noises that eventually turned into songs

Me"

by KATHARINE ROBERTS

you. Why, it's the very chance we've been looking for."

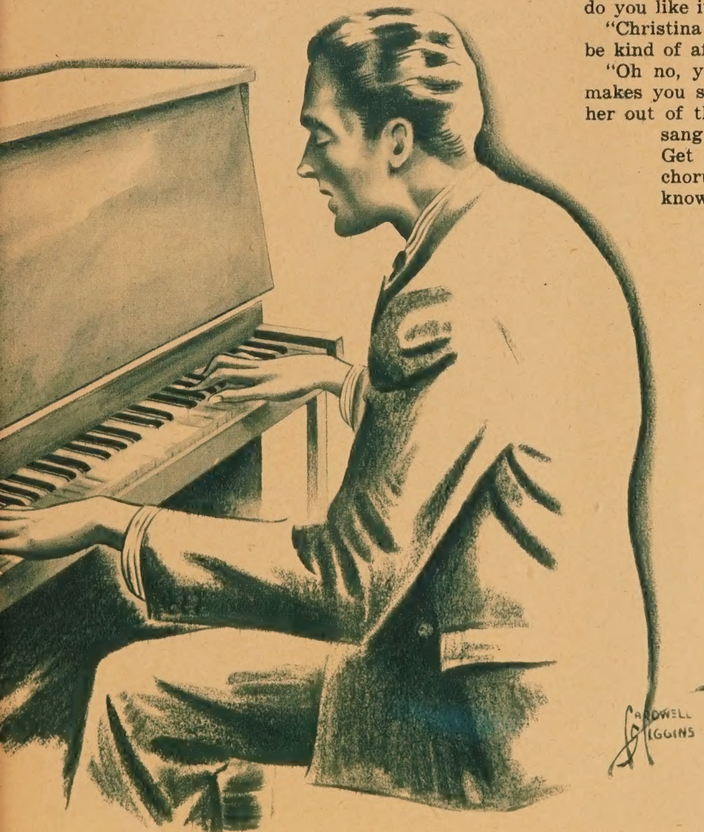
Her eyes melted at him and her mouth quivered appealingly. "I guess I'm just nervous. They've been rehearsing the chorus so hard and well—this is all so—" her voice trailed off.

"Poor kid, it is sudden, isn't it? But you'd better grab a good night's sleep tonight, dear. Jeff let me off this afternoon and tomorrow to work out the number and when I get back—it's just a kind of tune now, but when you hear it again it'll be a knockout—and you and I are going to work after rehearsals every night till you've got it *right.* I'm going to drive you, baby, till you hate me, but when your name goes up in lights—! Well, honey," he leaned forward, "you won't hate me, will you?"

Her voice was murmurous, the way he liked to hear it. "You're a darling, Nick. It'll be nice owing everything to you!"

"Oh no—no, you won't owe me everything," Nick said quickly. "I couldn't do it with any other girl on earth."

ILLUSTRATED BY CARDWELL HIGGINS



Then he went abruptly back to business again. "But Ruthie, you'll have to change your name if it's ever to get in lights. Names make a lot of difference—"

"What's the matter with Ruthelma?" she wanted to know.

Nick chuckled. "Sounds as though your mamma named you out of a bum novel—one of that read-'em-and-weep kind—and when you hook it on to your last name, it just doesn't work right somehow—Ruthelma Lorre." He tried it over. "Something in the way—the 'l's' wriggle over your tongue makes it feel funny."

"It wouldn't bother anybody but a song writer," she defended mildly.

"Yes it would, only they wouldn't know why." He thought a moment. "Of course, Ruthie's sweet, but Ruth Lorre—nuh-uh, no punch. Your last name's all right though. You can keep that."

Ruthie giggled, "I thought that was the one you always wanted to change."

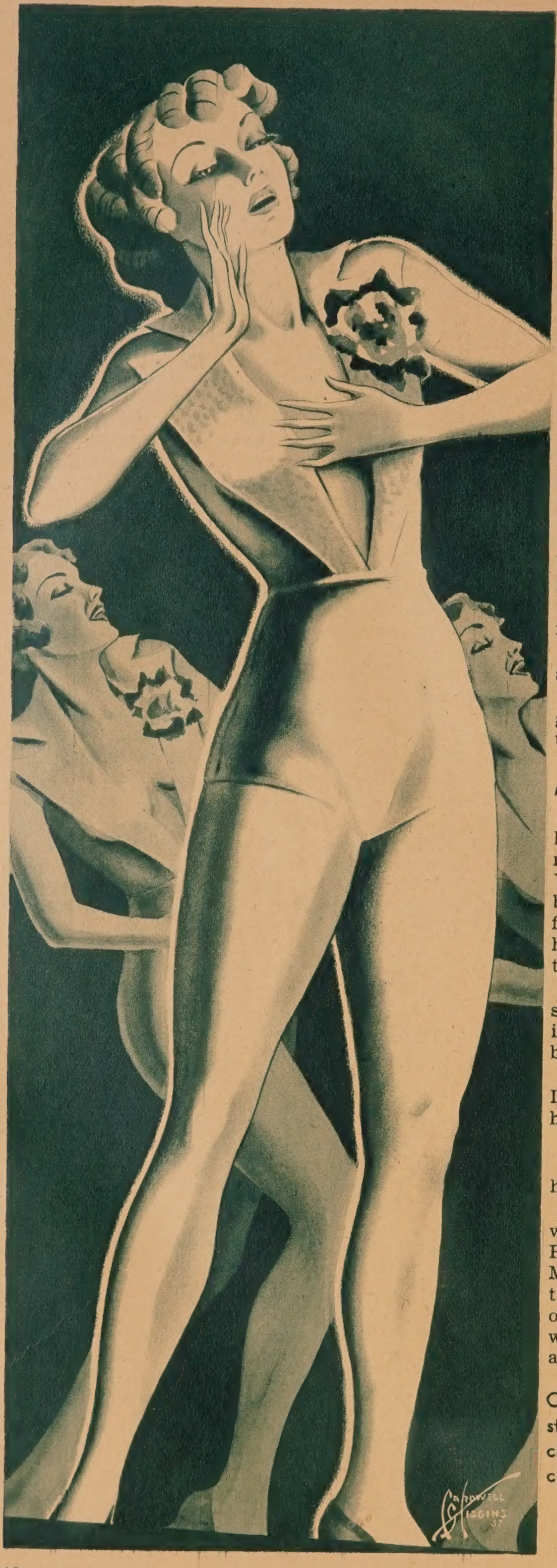
"I'm going to change it too—pretty soon," he informed her, "but that's just between us. I've been thinking—to your public, young lady, you're going to be Christina Lorre. It's got dignity and poise and there's a sort of snooty dash about it that—well, uh, well, how do you like it?"

"Christina Lorre," she nodded. "Sounds nice, but I'd be kind of afraid of myself with that name."

"Oh no, you wouldn't, it's the kind of a name that makes you sure of yourself." He flicked some water at her out of the tumbler. "I christen thee Christina," he sang at her and then, "Whew! Look at the time! Get out of here, you little punk. Back to the chorus—and remember, you're not supposed to know about this till tomorrow. Now scoot!"

NICK GREGORY went home to work. He sat at the battered old upright piano and slowly, bit by bit, all the things he'd wanted to say to Ruthie welled up out of his heart and into the little black notes on the lined paper in front of him. It was no longer a thin skeleton of sound; it was a melody that laughed and caressed and murmured and deepened into a pulsing passionate song. It was his music for her. It was almost morning when he started on the lyric. No one else was to share that song. He'd write the words himself—all the words he'd dreamed that she might say to him. His music for her—her words for him. Somehow it was like marriage in that strange hush when dawn came over the town. Sunlight was slanting through the room when he got up from the piano bench and made some coffee.

It would go over all right—that song that every man in the audience wanted some girl to sing to him some time. He drank his coffee. Then he knew. It had to have an encore—something quick and gay, something



Christina had stepped from the chorus, sung a song called "Love Me" and stopped the show

that would pull them out of their sentiment—they were always a little ashamed of that—something that would let them turn and laugh at themselves, put their little public fronts back on, and stand them on their feet again, debonair people of the world once more—but people that remembered. Nick's brown eyes crinkled, his mouth took on a sardonic quirk as he sat, an amused black-haired young demon, composing the rehabilitation of their little public fronts. The first song was for Ruthie, the second for Christina Lorre.

He turned up at rehearsal late that afternoon, sleepless, red-eyed, and triumphant. Night after night when the others had gone home, he drove his beloved Ruthie till she wept, drove her, petted her, and drove her on again. The try-out in Philadelphia only meant another stage to him. And then came the Broadway opening.

All successes are alike—except to those who have them. Applause, shouts of "Bravo" or "Brava", more applause, feet stamping, hands that beat and beat and will not stop. Nick, sitting in the top row of the balcony, sank back in his seat and knew that a girl named Christina Lorre had stepped from the chorus, sung a song called "Love Me" and stopped the show. Cold sweat pasted a lock of black hair to his forehead. His hands were clammy. He'd had ten thousand chills and fevers and chills again until that blessed applause had penetrated his anxiety. The man in the next seat turned and looked at him.

"It got me too," he said, and then he saw the wet forehead and the burning eyes. "You sick?" he asked.

"No," said Nick and started clapping wildly. "I'm not sick."

"Maybe you ought to go out and take a walk," suggested the man, but he forgot it all in a second. Christina was singing her encore.

THERE were four rapturous days, four days of glory for Nick and Ruthie—er, Christina. He'd tried to call her that to get her used to it. Funny, he'd given her the name and it came hard for him. Philly had liked her. New York enfolded her to its heart. She took to fame like a bird to the sky. If she took to it a little too violently at first, you couldn't blame her, thought Nick. Let her have her head a while—she'd calm down. She really *was* Christina Lorre.

At the end of the Saturday matinee, he went backstage to pick her up for dinner. Jeff Marks was standing in the wings and the company was still on stage taking bows.

Jeff stepped into the shadows to meet him. "Seen Miss Lorre today?" he asked stressing the *Miss*, "or do we call her Miss Metromount now?"

"What you driving at?" asked Nick.

"I thought maybe you'd know," Jeff's eyes looked at him shrewdly.

"She took some screen tests for Metromount, if that's what you mean," said Nick slowly. "They spotted her in Philly. She took the tests Wednesday and, just by chance, Manny Epstein himself was here from the Coast and saw them. He made her an offer yesterday, but she won't walk out on you and Ben Harris till the run's over. Ben's the whitest manager on Broadway and he and you gave her a break. She won't run out on you. We talked that all over."

"All right. But listen—Ben had Johnny put five hundred extra in her pay envelope this afternoon and presented her with a run-of-the-play contract with that as a weekly raise, and just on the one number, too—"

(Continued on page 70)

Cowboy Tex Ritter knows his ropes—riding, singing and acting

He Makes Girls Go Western

They crowd the boys from their seats when Tex Ritter's on the screen

by JANE LAWSON

Tex is bringing Westerns to a new high. Iris Meredith is with him in "Mystery of the Hooded Horseman"

GIRLS are crowding the boys out of their seats when the Tex Ritter musical Westerns come to town. This husky young Adonis from the prairies has brought his lyric voice to Hollywood and placed Western films in direct competition with the romantic dreams of the drawing rooms.

When Tex entered the University of Texas the football coaches cast admiring glances in his direction. Here was a bit of natural gridiron material, they thought. Tex soon settled that.

"If you played the game on a horse I might be interested," said Tex.

No amount of urging could sway young Ritter. So Texas lost a triple threat football player and the entertainment world won a triple threat artist for stage, radio and screen.

Tex had already developed a good singing voice and was much in demand at campus pow-wows. He played his own accompaniments on the guitar. He had become intrigued with balladry. He hunted out old timers and had them sing folk songs of the cow country to him, setting down the words and music of the various versions.

During his summer vacations Tex began singing his cowboy songs in public, making appearances throughout the South. Thus far it was academic. Later Tex went to appear in the Theatre Guild's "Green Grow the Lilacs." One of the featured players in this drama chanced to be a promising young actor named Franchot Tone.

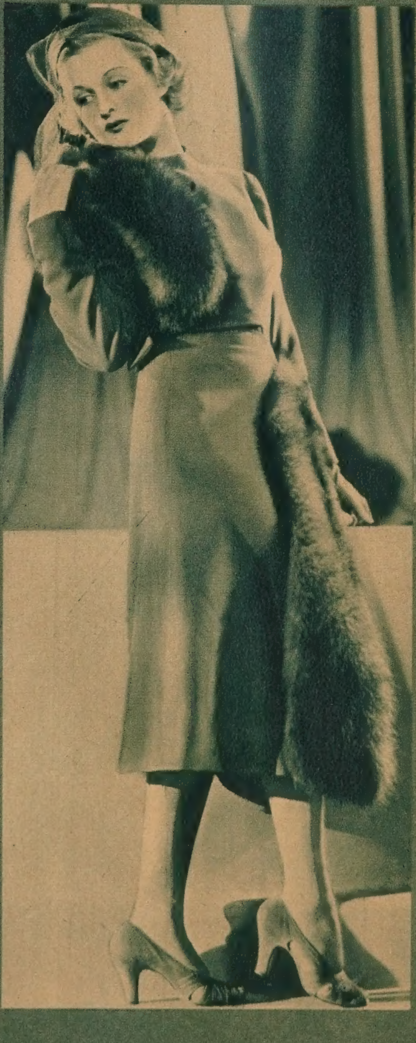
Next Tex appeared in a revival of the old melodrama "The Roundup." This led to an assignment in the play "Mother Lode," a smash success which went on tour for two years. Before the tour was ended the Texas blood began knocking at Tex's heart and when the show closed he returned to his home for the summer. "I was so blamed glad to get back where all horses are not hitched up to milk wagons," says Tex, "that I planked myself on the back of a painted pony (we call them pintos) and just about ate my meals there."

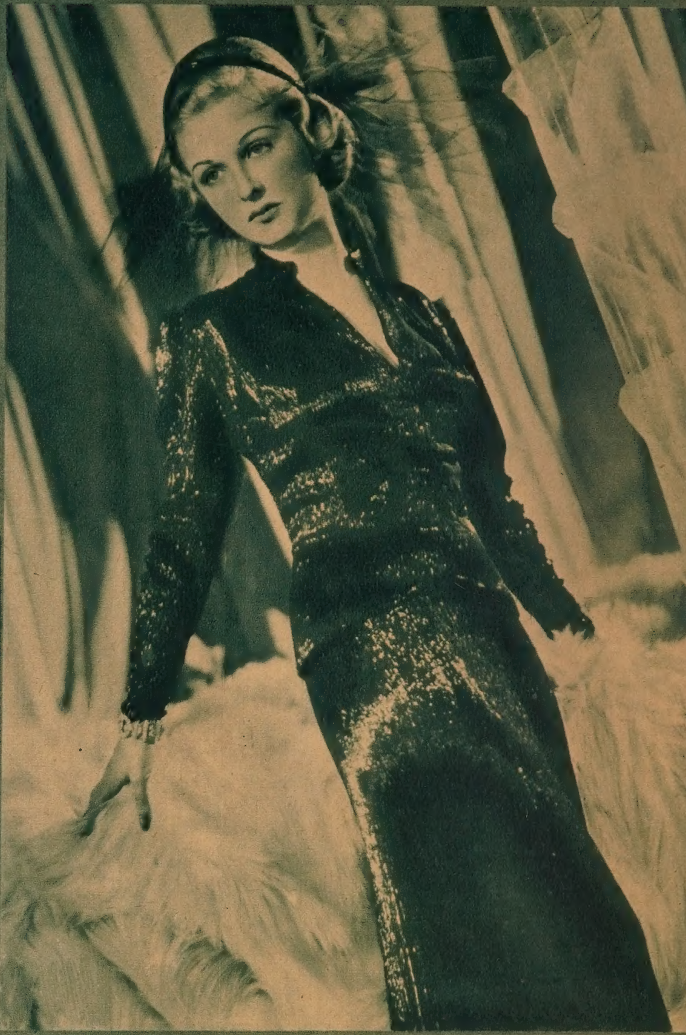
Back East again to sing songs to the vast audiences which attend the annual Madison Square Garden Rodeo; followed by a radio program—"The

(Continued on Page 82)

Let These Technicolor Costumes of Joan's Influence Your Fall Shopping!

Soft, velvety woolens and a dress-like design characterize many new Fall coats. This one of Joan's looks like an afternoon dress. It's in a new blue shade with fox trimming tinted in the same tone. Her suede shoes and veil trimmed hat match exactly, too

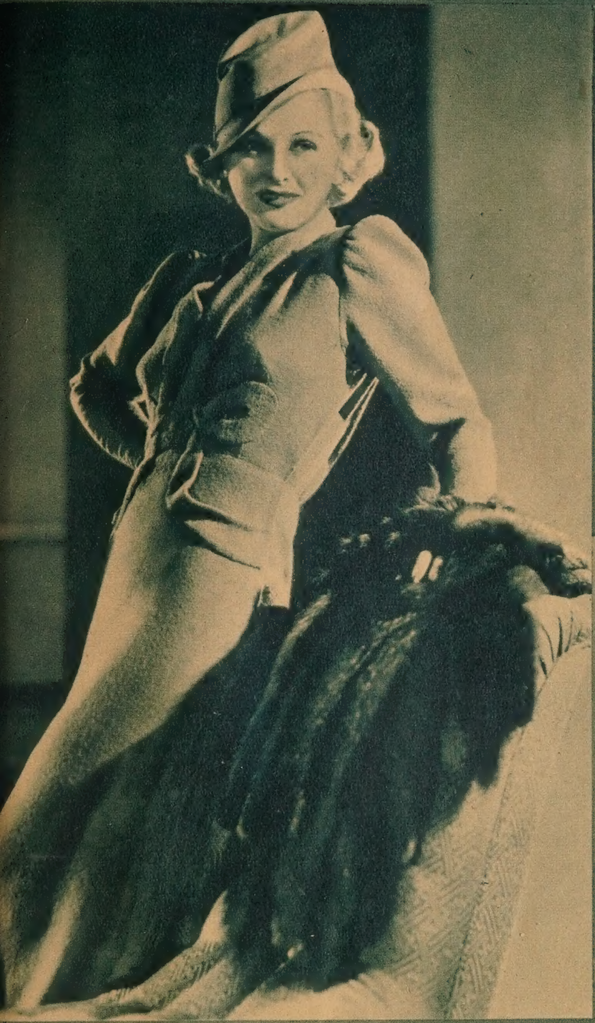




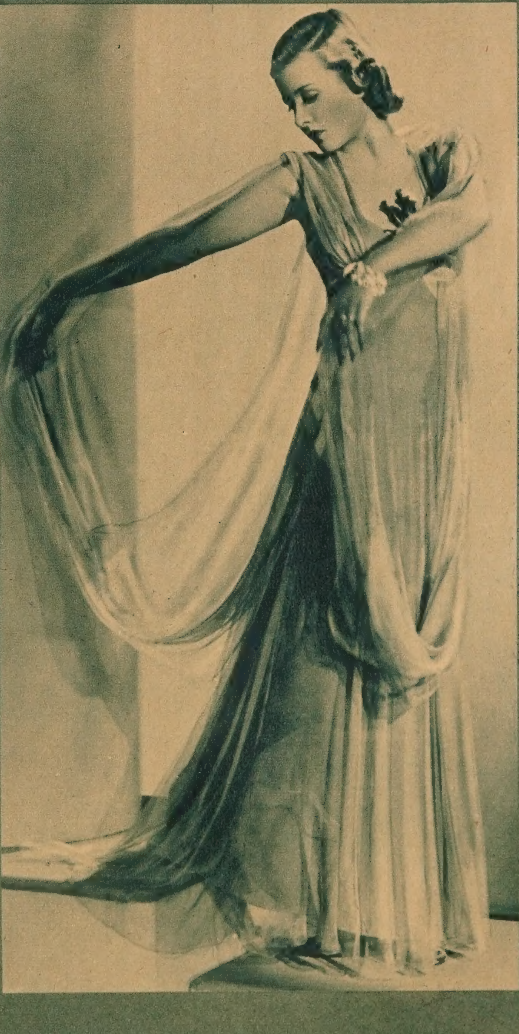
Sleek as a wet seal, Joan Bennett is a sophisticated beauty in a formal dinner suit of shining black bugle beads. The tight fitting jacket has a front design of black satin in bow shape. The slender skirt has the new uneven hemline, shorter in front. Her hat is a bandeau of beads with flaring wisps of tulle

Technicolor Costumes

How much more exciting it is to see the actual color of screen costumes worn by the smartest stars. That's what Technicolor is bringing to every one of you, wherever you live. "Vogues of 1938" is a fashion picture, full of new color schemes and fresh style ideas. It gives you a vivid realization of what Hollywood is designing at the moment when you are shopping for new clothes. Joan Bennett's chic is something to copy, the colors of her lovely costumes are news, and here we give you seven of the enchanting models she wears in the picture. Make the most of them. Adapt them to your own wardrobes



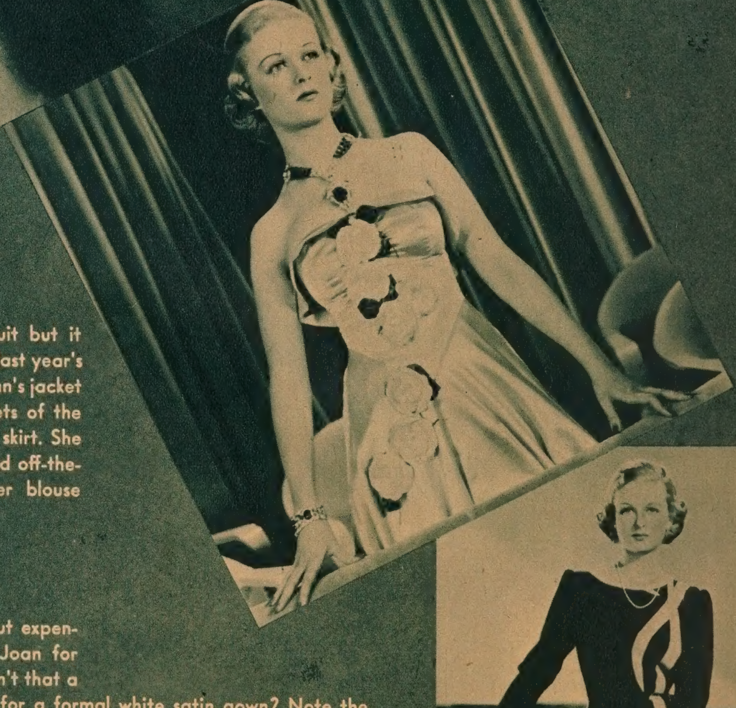
Daytime trimness in a warm tan woolen dress. Appliqued banding of the woolen makes a decorative design on the bodice and a pocket-like effect for the skirt in front. With this Joan Bennett wears a matching felt hat with the new high crown and small rolled brim. Her furs are rich brown sable



Misty grey chiffon with a waistline accent of chartreuse green—such is this romantic evening gown of Joan's

by
ADELIA
F.
BIRD

SPOTLIGHTING NEW POINTS

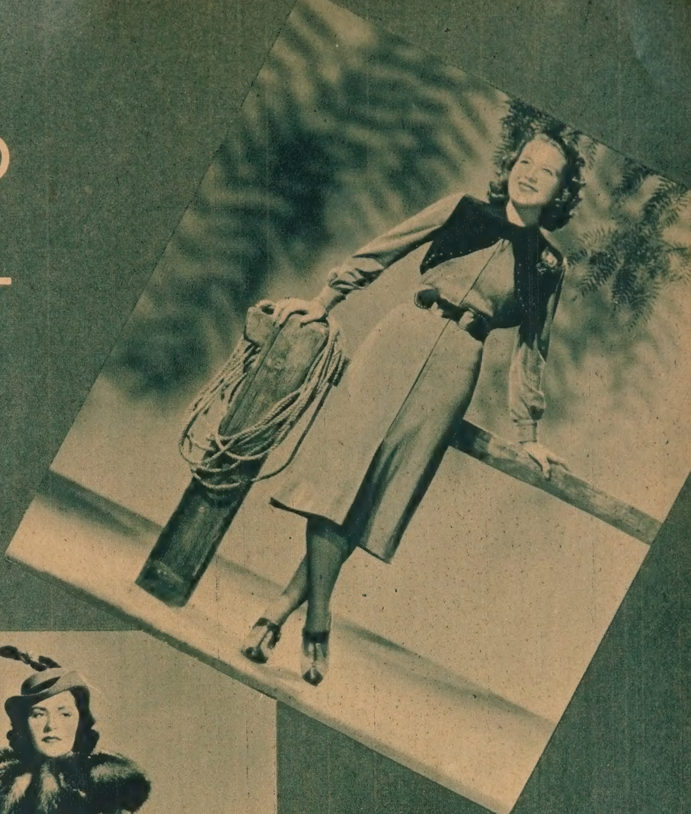


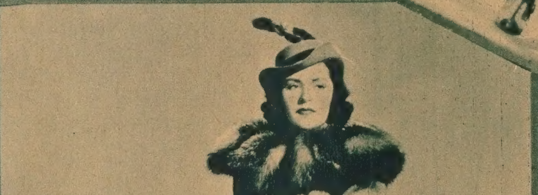
This Bennett costume is a suit but it gives you an idea for cutting last year's fur coat into a trim jacket. Joan's jacket is white broadtail with pockets of the same wine red woolen as her skirt. She wears a matching wine colored off-the-face peaked turban and her blouse matches up, too

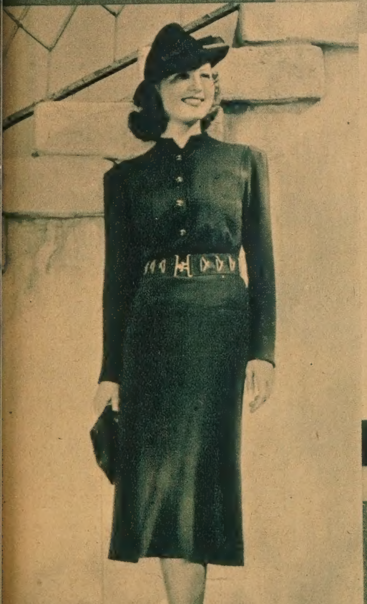
No need to wear beautiful but expensive pink camellias as does Joan for artificial blooms will do. But isn't that a stunning flower arrangement for a formal white satin gown? Note the strapless decolletage and the unusual necklace

The clever fashion ruse of contrasting trim on simple frocks is perfectly shown in Joan Bennett's soft wool gown appliqued in beige. It's the sort of dress you can wear all day and most evenings, too

SCHEDULED for FOOTBALL GAMES







You might call this "The Plainswoman" for there's a cowgirl air to the studded leather bolero and wide belt. Actually, it's the smartest news in a good dress to wear under your fur coat to the games. Jean Rogers likes it best in tan jersey with a reddish brown suede for the bolero

Before the nip in the air gets too penetrating, Kay Hughes will wear this grey-blue woolen coat to the games. The flattering collar is cross fox and huge hooks and eyes fasten the bodice. Kay's accessories are mahogany brown but her hat is blue with a gay quill for trim

Marine blue wool is a youthful color, especially when made on simple lines and pointed up with bright wool. Jean Rogers suggests it for wear to the stadium and later for a frat dance. Her sports felt is blue with high crown and becoming brimline

PERSONALITY? Martha Raye's got nothing else but—

Back of those blue eyes there's a seriousness that shows understanding of life and human nature

MARTHA RAYE is a human dynamo. She is personality plus. She has all the qualities and ability with which the screen has endowed her and a whole lot more. She is the most vital and interesting personality to illumine the Hollywood scene in a long, long time. If the producers give her a chance she will make them more money than they know what to do with. Because Martha Raye, believe it or not, has more tricks in the bag than a cat has lives.

She was born twenty years ago in a trunk in Butte, Montana, and she cut her eye teeth on a tube of grease paint. And because she has never been very far away from a stage door, she knows the strange psychology of the theatre and of what makes audiences laugh from the inside out. She knows comedy and how to put it across, because she knows the

Martha Raye is a lot smaller and a lot younger than she appears on the screen

What a birdie! Martha has capitalized that mouth but she'd be just as famous without it

The little dynamo in action on Bing Crosby in "Double Or Nothing." He'll thaw!

And then some! She's a human magnet that draws the whole world to her

by

JUDITH AULT

keen ache of disappointment. She has gone hungry with a gallant tilt to her head, with a smile on her lips and the light of grim determination shining from her china blue eyes. Her humor is that of a Pagliacci who pokes fun at life to keep from crying.

At the risk of being laughed at I want to say that, in short, if they will only give her a chance the producers have another Marie Dressler. She is the only person since Dressler who has the same understanding of comedy, the same lack of affectation, the same human outlook. Her mouth hasn't a thing to do with her success . . . she would be a hit no matter where you put her or what you asked her to play. And the reason lies in the fact that she has a natural understanding of the human heart. Even when she has you in stitches you can feel the tears just below the surface. How little it would take to turn the picture into tragedy!

(Continued on page 74)

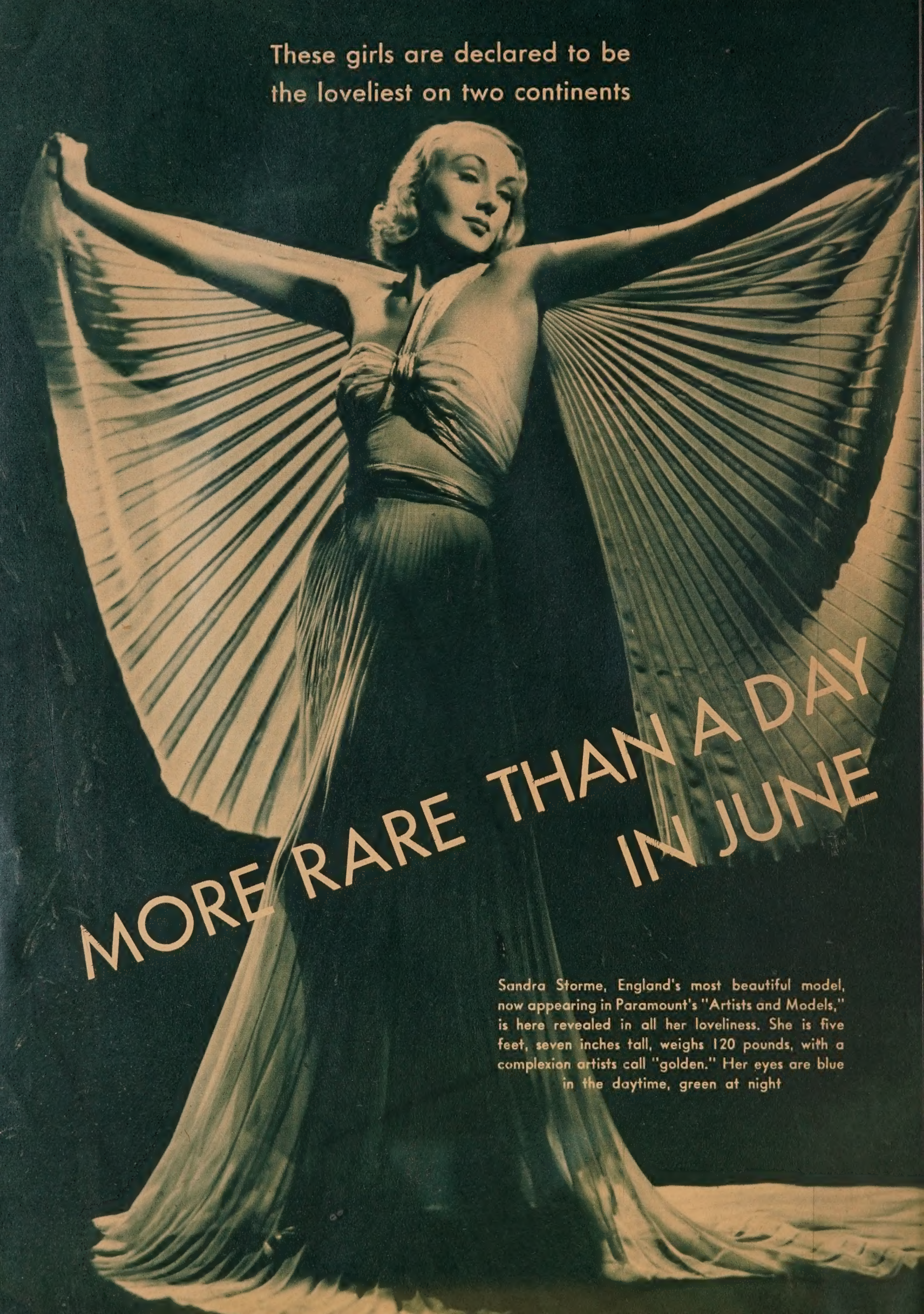
Head-on! Those eyes! Those teeth! Those—oh, well, this Martha Raye!

MARTHA RAYE

Looks like she's meditating on a "bad press," but that can't well be. She's tops with critics, too

These girls are declared to be the loveliest on two continents

MORE RARE THAN A DAY IN JUNE



Sandra Storme, England's most beautiful model, now appearing in Paramount's "Artists and Models," is here revealed in all her loveliness. She is five feet, seven inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, with a complexion artists call "golden." Her eyes are blue in the daytime, green at night

Dorothy Haas also in "Artists and Models," is declared by Russell Patterson, noted illustrator, to be "one of the four most beautiful show girls in Hollywood." The three others are Sandra Storme, June Falkenberg and Betty Dotson. Miss Haas comes from Salt Lake City

Dorothy Crashed the Director

And what gentleman could ignore a girl who met him head on?

by HENRY WARD

Guy Kibbee gives Dorothy counsel while Cora Witherspoon listens skeptically. It's all in the script

Dorothy Moore got into pictures because she was late at a studio tryout

Here as feminine juvenile lead in "Take the Heir" she waits between scenes

IF this were a story of how stars first got their pretty profiles in front of the camera, we might well begin with Dorothy Moore. Her pert nose poked into pictures because she was late for a studio tryout one day when some high school girls were needed in a scene. Dorothy says she is always as late as an erring hubby's kiss when it comes to appointments. She skidded around a studio corner and was stopped by the chest of the man who was picking out the cast. Dorothy was the first one chosen.

But no Prince Charming director begged for a sample of her penmanship on a big salary contract. Not then. Dorothy went back to high school.

(Continued on page 76)

A VAGABOND ACTOR COMES HOME

Douglass Montgomery, once Joan Crawford's leading man and a hit in "Little Women," is back

Can a moustache alone so change a man? Compare these photos of Douglass Montgomery after two years abroad

You will never again see this boyish face. That mature man in the upper photo has taken his place

by JULE BUTLER

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY, handsome and hearty, with moustache (and without English accent) is back in Hollywood after over a year and a half of tramping the continent and making pleasure a business and vice versa in foreign films.

"Vagabond actor" someone called him on the set at Columbia where he is portraying a gay young man in "Life Begins With Love," and Doug had to admit it. That is, he denied any gypsy strain in the family, but allowed that his reasons for staying away from the home town for so long a while were purely constructive, and appreciable. He explains it thus, simply and logically:

"I sort of felt as though I were growing up over there," he said. "After all, I went on the stage when I was such a kid—when many people, now successful, were still in school and wondering what they wanted to do in life. It gave a lot of confused impressions. Some folks thought I was a heck of a lot older than I am—and others had the idea I was still a kid.

"I wanted to straighten myself out of some confusion, too. There were so many things I wanted to do that I wasn't doing in Hollywood. The type of roles I wanted to play. I was tired of the highly emotional youth kind. And England had a nice way of forgetting I was ever one of them. They had a new perspective on me. Every role I did over there was different from the last."

From all appearances, Douglass' purposes were doubly accomplished. He looks taller, broader shouldered, and the clean cut of his British tailleure gives him a sense of well being, assurance and a casual ease of speech and manner. He was telling amusingly of how he finally got down to acquiring that English wardrobe. "I suppose the reason I've always hated clothes for myself is because I grew up on the stage having to have so many costumes. I put off the London shopping chore as long as possible, but finally forced myself to take advantage of living in the city that is built for men. Three days later vast quantities of stuff kept arriving, and they all looked exactly alike. I was disappointed, and certain that my campaign to be modish had turned into pretty much of a flop!"

While England got a brand new perspective on the Montgomery, Doug gained one of his own on the English picture situation. He expressed some interesting, clearly informed sidelights on the industry abroad.

"There are innumerable studios in

(Continued on page 76)

SOME OF BUDDY'S FACES

(Left) The hill-billy dancing comedian does a Paul Muni. Follow his facial expressions

(Right) "When a kid I thought dancing was sissified." (But just watch him in "Broadway Melody of 1938!") (Below) "Kinda funny, too, because I never could keep my feet still"

"I like it now. Folks tell me I'm right good"

"Lucky my father had a good razor strop. He made me learn to dance right"

STARRY-EYED NEWCOMERS

(Right) Discovered dancing in San Francisco, Ann Miller got an RKO contract. One of the "New Faces of 1938"

(Left) Patricia Wilder, of Macon, Ga., became a radio star in New York. Then to Hollywood and in "On Again—Off Again"

Comes from the New York stage. Marjorie Lord played with Bert Wheeler. Her next, with Rogers and Astaire

(Left) Milli Monti appeared in Italian musical films. Then had bits in American pictures. Now she has a lead role in "On Such A Night"

Mandy gives Billy and Bobby Mauch a lesson in cooking. Mighty useful, too, since they joined the Boy Scouts. (Below) A secretary hands them their daily fan mail

MEN of

(Below) Combining heads to work out an egg-beating machine. Edisons in the making, eh?

It's "Paddle-ball" in Hollywood, but "Hi-Li" 'most everywhere else. The Mauch Bros. seem to be doing a sort of Siamese twins stunt here

THESE SPIRITS WERE
BOTTLED IN BOND
FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES
ONLY. SALE OR USE FOR

"What's it all about?" asks Clark Gable's setter. "Hunting's lots more fun!" Sure, doggie, but garden chores can't wait. Besides, it's not the open game season

After donning a white shirt and brushing his hair, Franchot Tone chops some wood for supper while "on location" 9000 feet up in the Sierras

AFFAIRS

While the cameras grind their grist of others, Robert Young relaxes in his dressing room, awaiting his call. Give Bob a pack of cards and he's as happy as a boy with a tin whistle. Stunning lad, too, and going places in pictures fast

Here we see some of our famous favorites attending to important offscreen matters

The Deadly Serious

He works on a joke as though it were a funeral sermon. You laugh—he doesn't

A VERY individual left eyebrow adorning the face of a very unusual fellow has burst upon your attention, via the screen, the past few weeks. And in one picture he has made himself a solid ranking star of film comedy. Of course, we all knew that Milton Berle had already won fame as a radio comic, and before that, made a top place for himself as a night life entertainer. But now, visible to all, he is seen to be a mightier lad than even his pre-screen audiences realized.

When RKO decided to do a musical called "New Faces of 1937" the idea was to procure a number of first flight artists who had either never before appeared before the camera or were limited to one or two previous appearances. The powers that be at RKO cast about their fish lines with an enticing bait called "Gees" and came up with such headliners as Berle, Joe Penner, Parkyakarkas, and Harriet Hilliard. All are well known to radio listeners, but none had had extensive film careers. Remember Harriet as Ginger Rogers' sister in "Follow the Fleet"?

Of the quartette Berle is the least known to picture audiences for the good reason that it is his first movie appearance since both he and the industry were wearing short pants. Milton really is a screen pioneer, but nobody seems to remember it, and maybe it is for the better. Milton was a pretty fresh kid.

Perhaps no comedian in recent years has caused so much discussion, favorable and otherwise, as Berle. His enemies—and he has many—declare Milton has won success by stealing the jokes of other per-

There's dough in that face at the top of the page—the kind of dough you put in a bank. And (above) we have another view of Milt, doing a bit of clowning in the vestibule of a Pullman

Below: Harriet Hilliard had better watch her step. The comedian's got loose and is up to mischief

MILTON BERLE

by

HARLOW PETERS

formers and incorporating them into his own routine. His boosters—and he has many—retaliate that every comedian who ever lived has at times lifted the material of others, often unwittingly, else he wouldn't be a comedian.

But most of the Berle detractors have come to admit that the ex-vaudevillian has entirely changed their earlier estimates. He has proved he can stand up and give it and take it with the best of them.

Above: Berle and his mother take a look at his fans as they come into New York City. Below: (right to left) Parkyakarkas, Milton Berle, Harriet Hilliard, Joe Penner—all in "New Faces of 1937"

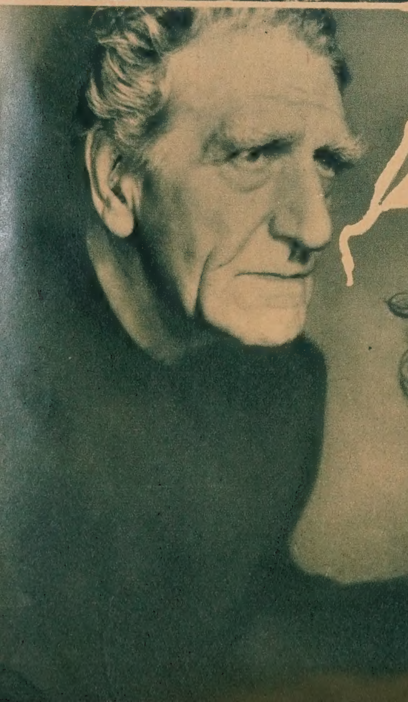
Milton Berle takes comedy in a serious manner. With some persons being funny comes as a gift from heaven; in Berle's case it came as a result of ambition plus good old fashioned hard work. Sure, he has a gift for comedy, but he developed it through sheer determination.

Born in New York City in 1908, Milt as a resourceful boy of Manhattan grew interested in the theatre. He didn't know anything about John Drew, Margaret Anglin, Mrs. Fiske, and the Barrymores; while Shakespeare was a statue in Central Park. However, Pat Rooney, Bert Williams, the Howards, Weber and Fields, Montgomery and Stone, Bedini and Arthur (jugglers, who had vaudeville's first stooge in the person of a young fellow named Eddie Cantor), Al Jolson, and the New York Giants under John McGraw were the figures who darted before his pleased eyes. Milton decided to become a big acting star, and that to him meant vaudeville.

Then, the moving pictures which always closed the show also attracted him. When he was about seven a certain comedian was enjoying a tremendous vogue in this new medium. By this time our hero was acting all over the place, and it was but natural that he should ape the characteristics of the popular Charlie Chaplin. Like so many kids of that era he did imitations of the great one. Many parents can still remember the harrowing efforts of their offspring to master the Chaplin walk. It must be admitted that Milt did it well. As a result, he was entered in a Chaplin contest

(Continued on page 78)

IT is the wedding day of Marama (Dorothy Lamour), daughter of a native chief in Tahiti, and Terangi (Jon Hall), first mate of a schooner. The Governor, De Laage (Raymond Massey), and his wife, Germaine (Mary Astor), after dinner with several friends, join the natives in the church where Father Paul (C. Aubrey Smith) performs the marriage ceremony. The honeymoon is brief for Terangi must sail. A little later, involved in a quarrel with a white man, he is imprisoned. Escaping, he accidently kills a guard but manages to rejoin his wife; they elude DeLaage by hiding in a cave. The Governor commandeers the schooner to find Terangi. Then a hurricane, appallingly destructive, strikes the islands. As dawn breaks, Terangi, risking his own life, saves Germaine's life. The Governor's wife asserts there are no other survivors and says that an object putting out to sea is only a floating log. The Governor (really knowing the truth) smiles and agrees. So Terangi and Marama sail away to freedom.



DOROTHY LAMOUR

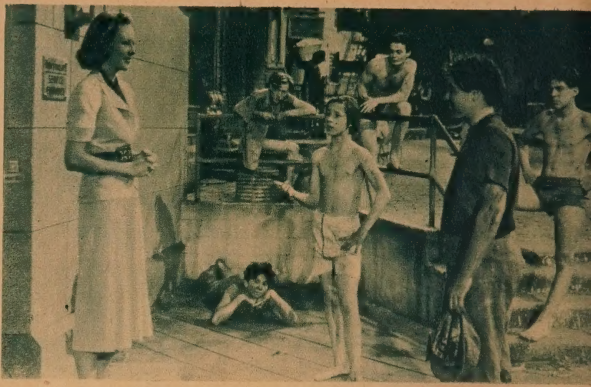
THE HURRICANE

A SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION

RAYMOND MASSEY

MARY ASTOR

JON HALL



JOEL McCREA SYLVIA SIDNEY
HUMPHREY BOGART

DEAD END

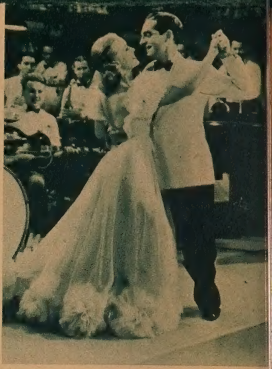
A SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION

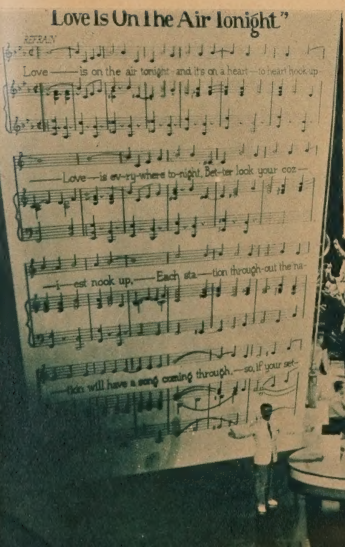
ON the East Side of New York City, the apartments of rich and poor stand side by side. Drina (Sylvia Sidney) worries over her brother Tommy (Billy Halop) fearing the evil influence of the young hoodlums of the neighborhood. She loves Dave (Joel McCrea) out-of-work architect, who in turn loves Kay (Wendy Barrie), sweetheart of a business man. Into this scene comes "Baby Face" Martin (Humphrey Bogart), a "public enemy," whose face has been altered by plastic surgery. Martin decides to kidnap Philip (Charles Peck), a millionaire's son. Dave thwarts Martin by shooting him. Tommy, in trouble, eludes the police and hides but gives himself up. Dave uses the reward for capturing Martin to pay for Tommy's defense. He decides to marry Drina.

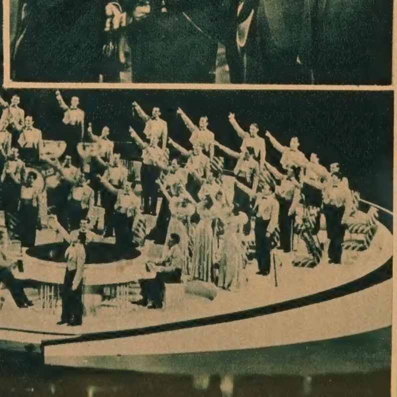
PICTORIAL PREVIEWS

MODERN MOVIES'

ARSITY




Love Is On The Air Tonight"
REFRAIN
Love — is on the air tonight - and it's on a heart - to heart hook-up -
— Love — is ev-ry-where to-night, Bet-ter look your coz-
-i-est nook up. — Each sta- — tion through-out the na-
-tion will have a song coming through. — so, if your set-



SHOW

DICK POWELL

FRED WARING

ROSEMARY LANE

CHUCK DALY (Dick Powell) an erstwhile successful Broadway producer, receives a bid from students at his old college to put on a Varsity Show, since the ideas of Professor Biddle (Walter Catlett) are out-of-date. Needing the $1,000 offered, Daly accepts, taking with him his assistant Williams (Ted Healy) Chuck finds Mason (Fred Waring) to be an excellent band leader. Biddle gets in some duty work and insists on a special exam for all students in the cast. But by various tricks all pass triumphantly. Of course Daly falls in love with Babs (Rosemary Lane) a leading player. Biddle, temporarily disabled by mumps, returns to the attack and insists on taking charge. The students strike because of this and to save them from expulsion, Daly quits. Not knowing the reason for this resignation Babs is very angry with him. Of course reconciliation follows, and "Varsity Show," taken to Broadway, becomes a hit.

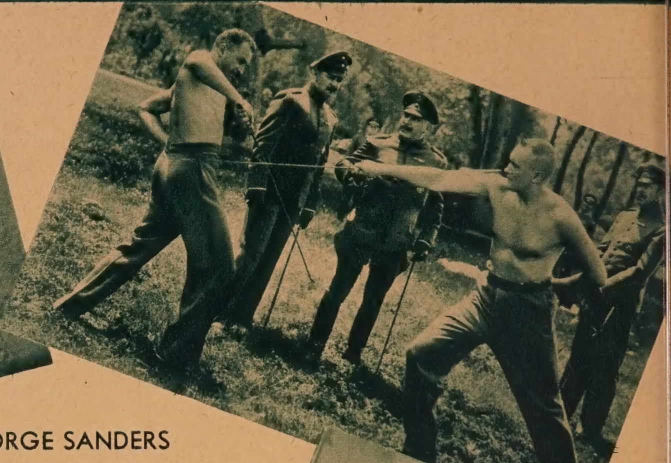
A WARNER BROTHERS
PRODUCTION

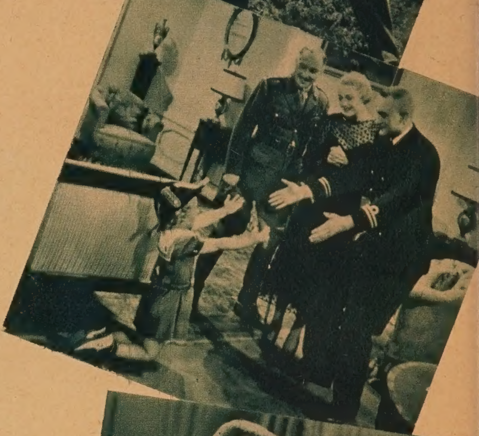
THE BRIDE WORE RED

ROBERT YOUNG FRANCHOT TONE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRODUCTION

AN eccentric Count wins a large sum of money at the gaming table. A beautiful cabaret singer, Anni (Joan Crawford) interests him, and as a whim, the Count gives Anni his winnings and sends her to Lotschen as a grand lady. At Lotschen Anni meets Guilo, (Franchot Tone) a telegraph operator, who, knows everybody's business. Anni rides to the hotel with him in a donkey cart. The Count's telegram to the hotel is an excellent introduction, and she makes friends in high social position. Among these are a pompous Admiral (Reginald Owen) and his wife, the Contessa (Billie Burke). Rudi (Robert Young) also meets Anni and falls head over heels in love, while Guilo, also smitten, keeps a respectful distance. The Contessa wires the Count, asking for additional information about the girl. Anni learns of this. To guard her secret she seeks out Guilo in his mountain cabin. Anni packs to return to the waterfront at Triest, but Guilo is waiting, and they drive away together in his donkey cart to be married.



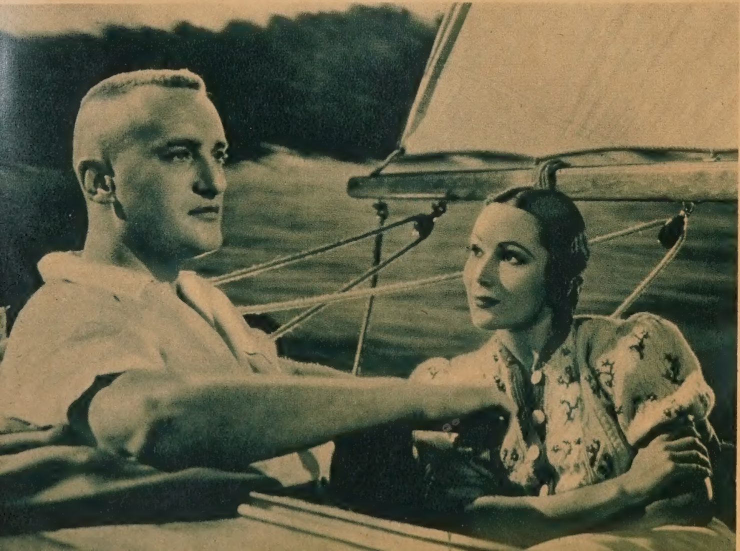


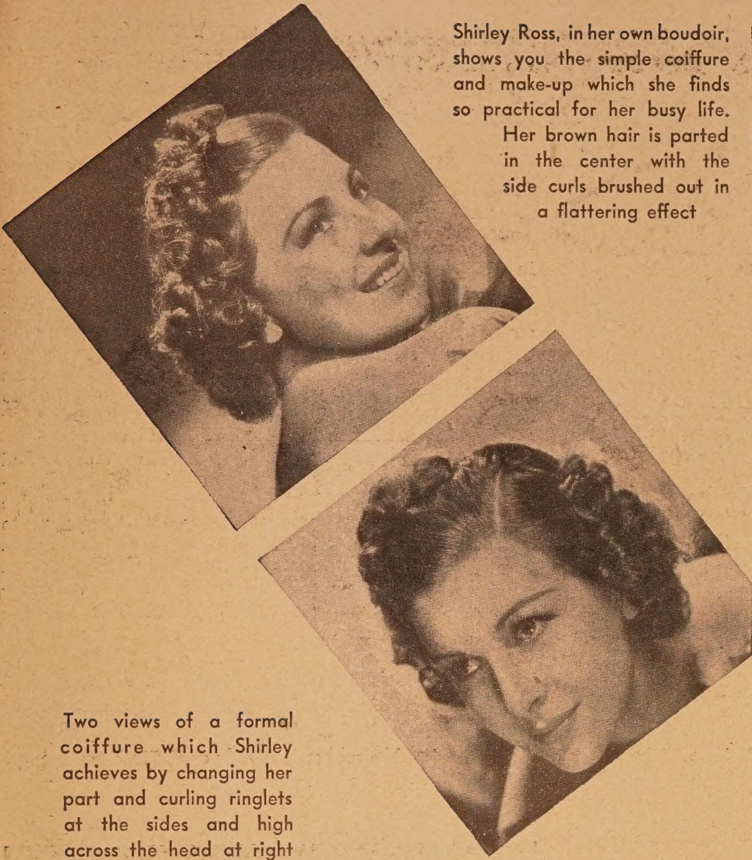
GEORGE SANDERS
GERMAINE AUSSEY

LIFE OF A LANCER SPY

A STARTLING resemblance being discovered between a German prisoner in England, Lieut. Baron von Rohbach (George Sanders), and Lieut. Bruce (also played by Sanders), the latter goes to Germany, after a supposedly daring escape. His resemblance to von Rohbach deceives even the latter's personal servant. However, suspicion arises in high quarters that Bruce may not really be the Baron. A trap is set by sending to Bruce a woman, Daria (Germaine Aussey), whom even the real Baron never saw before, but whom the pretender treats like an old acquaintance. Later, he confuses his enemies by telling Daria his recognition was only pretense. Another trap is set for Bruce. Hollen, a traitor Englishman, reveals to him the name of a German spy in England, thinking that if Bruce is a fraud he will advise the British intelligence service and thus betray himself. Daria reveals the plot. Bruce steals the plans for the German army's offensive. Hollen shoots Daria but misses Bruce, who escapes to England to rejoin his wife.

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION





Two views of a formal coiffure which Shirley achieves by changing her part and curling ringlets at the sides and high across the head at right

Shirley Ross, in her own boudoir, shows you the simple coiffure and make-up which she finds so practical for her busy life. Her brown hair is parted in the center with the side curls brushed out in a flattering effect

Natural Beauty

By

JEANETTE

FOR years Hollywood has been famous as the city where average looking girls could be transformed into raving beauties. Many of us secretly have wished we might have access to the magic wands which can make a rather plain face suddenly bloom as an exotic mask!

Yet the funniest side of Hollywood glamour is the fact that many of the stars who use artificial means to achieve an exotic screen personality, shun any pretense of looking other than they are off screen. When Joan Crawford was using that screen make-up of heavy lips and ridiculously long lashes, off screen she would have been unrecognizable in her own pretty naturalness of suntan, freckles and but little lip make-up. Certainly, this is true of Katharine Hepburn. Never was a girl more completely different off screen and on than she. As herself, Katharine looks like any nice young girl whose hair is never quite carefully groomed and who doesn't give a hoot about the freckles that spatter all over her face, neck and arms.

This is a long way to the point, but the truth is that Hollywood has done an about face on make-up. Now naturalness is much more to be desired than artificiality. True, false eyelashes, dyed hair and unusual mouth make-ups still flourish but there is a definite trend toward tempering the artificial and making the movie gals look more real, more naturally alluring. And as technicolor pictures increase, you'll see more of this because color reproduction requires that a star's make-up capture a natural effect. Already, the bright, often garish hair dyeing has waned and many of the most popular stars have taken to a softer and darker color.

SHIRLEY ROSS, one of the brighter new stars, is a great booster for simplicity and naturalness in her beauty regime. Her reasons for this are entirely practical. She hasn't the time to fuss endlessly with trick make-up or fancy hair-dos off screen. Any innovations in her beauty schedule she leaves for her studio make-up man for her life is a round of activity, what with constant rehearsals and appointments.

And here is Shirley with her glamour make-up for the screen. Still quite natural in effect, but with greater stress on lips and eyes than she affects off screen. This is another dressed-up version of her own hairdress

Shirley definitely isn't the exotic beauty. She hasn't a languid, mysterious allure, nor a fiery, tempestuous fascination. She's full of vitality and animation — a young, fresh sort of prettiness that is very American, to resort to a trite comparison.

Shirley says, "Busy, popular girls have to be practical in their beauty regime. They haven't time to waste experimenting with new fangled hair-dos and false eyelashes. Their charm must lie in a fresh, clean, unsuperficial appearance rather than in a sleekly coifed and made up one."

SHE believes that good health is a primary requisite to natural beauty—beautiful, shiny hair, clear skin, sparkling eyes and tireless energy are the result of this. The time that Shirley has to spend on herself is usually at a premium and you can believe this when you glance through two typical daytime schedules—one is for a working day, one for a non-working day.

When working: 7:00 Breakfast; 9:00 Arrives at the studio, is made up and on the set; 1:00 Lunch with a magazine interviewer; 6:00 Leaves the studio for home (she has a date, so skips through a small vegetable salad to stave off hunger before a late dinner). 7:30 She is dressed and ready to leave home for an evening of relaxation; 10:30 She is home (when working), so as to insure at least seven hours of sleep.

A non-working day lines up this way: 9:00 She arises; 10:00 Has her breakfast; 11:30 She has a singing lesson; 1:00 She lunches with an interviewer or a business associate; 2:30 She plays tennis; 5:00 She is home to bathe and dress for a dinner date; 8:00 She is on her way to a preview.

AND usually every day's schedule becomes tighter and more cramped for time because Shirley has to find extra spots for radio rehearsals, script conferences and occasional dancing lessons. "You see why I have to be practical about the time I devote to myself for beautifying," she said. "I have discovered, therefore, a dozen beauty short cuts.

"Simplicity is first. A plain hair dress is tremendously helpful. One that looks trim and neat by day and can be quickly turned into a party coiffure at night."

HER own simple, girlish hairdress for daytime is shown here and contrasted with it are two ways in which she can quickly arrange it into a more sophisticated effect for formal use.

Continuing, Shirley said, "Self-dependence is necessary. I mean a flair for doing things for one's self on days when an hour in a beauty salon is out of the question. For instance, a knack for pinning up one's own curls is worth taking a week out of one's life to devote to it, learning how to set and comb your own hair, how to arrange ringlets in smart, becoming ways.

"It's important to know how to make up quickly and well. There are lots of cosmetic aids to make this possible. Lipstick pencils to prevent a too hurried smudge of a little finger. Little eyebrow pencil sharpeners to avoid heavy lines which must be blended down to a natural one, and mascaras which remain permanent and natural looking all day. There are so many more timesavers for actual make-up problems.

Helen Vinson's first step in a nightly skin stimulating treatment is to cleanse her face thoroughly with cream. Then she briskly slaps her face with a rubber stimulator. The rubber is slightly corrugated to give a scientific stimulus to the face

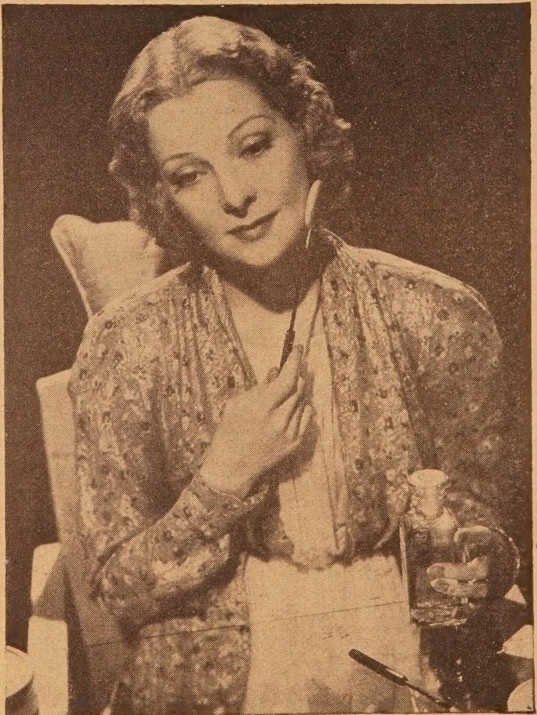
"With a little practice and persistence, any girl can be resourceful in doubling up for rare minutes. Often," Shirley went on to explain, "when I return home from work, I get real relaxation through a few moments of lying down to read a paper or magazine. At the same time, it has become an automatic procedure for me to smooth on cream, remove my make-up and re-apply cream for a finger-tip massage. I can give myself a complete facial this way while catching up on the day's news!"

INCIDENTALLY the Ross boudoir at home is equipped for her own quick beauty transformations. She has a small built-in shelf in her dressing table where she keeps every conceivable shade of nail polish. She never has to dash out to a beauty shop for a quick nail repair because she has all the materials at hand.

AN unusual beauty adjunct are Shirley's toe mittens! Actually. She has them made of chamois skin and wears them over her feet at night when she has given her feet a special beauty treatment. She believes that feet as active as hers are, have to be given as much care as hands. Before retiring she usually massages them with warm olive oil and then submerges them for a few moments in a mild epsom salts bath. She has a weekly pedicure and keeps her toe nail cuticle soft with cuticle cream.

ANOTHER Hollywood beauty who doesn't leave all her beautifying in the hands of experts is Helen Vinson. Helen's colorful loveliness will soon be seen in technicolor for she has an important role in "Vogues of 1938." Her hair is a natural reddish gold and her skin

(Continued on Page 82)



Helen uses a toning lotion on the skin, applying it with absorbent cotton pads and then briskly tapping the face with a specially designed pad on a long handle. This differs from the rubber one because its surface is smooth and does not cause the rejuvenating suction of the other

Freddie Bartholomew and Judy Garland make a corn festival, even if it isn't. They're party guests at a Louis B. Mayer celebration dinner

"Love Me"

(Continued from page 40)

"Gee, that was swell of him!" said Nick.

"Yeah—well, Johnny reported La Lorre wouldn't sign the contract. So Ben sent me to ask why. I asked. Lorre says she's signing with Metromount."

Nick grinned, "She's just kidding you, Jeff. She's been feeling awfully happy lately and she's kind of playful—been ribbing the life out of me. She just wants you to know she's had a chance at Metromount, that's all. Ruthie—er, Chris— is regular. You know it."

She came off after her final curtain. Out front the hands were still beating.

"Nicky *darling!*" she trilled and held out her hand to him, a bit higher than usual, palm toward the floor.

"She wants you to kiss it," muttered Jeff.

Nick nipped the back of her hand facetiously. "That's a swell burlesque of Torrez," he applauded, "but look out she doesn't see you. She's mad enough already."

Christina glared at him. "Burlesque?" she inquired icily.

Nick laughed at the glare appreciatively. "You certainly can do her to perfection, Chris!"

Jeff stepped up. "Look here, you," he said to her. "Were you in earnest about that Metromount crack?"

"Certainly I was in earnest," Christina Lorre shot a new and dazzling smile at him. "I signed with Metromount this noon, before the matinee. The contract's in my dressing room. Want to see it? It's a beauty!"

"But Ruthie," gasped Nick, "you promised you wouldn't!"

"Jeff and Ben Harris saw me before the picture scouts came down to Philly. They didn't need to wait till today to give me a run-of-the-play contract," she countered.

Nick stood and stared at her. Somehow, Ruthie's soft yellow hair had turned to a hard gold and her forget-me-not eyes were steel blue with odd little glints in them. Maybe it was the lights back here. They'd thrown some hard white lights on the stage while they were striking the set.

"Don't pay any attention to her, Jeff," said Nick, and then to Ruthie, "Go get off your make-up, honey. We'll talk this out over dinner."

"I'm sorry, Nick. I meant to tell you—I can't go to dinner with you," she explained. "I'm seeing Manny Epstein because there are lots of things to talk over. He's flying to the Coast tomorrow and I can't get there for two weeks. I have to give two weeks' notice, don't I?"

"No!" Jeff interrupted, grinding out the words, "We got you ready in four days. Every girl in the chorus knows that song and any one of 'em'll rehearse all day tomorrow and Monday for a chance at it. You fly with Manny in the morning." He turned on his heel, then flung back at her, "And if it weren't for Nick, I'd tell you what I think of you."

She glanced at Nick. The old melting look came into her eyes, the never-failing soft appeal curved her mouth. "Nicky, dear, don't take it like that. I got to thinking last night. A girl's got to take the breaks when she gets them. You're a musician, not a business man. That's why you don't understand. Broadway isn't run on sentiment."

Nick said nothing.

Jeff had started away, but he came back. "Oh, isn't it?" he shouted at her. "You didn't get there on sentiment, did you? Nick didn't write that song out of sentiment, did he? —The song that put you over—because even the hard-boiled audiences have sentiment. It's what's kept Broadway alive in spite of hell and high water and little two-timing brats like you—because it's human, and you aren't!"

"Jeff—don't!" said Nick.

"Come on, fellow," Jeff took his arm and led him out into the street where lights were coming on to make the late afternoon dusk alive with color.

CHRISTINA LORRE, in a new dinner dress, sat touching up her lips before her mirror. She wondered if Nick would ever remember the number of times during rehearsals when they'd said that the grandmother skit would be a washout and she'd added wistfully, "If only I could get a break—a good song in a good spot—" He'd thought it was his own idea when the time came. Well, she admitted he had taught her a lot when he drove her extra hours on those two numbers. He knew his stuff, but he'd always be a song plugger with maybe a tune or two in a show. He hadn't any sense of—her perfect shoulders shrugged in the mirror—any sense of what-it-takes-to-get-you-there. Nick was too easy. Anyhow, his song was a hit. He had that to be thankful for. She'd put it over for him, and the encore too. She'd paid him for what he'd done for her—or what she'd made him do.

Christina Lorre didn't fly with Manny Epstein. She went a week later when a Hollywood entrance was prepared by the publicity department for the singer who was Broadway's most suddenly sensational hit in years. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you your coming favorite, Christina Lorre!

Nick watched her go. He was angry and he was hurt. Then the anger died down. After all, he should have protected her from being foolish. Instead of laughing at her when she went high-hat, he should have made the real person in her keep her feet on the ground. Come to think of it, when a girl's waited and waited for a break and then suddenly gets it, maybe it scares her, maybe she's so afraid it'll be her only chance or be snatched away so soon that she goes haywire taking advantage of it. The real Ruthie was all right—sure. He told himself that over and over. And now she was Christina Lorre out there in Hollywood with all this quick glamour around her and no one to keep her balanced. He'd got her into this. He turned on himself. He ought to be there to see her through. But he couldn't do it just by taking a train. The way she was now he'd have to have a position equal to hers or she wouldn't listen. All right, he'd come out of this nose-dive he'd taken these few weeks. He'd get a job in Hollywood too—and a good one. Not with Metromount—oh no! He'd try Marmon-Mayer. They did musicals too. Every now and then he remembered the hard little glints that had come into her eyes, the little granite notes in her voice, but he talked himself out of them. It was easier—it hurt less when he could.

Call him a sap if you want to. He called himself that too. Kidding himself—huh? But men in love are sometimes like that. Women are frequently worse.

Robert Taylor orders in the M-G-M dining room and waitress Jessie Beck is just a bit awed with the honor of serving the distinguished star

ON the day he went for a twelve o'clock appointment with Jake Gordon of Marmon-Mayer, he had a letter from Ruthie-Christina. She'd received all of his, but she didn't have much time to write, wasn't much good at it anyhow and, after all, he didn't know any of her new friends and there wasn't much for her to write about. Well, that was that. He sat in the outer office of Jake Gordon and stared morosely at the tip of one shoe.

"Mr. Gordon's sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Gregory, but he'll be tied up for about twenty minutes more," said the cool voice of the secretary who came out when summoned by the reception clerk.

"All right," he muttered not looking at her.

"And for that matter, you don't look in a mood to put over anything with anybody, Nick Gregory," she added severely but with an odd chuckle in her voice.

He looked at her sharply.

"It's all right. I'm only little Ellen Martin who went to high school with you in dear old Brooklyn and you wouldn't remember," said the young lady with the sleek red-brown hair and russet-brown eyes.

He looked at her again and he didn't remember a thing about her, but he said, "I guess you're right about the way I feel this morning."

"You'll only queer what chance you have today," she informed him. "Why don't you let me tell him you phoned that you couldn't get in and then you can come some day when you're in a brighter frame of mind?"

"Would it work?" asked Nick.

"Better than a face like that."

Nick grinned faintly, "I don't remember you, Ellen Martin, but you certainly are a friend. How about lunch?"

"Meet me downstairs in the lobby in a quarter of an hour—and don't cry till I get there," she said and disappeared into the inner office.

Nick went out and kicked himself around the block a few times. Fine way for a fellow to behave, so that any woman could guess at a glance. He pulled himself together and waited in the lobby. She came.

THAT was five months ago. He hadn't had an appointment with Marmon-Mayer since then. Ellen wouldn't let him. She told him he had to write some more songs first—good ones.

"I've never heard a really good masculine blues number with words," she told him. "Most of the strong ones are women wailing about their 'man'. The songs they write for unhappy men all sound weak and wishy-washy. You ought to be able to do something about it. Why don't you?"

He did and, having got those he-man blues out of his system, he felt better. He had told her all about Christina up at her apartment one night. She understood—and she didn't say a word against Christina either. He discovered Ellen always understood—and she had a piano, too, one of those little green toy uprights that fit into a small living room. He had curled his long lank form over it and found some grand new tunes. He'd never been able to work with anyone in the room before, but Ellen was quiet, and working in her little sitting room with her there reading or maybe just listening gave him ideas.

HOLD STILL
HOLLYWOOD!

Buddy Longworth, Warner's ace photographer, has brought out a book, and Lana Turner (left) and Marie Wilson are among the very first to see what's in it. Of course, it pictures the real Hollywood

"When a pretty girl makes one hit on Broadway, she's set," Ellen had observed, "but when a song-writer composes one hit song, everybody thinks it's an accident. You need at least four new ones that nobody's heard before you go to see Jake Gordon."

Well, he had them now. He hadn't seen Ellen's eyes looking at him when he sat there pecking out the funny little noises that eventually turned into songs. He hadn't seen Ellen's eyes in high school either when she sat looking at him from a seat three rows back and just across the aisle so that she got a slant of his profile and sometimes a little more of his face when he turned sideways at his desk. He hadn't known either that there had been no small piano in her little flat before that day when they'd had lunch together. The initial expense on it, the deposit money and the hauling, came from her rather meager savings; the monthly rent came from her luncheon and dinner budget. She'd formed the habit of taking a sandwich to the office with her when she didn't lunch with Nick. Those luncheons he paid for, and sometimes dinners, helped on the piano. It amused her that he didn't know it. The rest of it—well, he was happy, wasn't he? And he was writing steadily. She could sit there listening—until he went to Hollywood.

End of Part I.

Jack-in-the-Box Haley

(Continued from page 37)

"And you were the discovery?" I queried.

"Yes. The critics wanted to know where this Haley chap had been."

"Where had you been?"

Well, it so happens that Jack broke into small time variety at the Pastime Theatre in Hoboken, N. J., after he had run away from home and the Boston Navy Yard. He landed in New York with a few bucks, but he had left "The Constitution" in the Navy Yard.

That was his first great error. If he'd held on to "The Constitution" he might have been in The Supreme Court. Alas, it's too late now.

New York, Jack found, moved along the same with him as when it had been without him. Philadelphia was his next step and there he plugged songs for twenty-five dollars a week.

A vaudeville scout, in a moment of weakness, booked him into the Pastime Theatre. Time passed at the Pastime and so did Jack. Only he passed out of the dime-a-dozen league into Keith's circuit and the mecca of all two-a-day performers, the Palace in New York. His act with Charley Crafts established him in vaudeville.

From variety shows, Haley was drafted into musical comedy. Despite Heywood Broun's appearance in the cast, the title of the show was "All Around the Town" and not "A New Broun Sweeps Clean." From there Jack went into the elaborate revue "Gay Paree." Then followed a season with the Orpheum circuit.

It was after this that Haley got a brief glimpse of California when he came to do a Vitaphone short, but good news came from Chicago that Laurence Schwab wanted the comedian for the lead in "Good News."

The tremendous success of "Good News" was climaxed by "Follow Through."

This, briefly, was Jack's background before he came to the celluloid wonderland. A star for years, he was hailed as a new personality in "Follow Through." And the same thing happened in Hollywood when his work in "Wake Up and Live" merited the applause of the theatre preview audience.

Jack is married to Florence McFadden, who was one of the Lightner girls with whom Jack played vaudeville. What does the girl he married between performances of "Gay Paree" think of him?

"She tells me I was a terrific gamble, but she had hopes," Jack said while we were talking about his wife and Junior and Gloria, his children. "She also said that once before we were married I gave her a terrific let down," he added.

"You let her down?"

"That's right. We were driving along the Hudson and the stars and the moon were like they are when young people drive along the Hudson at night when the stars and moon are—"

"I get it."

"I parked. Which in itself is no great surprise. Then—" Jack paused.

"Ah, then what?" I conjured up romantic pictures.

"Then I told her what I held so close to my heart—my choice gags from my new show."

"And she didn't think they were funny?"

Jack answered, "She thinks it's amusing now, but she didn't tell me so at the time."

If you ask Mrs. Haley about Jack, she'll tell you his greatest charms are his modesty and his expansive blue eyes. His biggest faults are probably his little flare-ups over trivial affairs and his habit of trailing his clothes all around the room when he retires.

Sometimes, like other folk of Erin, he gets moody and stares dreamily out of the window. Not that he isn't a great talker when he gets started. This is especially true at parties where he likes to converse with the older people. He's probably getting their slant on Social Security.

Another observation about Jack is that he sometimes makes up his mind at a moment's notice. He may decide he wants to go to San Francisco. He packs in a few minutes and is off. Then, when he gets to his destination, he frets because he hasn't brought along the right suits or because he has left behind his favorite shirt.

Jack's a funny fellow, all right. When he was on the stage if he saw a director and an assistant in a whispered conference, he would announce his resignation from the show. Jack was sure his work was being panned. Of course, the directors, in reality, were comparing some rather personal observations about the third girl from the end in the chorus line.

Then in 1930 he tore up a piece of paper. The only funny thing about that was that Haley didn't believe the piece of paper would do him any good. It was a contract and he didn't think himself suited for the part.

I forgot to mention an important item about that piece of paper. The salary written on that contract was $80,000! Wonder if Jack had to refer to his collection of over a thousand joke books to laugh that off?

His "Hollywood clothes?" What's happened to them?

The answer is—not a thing.

Jack never wore them!

Simone Simon

(Continued from page 35)

Later, after Simone had sailed, we visited a few of the stores where she had been. Invariably, the report of sales people was the same: That Simone had been a gracious, patient and considerate patron.

It was while telling us, with true girlish pleasure, of her numerous purchases that Simone voiced a wish that, in one respect, her motion picture experience might be different in the future.

"I do hope that soon I will get a picture where I can wear some nice clothes. So far, I have worn a girls' school uniform, in 'Girls' Dormitory,' a sailor suit, in 'Ladies In Love,' and, except for one brief sequence, a ragged outfit for 'Seventh Heaven.' I like to wear nice clothes—what woman doesn't?—and I want a chance to 'show off' a little on the screen."

Speaking of her pictures gave us the opportunity to ask Simone about the host of reports that have emanated from Hollywood's busy rumor factories telling of her "walking out" on pictures. That was the only time we saw Simone appear to be angry.

"I have never quit a picture or a play in my life!" she said. "It is true that I have been announced for a few pictures and then did not appear in them. But when the change was made, it was made by 20th Century-Fox studios—except in the case of 'Under Two Flags,' which I was forced to leave by illness.

"Those are the stories which I really resent. These silly tales about temperament in other matters I can disprove when people get to know me. But reports of me rebelling at assignments hurt me professionally. Everybody knows that when an actress is under contract she must do what she is told, or lose her contract. Do you think Mr. Zanuck would make an exception in my case? It is too ridiculous to think about.

"The latest report of that sort is

Mary Livingston (Mrs. Jack Benny) still radioing, is also in films. Her first will be Paramount's "This Way Please," Buddy Rogers' come-back picture

If you've been drinking, don't look. Yes, it's real. Sandow, Nat Pendleton's great Dane, amuses himself while his master ukeleles

typical. I was announced for 'Danger—Love at Work,' for the role now being played by Ann Sothern. When I read the script, I told Mr. Zanuck that I thought I could not play well the part of a fast-talking, witty American girl. He listened, finally agreed with me. Immediately, the gossips said 'Oh, ho, Simone has walked out again.' "

It was while Simone was in New York that 20th Century-Fox studios announced she would play the lead in "Suez," the story of the life of Ferdinand de Lesseps, famous French engineer who built the Suez Canal. She looks forward with keen delight to that, she says, because it is a role exactly suited for her background and acting experience.

"Some day, I hope I shall be able to play the role of an American girl," she said. "I am studying American ways as much as I can, because, naturally, I will have a longer career if I am able to do that."

Simone impresses one as an earnest young woman, diligently trying to make the most of what she frankly admits is the greatest opportunity she has ever had. If she errs in her self-estimation it is distinctly on the side of modesty. She obviously regards herself as just one of the great number of actresses whose ambition it is to earn the regard of the American screen public. Indicative of that modesty is the fact that she thought she would just go aboard the liner Normandie when she sailed as any other passenger would. Consternation and alarm were her reactions when she was met by more than four hundred pushing, shoving film fans on the ship's deck, all determined to get her autograph. As much for self-protection as anything else, she fled precipitately to her cabin, and denied herself to anyone until the ship sailed.

"Please explain to them," she begged one of the G-men assigned to guard her as she boarded the vessel, "that I couldn't possibly sign all those autograph books in the few minutes before we sailed. So I just didn't sign any. I didn't want to sign just a few, and leave out the others. I hope they'll understand."

Again, that modesty and gracious desire to be fair which is such an outstanding, but little publicized, part of her personality. Nothing here of the mythical person whom gossips would have us believe rides rough-shod over the feelings of others.

Although Simone's rigorous adherence to a realistic view of her status and her ambitions may seem in one who, still in her early twenties, has become unquestionably one of the best known screen personalities in the world, it is readily understood in light of the facts of her life. Hers is the background of a true cosmopolitan, acquainted with a wide variety of people. Born at Marseilles, French trading gateway to the Orient, she went as a child to the African island of Madagascar, where her father was sent as a mining engineer. After that there were periods of living in the principal capitals of Europe. Her education is as varied as her travels, for she has studied in Vienna, Budapest, Venice and Berlin, as well as in Paris.

But Simone's travels may well have come to their end. One sees indication of that in her final words before she sailed for France. Wistfully looking toward the west, she said:

"If I had the courage to change my plans this minute, and could do so without disappointing my family and friends, I would take a plane and go right back to Hollywood. That's where I want to be. Although, of course, I shall always make it a point to visit my native land."

And Hollywood, it seems, approves of that hope. For, when but three weeks of her scheduled two months' vacation had passed, a cable from 20th Century-Fox studios called her back to star in "Love and Hisses," the new Winchell-Bernie film.

Martha Raye

(Continued from page 47)

I knew these things to be true as I sat in the audience of the Paramount Theatre in New York's Times Square and watched the caperings and the antics of the screen's newest comedy sensation. The week before I had seen her on the screen in "Mountain Music" and between tears for the plight of the ugly duckling and laughter for her down to earth humor I had had a gorgeous evening. And I wasn't a bit disappointed in the original. From the moment Martha Raye clowned her way on to the stage until, still talking at top speed, she sank out of sight as the orchestra dropped below the level of the screen, she virtually had the crowd in the palm of her hand. They laughed, they howled, they clapped with her to a song she was singing and one or two times they were near tears at the earthy quality of this girl's humor.

Later I fought my way to an appointment with her through a mob of youthful enthusiasts who barricaded the stage door, pencil in hand. Perhaps some one had told them of that time little more than a year ago when Martha had actually begged for more autograph books to sign.

It happened after the preview of her first picture, "Rhythm on the Range." Completely unknown she entered the theatre with her mother and her faithful negro servant, Lula. The storm broke around her shoulders after the first number. People called her a "wow," "a sensation"; they said she was stealing the show, and the thunder of their approval drowned out the actor's lines for several minutes. Thus is a star born. Martha wept in sheer happiness. Up in "nigger heaven" Lula proclaimed loudly: "Thas my lady! I belongs to her! Boy, is she grand, is I proud!" When the picture was over Martha found herself again in the lobby this time mobbed by the same people who had not recognized her two hours before. Between tears and shouts of joy and her now famous "yeah, man" Martha signed until there were no more books left —and then begged for more.

Nothing that had happened to Martha before ever equalled that moment. Anything that may follow will always be weighed against it. Such emotions can only occur once. Martha was swept by gratitude to these people who had suddenly put her on top.

Some months ago a commentator said some pretty unkind things about this Raye girl over a coast-to-coast hook-up. There weren't many radio fans who missed it and not a few of those friends Martha made on that first night of triumph were shocked, surprised and disappointed. She hadn't seemed that kind to them.

BEFORE she arrived at the Paramount for her first rehearsal prior to the opening the boys in the orchestra told me they were frankly in a dither. Afterwards I had a second chat with them.

"She's great!" was their unanimous decision. "We were afraid we would have a temperamental star on our hands. If she had been even half the things a certain radio commentator said, she would never go out on that stage and give the performances she does when she is scarcely able to talk from laryngitis. The audience doesn't even suspect that between shows there is a doctor in constant attendance."

They were right. Not one show or one minute of one show did Martha Raye spare herself or let down on the tempo which has made her Martha Raye.

Several things surprised me about Martha Raye. First, the camera does not catch the real girl. She is a great deal smaller and a lot younger than she appears on the screen. Most important of all, the screen has not yet captured her dual personality. Undoubtedly there are two Martha Rayes—one born, the other evolved, and it is necessary to know at least a little about them both to understand this girl.

Waning summer finds Hope Manning at the beach. "Hope" is no misnomer; she's one of M-G-M's talented young players

She gave her audience brief, lightning-like glimpses of them both. One minute she would be carrying on her song and the next she would rub her nails on her dress and scan them critically; she pretended to bump her nose on the microphone, showed a man to a seat and kidded both the audience and herself.

MARTHA was born into the vaudeville team of Reed and Hooper. She made her first solo appearance at the age of three.

Thirteen years of ups and downs, mostly downs, followed. At sixteen she joined Paul Ash's orchestra with which she sang and did comedy for more than a year. Later she worked with Benny Davis; in a kid act with Jackie Heller, Hal LeRoy, Sonny O'Day and Buddy and Velma Ebsen; with Wild Morrissey. She was, at one time, a member of Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book" company; at another, was with Lew Brown's "Calling All Stars."

But much as she wanted to get in pictures, principally because it would give her a chance to have a real home—her very first—she had never made a bid for them and hadn't an idea she would have a contract literally pushed under her nose and fame and fortune dumped in her lap.

"Holy Smoke!" she told me. "Who'd ever expect a mug like mine could ever even get near a motion picture camera?"

That's how honest and straightforward Martha is and she doesn't even now credit her unusual personality with her success. She is certain that if Norman Taurog hadn't been looking for a particularly low type of comedienne to play opposite Bob Burns the night he spied her singing in the Trocadero Cafe in Hollywood she wouldn't yet be in pictures. She is equally certain that it was just dumb luck which caused him to run a nail in his tire right outside the door of the cafe and dumber luck that she was to work with Burns.

You see, she has known Bob Burns and worshipped him since she was a kid of seven. In those days when he played on bills with her parents he never forgot the ugly little kid with the loud voice and the wide humorous smile. He often bought her ice cream cones. Even then he sensed that some time or other Martha was going to have to fight a battle with herself and her courage to keep from succumbing to an inferiority complex because of her looks. But he didn't for a moment underestimate the indomitable will of this girl. He knew that always, somehow, she would get the things she wanted.

Once she auditioned for Rudy Vallee. She wanted that job badly and into her song went all of her hopes and a little despair. Vallee complimented her singing and told her he liked the way she put a song across . . . but another and more personally attractive girl got the job. Her name was Alice Faye. I wonder if Martha has ever thought of the strange coincidence that only by one letter is the name Faye different from Raye.

AND yet Martha Raye is not an ugly girl. She has the loveliest skin, the most beautiful hands and teeth like two tiny rows of gleaming ivory. No girl who possesses these things could ever be entirely hopeless.

She keeps her slim, straight figure easily. Though she always has a chocolate bar somewhere within hands reach she never worries about getting fat. For one thing she is an accomplished horsewoman and spends a great deal of her free time in the saddle. Once she even won a cup at a horse show in Toronto.

That is the lighter side of Martha Raye. On the other side she is incurably sentimental. She has had more than her share of hard knocks and it has given her a fine appreciation of friendship and loyalty. She loves beauty and beautiful things. Once she studied interior decorating under Gabrielle in New York—she was with her several years—and some time she hopes to have an antique and decorating shop in Beverly Hills—or somewhere.

During her stay at the Paramount Theatre there was a boy and a girl who sat through every performance from opening until closing throughout the entire run. Somehow Martha found it out and asked them back to see her in her dressing room. They had sent her flowers on several occasions and they had hoped for her autograph but to be invited for tea and sandwiches was exceeding all their expectations. They went backstage but they were far too excited to eat anything. Martha kissed the girl—and she fainted.

THE last performance at the Paramount two members of a local Martha Raye Club presented the star with a bracelet with bangles on it. Martha has a whole collection of these charm bracelets. She thanked the girls on the stage then she brought her new husband, Buddy Westmore, one of the make-up Westmores of Hollywood, out on the stage and introduced him to the girls and the audience. It was all unexpected, unrehearsed and entirely in the spirit of good comradeship. That is why Martha Raye's fan mail has jumped from nothing to second to none in a year's time. That is why the public loves her and that is why there are still more worlds for her to conquer and greater laurels for her to wear.

Yes, she is a human dynamo. She is personality plus. These things will some day make her the next Marie Dressler of the screen. She is Martha Raye and if you haven't found it out yet, some day you'll know that is quite sufficient.

Dorothy Moore

(Continued from page 50)

It was the umpteenth school that had held Dorothy's bookbag on the cloakroom hook, for her dad belongs to that roving tribe known as civil engineers.

It was while in these intermediate grades of gym and geometry that Dorothy got her first experience in the theatre. A girl friend was a chorus cutie in one of those fancy prologues they used to put on at the famous Chinese theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. Dorothy went along as a lark and came back as a chorus cutie, too.

About that time high school clicked off its annual quota of graduates, including Dorothea, and then this actress business began in earnest. For seven months Dot studied hard at the popular professional players factory, Ben Bard's Dramatic School. And her reward for good behavior was the lead in the play, "Suzanne." That, as the saying goes, was the turning point in her career.

After her performance in "Suzanne," she had to be choosy whether she was the type or not, because a trio of three studio scouts rushed her with their charming manner of waving contracts. RKO won the competition. Their prize is five feet three inches of Irish beauty with a few dark gold freckles to match her hair. Her ancestors were professional men mixed in with stock breeders, so dutiful Dot is a professional with riding as her favorite hobby, sport and exercise.

Then besides a few sports her real in-sideline is interior decorating. To prove it, she did over the home place from garage to garret, and collects pictures of home interiors to pore over and peek at while practicing perspective drawing.

She also collects other things. There is a Leaping Lena at the Moore address. Lena is a goldfish that dives out of the water in occasional fits of high spirits. Lena has a confrere named Tilly (a cat), besides a couple of nameless lizards.

Dorothy's favorite foods are ice cream, banana cake and salted nuts, which doesn't sound much like a Hollywood diet, but if such dainties are responsible for her collegiate beauty and acting talent, it may soon be.

So there's your glimpse at the promising Dorothy Moore — very young and quite bewildered over suddenly exchanging the smoothly running life of dramatic school for wardrobe fittings, screen and make-up tests, interviews and the rest of the fireworks that go with skyrocketing a newcomer to stardom.

You can see her for yourself when "Take the Heir" is released, with Dorothy as the leading lady who gets her man.

Douglass Montgomery

(Continued from page 51)

England now—many of which we never hear—but all of them are working, all progressing. Some are as business-like and efficient as the leading ones in Hollywood. Others are amazing—little companies which come about through the fact that almost anybody with an idea can get financial backing for a production. It's easier to get capital for producing a picture than for any other kind of business venture. This is because of the tremendous enthusiasm the English have for movies, good or mediocre.

"On the other hand, England's progress in the picture field has been due to the very critical demands of the English people. The hardest critics of English-made films are the English themselves!

"They'll accept almost any picture made in Hollywood. They respect the continuity of a story, if nothing else. You see, a badly made English picture has a difficult time holding together—it loses all trace of theme or characterization once it starts muddling across the screen.

"That old and stupid criticism that the British had about the first American talkies—that they were corrupting the speech of the masses—has been entirely forgotten. They will sit through almost the worst Hollywood production, and like it!"

Hard at work again in American pictures, Doug has already completed the dramatic lead in "The Man Behind the Law," and is proving his versatility by next portraying a gay, romantic young lover in "Life Begins With Love," for the same studio. He's glad to be back home, and hopes his fans will feel the same way. And if the current bulge in fan mail at Columbia is any indication, one may properly anticipate the answer. It looks like a lengthy stay for Hollywood's vagabond actor.

How to Stay Married

(Continued from page 33)

on his thousand acres. A man as popular and as handsome as Joel is bound to have feminine admirers who would like to chisel into his life. There are plenty of women in Hollywood—as elsewhere—who refuse to believe that even a married man is not for them. Joel's instinctive love of the outdoors probably saves him from such annoyances, for there's still no cures for the ills of the world like getting back to the soil.

Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak pursue a similar course. So do Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, who own a citrus ranch. The Warner Baxters retreat to their home in the San Jacinto Mountains. Wallace Beery lives so far away he comes to work via airplane. Alan Dinehart and Mozelle Brittone also reside at a distance.

If you have a jealous nature, don't go to Hollywood. The wise ones, those who have made of marriage a life-long compact are very wary of this green monster. Far-seeing husbands don't visit their wives playing on a set, just as prudent wives avoid that error, too. Certainly it must be disturbing to see one's spouse in the arms of another. Two human beings cannot convincingly make love without some appearance of intimacy, and the greater the love between husband and wife the higher the flame of jealousy is liable to spurt. One actor refuses to see any film in which his wife has a love role. He says that he cannot look at such scenes objectively. His wife, a sensible, understanding woman, is appreciative of this attitude. Possibly love-making in films may be behind much of the marital unrest. Certainly it can play havoc with one's happiness and as jealousy really amounts to nothing more or less than want of confidence, it presents a pretty heavy burden for matrimony to carry.

But even off the screen there are plenty of occasions for arousing jealousy. Non-professional wives, in particular, must keep a tight rein on themselves. They do not share the life of the studios and to that extent are outsiders. It takes a really smart woman of this sort to handle herself rightly at social affairs. Mrs. Leslie Howard is one of the sensible kind that never let anything upset them. Because of his personal charm as well as his stage and screen fame, her husband receives quite a lot of attention everywhere he goes. Leslie likes to have his wife with him and so she has a rather full social life. Being English, she has a point of view often not comprehended by Americans. Englishwomen of the better class are peculiarly adaptable in bending their interests to those of their husband. Following her native instincts and traditions, she guards Leslie zealously, adroitly separating him from bores, getting him home from parties at a reasonable hour, so that he may be fit to face the camera the next morning, and assisting him, unobtrusively but efficiently, in other ways.

You don't have to be married to have your affections attacked. Engaged couples, or reputedly engaged ones, like Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, are pounced upon with the same avidity as though actually wedded. When Taylor took a brief run over to Hawaii for a vacation, rumors began to spread that he was showing "attentions to another woman." Apparently these rumors were not even verified, and the most that could truthfully be said is that Taylor was seen at social affairs. Nothing to get excited about in that, but it does indicate what would have been whispered if Taylor had really been attentive to

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Cultivating the same tastes, hobbies and amusements is a very practical way to keep the home fires burning. Dick Arlen and his wife (Jobyna Ralston) swim, sail, attend the same parties together, and in all ways act just like Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Des Moines, Iowa. They have mutual friends, too, and all of them are likable and trustworthy people.

Neither is it a bad idea to be a bit "choosy" in selecting one's circle of intimates. Not, understand, in a ritzy or snobbish spirit, but rather with a weather eye to marital felicity. The presence of persons who have an altogether different outlook on life than yours does not contribute to domestic happiness. Those marriages in Hollywood which are long established will usually be found buttressed by social discrimination. Both Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, are mutually concerned in giving parties that, while informal, are quiet and dignified. As an opposite, there was the case of Charlie Chaplin and Lita Grey who could not agree on the sort of friends to entertain in their home.

But over and above all else, except perhaps jealousy, the prime homebreaker is the one of trying to keep up with the Joneses. Yes, that problem is just as much to the fore in Hollywood as anywhere else. When outgo exceeds income, when either husband or wife is unreasonably extravagant, then trouble is obviously brewing. As a rule, wives most cautious in unfastening the purse strings will be found to be non-professionals. They don't feel the same need as feminine stars to acquire jewels, furs, clothes, cars to rival the glitter and show on every hand.

But it is not the feminine stars always that are guilty of being spendthrifts. Men, too, are often found to be susceptible to other and equally expensive temptations — yachts, fine homes, lavish entertainment. Any one who thinks it impossible to run through a couple of hundred thousand dollars in a year doesn't know Hollywood's aptitude and opportunities for spending. Financial worry is as good a way as any to crack up a marriage.

One of the contributory causes of divorce of a very popular star was the reckless way his wife ran up bills. She was a minor actress but felt that her husband's position and income entitled her to the status of Hollywood's greatest.

Another actress "had to let her husband go," because he could see nothing ignoble in refusing roles he considered beneath him, while willing to live luxuriously at her expense.

In the last analysis, perhaps the fact that both husband and wife are usually professionals weakens, rather than strengthens, the marriage ties. After a strenuous day on the set, either may be temporarily fed up with studio activities. Neither wants to hear about the other's troubles or triumphs. Yet it is inevitable that that will be the topic of conversation. Motion pictures are their very being. They think, breathe and must talk them. After a trying day, the set-up is perfect for a clash. Maybe two people shouldn't follow the same profession. Maybe that is the real reason why marriage is the most difficult career in Hollywood. But if husband and wife are really in love and will follow the rules, there is every likelihood of them staying married just as long as a couple living in any other community.

Milton Berle

(Continued from page 57)

in Mt. Vernon and won a medal worth every bit of $2.75.

This caused a sensation in the Berlinger household (Berlinger is the family name). There was no stopping the boy now, and his mother did some tall thinking. If Milton could win a medal for such foolishness, maybe he could get actual money for more of it. So she decided to try the movie studios, then mostly in and around New York.

Then a fresh kid appeared in the John Bunny-Flora Finch comedies. He was hired for occasional bits.

Milton became a typical stage youngster—precocious, forward, always ready to put on his act with little or no urging. Subsequent appearances included bits in the Pearl White serial, "The Perils of Pauline," and with Eddie Polo in "Daredevil Eddie."

FROM this start it was an easy transition to vaudeville, and he played in a number of kid acts, climaxing this part of his career as a member of the junior Florodora sextette in the revival of that famous musical comedy.

Eventually he was recognized as a comic, much to his delight. The big break in his life came when Benny Rubin, the vaudeville ace, was scheduled to be master of ceremonies at the Palace Theatre and could not fill the engagement. At the last moment Berle was asked to help out. His partners on the program included such worthies as Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Burns and Allen, and others. Almost an unknown, Milton decided to be completely honest with his audience. He said:

"The only reason they hired me as master of ceremonies was because I knew all the big comedians' jokes."

That went over big. The audience giggled "Ain't he funny?"

In quick succession he appeared with his own review at the Capitol Theatre under Major Bowes, and then floated into the musical comedy field. He thus had the chance to do his stuff before the smart audiences of Earl Carroll's Vanities.

Vallee invited Berle to appear on his radio program, so our Milton—ready for new conquests—found himself behind a "mike" with his grimaces and gestures of no immediate use. This was a difficult situation for a fellow as restless and as wholeheartedly communicative as Milton, but he managed the change in good order.

"You may push and roll a Berle," he says, "but you can't throw him."

Still, there seemed to be something missing. He had really left out one form of acting—pictures, despite his early training. RKO remedied that when it signed him this spring for "New Faces."

The association with Penner in the same picture when he reached Hollywood made Milton feel right at home, for the two had worked together on the radio, having exchanged guest appearances on each other's programs. The result of their cooperation is now visible on the screen: both have gained enormously through "New Faces."

Milton, for all his Barnum-like publicity schemes and insistent manner, is, underneath, a rather shy person. When in the realm of the theatre he is all acting, but privately he has some of the pixie in him—not, of course, that he's exactly self-effacing. The fact is he has developed his go-get-'em spirit, aided and abetted by his mother. Mrs. Berle has been his chief booster. She attends all his stage and radio appearances and encourages him in every undertaking. She went to the coast with him, and will continue to darn his socks. However, there is a girl in the offing, Judy Malcolm, a Broadway showgirl. It is rumored wedding bells may be ringing in their heads; just how serious it is we hesitate to guess. But they are seen together.

Joan Crawford

(Continued from page 30)

No. "Do you think this would be best, or this?" Her mind adjusts at once. She visualizes her suit and sees the right bag with it.

Often she goes into a shop with an advertisement clipped from a magazine or newspaper and says, "I want one of these—size fourteen."

By these methods—knowing in advance what she wants yet able to change her preconceived ideas and make up her mind at once—Joan can knock off a fifteen item shopping list in forty-five minutes. I've seen her do it. So don't say, "I'm crazy to read 'Gone With the Wind' but I'm just too busy." Save your shopping time as Crawford does and you can read the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

ONCE Joan told me, "When I realized that I could never trust other people to do things for me the way I wanted them done and I decided to take over my household responsibilities as well as my work I thought, 'Golly, I will have to be twins to get it all done.' But then I thought, 'Okay, I'll be the next best thing. I'll do two things at once.'"

Every day that she is on a picture Joan must have her hair done. This—shampooing, setting and drying—takes, as every woman knows, a good hour and a half. Yet when you and I sit under a dryer we usually thumb through an ancient magazine, watch the clock and tell the operator to rush because we're "in a hurry."

Not our heroine. Joan saves up tasks that can be done during these usually wasted minutes. While she is waiting for her hair to dry she writes letters (she always answers a communication immediately). It is "under the dryer" that she plans next day's menus. She reads fan mail and scripts "under the dryer" and checks her household accounts. It is true that Joan is able to have her hair dressed at home where files are handy but there is really no reason why you and I can't take a small bundle of unfinished business to the beauty shop with us and be two people at once for an hour and a half.

Joan has a certain fluidity of mind—which she has trained herself to use and which helps her to save time. She plans her day always but unlike a great many methodical people, she can change those plans immediately if the occasion arises.

For instance, suppose the studio has given her a "nine o'clock call," which means she must be in her dressing room to get into costume and make-up by quarter of eight. Her day,

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in that case, takes a definite shape. Yet often just before she trots off to bed the assistant director 'phones to say she will not be needed until half-past-eleven. Joan adjusts at once. She thinks of the things she should do but has neglected. Instantly the telephone is in her mind. She will take a singing lesson at nine. She will give that interview requested a week ago. Two necessary gestures will be made while a person without a time budget would be shouting, "Why can't they make up their mind when I'm needed so I won't have to waste so much time!"

JOAN always has at least three different things she can be doing. She does small things in small moments. Most people make a two or three hour job of "answering all my letters." If, at home or the studio, Joan finds herself with an extra fifteen minutes she writes one letter.

She invariably reads two books at once—one a lengthy tome that requires concentration, the other a light novel. In fifteen minutes she can read a couple of chapters of the novel or a story in a magazine that has been recommended. If all the wasted fifteen minutes which are alibied by, "It's no use starting that job now when I can't finish it" were put to good use you could build a city.

Even when Joan is "resting between pictures" she has her job to do—wardrobe fittings, script readings, photographs to be taken, interviews to give, costumes to plan, new coiffures to originate. But, although this is more broken work, it is not so arduous as actual shooting. Joan's "between pictures" day begins at nine or ten in the morning and that means that she can reap the reward of her time budget and spend her evenings living beautifully. And although there are no stodgy rules for pleasure, Joan does plan even her leisure time.

"Oh, there are so many things I want to do," Joan said one day. "I just must manage to do them all!"

ALMOST every Saturday night Joan has a dinner party for about eight guests—never more than ten. Billy Burke, the Gary Coopers, the Fred Astaires, Betty Furness, Cesar Romero, the George Murphys—to name a few of the film folk she knows. They are stimulating, interesting people and some of the best conversation I've ever heard has emanated from the Tone home in Brentwood Heights. But even at a party Joan combines activities.

"Come at six, if you can, so we can have a nice long evening" is a phrase I've heard her use a hundred times. That gives time for easy, gracious chit-chat during the cocktail and dinner hour. Then, in the private theatre, the Tones run a recent movie, for they and their guests enjoy movies. It is part of their jobs to see them.

Usually once during the week there is a concert or a play. Then Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone get all done up in best bib and tucker. They are, incidentally, always on time. Joan is so eager for everything life has to give that she would feel cheated if she weren't in the theatre when the curtain went up.

There is at least one quiet evening. Joan's parties are brilliant and glamorous but I shall never forget a night last February when I was with Joan and Franchot during a quiet evening. We dined early (as a matter of fact, that is part of the time budget and leaves the evening long for pleasure). And then we three sat in the smallest but most livable room in the house—the tiny den-library off the sun porch—while Joan worked on a hooked rug she was making for Lynn Rigges' Santa Fe home and I, feeling slightly guilty, sat idle. Franchot played all the records (recorded in Europe) of Boito's little known opera "Mefistofele." He played it straight through and we listened as if we had been at the theatre. When he was changing records we talked, as we would during an entre-

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act. The music was beautiful and Joan did the entire red section of the rug.

Other quiet evenings Joan and Franchot either read together or listen to the radio.

Thursday is maid's night out. Either they go to the Troc or some other gay spot for a really riotous time or Joan cooks dinner herself. She can swing a nifty skillet. When they do go out on the town they have more honest to goodness hilarious fun than any couple I know.

IF there is some vital activity afoot, such as the recently threatened actors' strike, a Screen Actors Guild meeting claims an evening. Joan is chairman of several committees and always takes her knitting to meeting. Bob Montgomery says if Joan drops a stitch while he's making a speech he knows he's good.

It's a rather wonderful week, isn't it? A couple of quiet evenings, a party night, an evening of civic activity, a concert and a big evening out. It's a good, rich, full life. And, on a less grand scale, anyone can have it. The party need not be so lavish, the concert will probably turn out to be a neighborhood movie, the Screen Actors Guild becomes a local club. But the whole point is not to make pleasure just aimless idling but really vital and important.

Oh yes, one more thing. Joan's sleep is even on the time budget plan. There was a time when she suffered from insomnia. It made her mad—all those hours just lying in bed wide awake. She's even got that licked. She discovered that the cause of her insomnia: her brain was tired but her body was not. So before she goes to bed she takes violent exercise for a couple of minutes and then sleeps like a log.

She's got to sleep well. There's so much to be done tomorrow.

Taylor versus Roosevelt

(Continued from page 31)

acteristics. So at least science tells us. Franklin comes from a line that has lived like English squires — given to books and college. Sane tastes, solid ideas, lightened by the belief that one must be readily adaptable to the exigencies of life, have been his natural birthright. Bob's father, too, is a man of sound outlook. A successful physician, he was able to bring up his son in an atmosphere of culture. He sent him to college where Bob studied medicine. And, now, young Franklin is preparing to enroll himself as a law student in the University of Virginia.

What will he do when he is graduated? Follow the Roosevelt tradition? If precedent means anything, the odds are that he will not spend his years consulting dusty legal tomes, but instead, will enter some phase of public life where he can use to the best advantage the family talent.

Theodore had it; Franklin, Sr. has it—the power of arousing emotion in others. If Franklin, Jr. does not inherit the family gift, he is no true Roosevelt. But you know the strain of the clan runs deep in his veins.

And you can't be a Roosevelt without having a sense of showmanship, which is really only another way of saying, a sense of the dramatic. So here again is a link between Bob and young Roosevelt. We all know the former's dramatic powers; whereas the latter's are still latent. So we can't be certain. Yet at that we can hazard a guess—which may not be so much a guess after all — for Franklin has demonstrated his dramatic potentialities by one performance, the greatest within the power of man to give.

GREAT lovers are great stars—the list of such on screen and stage is impressive: Valentino, John Barrymore, Lou Tellegen, John Gilbert, Clark Gable, Nelson Eddy, to name but a few. Every one of these names symbolizes or has symbolized the flaming passion.

While one real life romance was flowering on the banks of the Delaware River, the stars of semi-tropical California were shining down upon another. Sweet nothings breathed into the ears of two different ladies must have carried a magic spell unpossessed by other men. Men rich, handsome, brilliant, famous, must have been commonplaces in the life of the one. She could pick and choose as she pleased. Dukes and marquises would gladly have been her mate. She had beauty, character, culture, amiability, a social position assured through long ancestry. Even the prestige of a president's son could have meant little to the princess of such a kingdom, despite the fact that his ancestry was as distinguished as hers. A certain smile, a certain bearing, a certain way of breathing words of tenderness were necessary to weave the spell. The performance had to be sincere, nevertheless one had to be an emotional actor to win her heart.

And so with the other woman—of different origin, of different environment, famous in her own right, brilliant, beautiful—again only perfect technique—inspired by honesty—could unlock the key to her soul.

Bob on the screen, as well as in private life, has qualified as a great lover. Franklin, Jr. has given no public demonstration. Yet because of his similarity to Bob in appearance and temperament, I believe that the President's son is a great player nipped in the bud. I believe, too, that if he had appeared on the screen, the public would have discovered immediately their similarities.

And, as a curious afterthought, if the positions of the two young men

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FOLLOW THE Social Tips

pages 12 and 13

The Hollywood STARS *tell you whether or not* "IT'S PROPER"

—Bob and Franklin—had been reversed, what might have been the outcome? Could Robert Taylor have won Ethel DuPont? Or Franklin, Jr., Barbara Stanwyck? Yet, even as we watch Bob on the screen, making love with all his marvelous subtlety, and noting the emotional current that is electrifying the feminine portion of his audience, we know that that is an unanswerable question. Resemblances must end somewhere and it is not safe to hazard guesses in matters of the human heart.

Tea for Two or More

(Continued from page 14)

pleasant to set the table directly in front of a glowing fire the way Josephine has done. It gives an intimate and friendly air to your friends and a romantic one if it's "tea for two!"

A TYPICAL Hutchinson tea party for a few close friends yields some good ideas for all of you. Sunday afternoon tea is often a slightly more elaborate business than an everyday one. In it Josephine combines the best points of a cocktail party and a tea fest—but still with tea as the major attraction!

For instance, there always are thin slices of buttered bread arranged sandwich-like on a tray. Beside these, on another plate, are assorted cheese with a knife to slice them up. Any guest preferring an actual sandwich may make his own. Other paper-thin sandwiches are flavored with garlic or onion butter spread.

On cold days, when a warm dish is welcome, there is a copper pot on a small alcohol burner which holds a melted cheese concoction. This is spread over crackers by either Josephine or the guests. Often a rich cake or assorted cookies finish off the food array.

THE main beverage is tea, of course, but there is a French chocolate brew which is a Hutchinson specialty and which often has broken up tea drinking because guests flatly demanded it!

This delicious drink is made as follows:

FRENCH CHOCOLATE

2½ squares unsweetened chocolate
Dash of salt
½ cup water
¾ cup sugar
½ cup cream, whipped
6 cups hot milk

Add chocolate to water and place over low flame, stirring until chocolate is melted and blended. Add sugar and salt and boil 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool, fold into cream. Place one rounding tablespoon of chocolate mixture in each serving cup and pour hot milk over it, filling cup. Stir well to blend and serve at once.

If you like either the flavor of garlic or onion, you'll be crazy about thin sandwiches spread with the butter flavored in this way. You mash a clove of garlic and add it to the softened butter to spread the bread. The amount of garlic used is according to your own taste. When using onion, you need only to use the juice from the onion.

TWO delicious sweets for teas, large or small, are a Creole Fudge Loaf and Jelly Cookies.

CREOLE FUDGE LOAF

2 cups sifted cake flour
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup milk
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg, well beaten
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well; then add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternating with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in a greased pan, 8 by 8 by 2 inches, in moderate over (325 degrees F.) 1 hour. Spread Creole Seven Minute Frosting on top and sides of cake.

CREOLE FROSTING

2 egg whites, unbeaten
5 tablespoons water
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups sugar
1½ teaspoons light corn syrup
2 teaspoons butter
2 squares unsweetened chocolate

Combine egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water; add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. Spread over top and sides of cake. Melt chocolate and butter together. When frosting is set, pour chocolate mixture over cake, letting it run down on sides.

Natural Beauty

(Continued from page 69)

has a delicate golden cast, too. Like Shirley, she is parting her hair in the center with soft waves at the sides.

The entire Vinson make-up is on the muted side—only a delicate tinge of rouge on the orange cast, a beige powder and the lips softly emphasized in a lipstick to match her rouge.

At night, before retiring, she is a great advocate of skin stimulation. She uses a cleansing cream, toning lotion and tonic. The last two are abetted by long handled patters with which she gently but firmly brings her face to a healthy glow. Several steps in this nightly rite are shown.

Happened in Hollywood

(Continued from page 11)

Under this qualification, movietown's three leading citizens are men. Ten to one you can't name two of them in their right order. Almost everyone will be stumped on fan mail receiver number one, which isn't a slam, but surprisingly he isn't the usual smoothie type you would expect. He's a hoss opry hero of the six-shootin' school—handsome, rugged Gene Autry.

Tex Ritter

(Continued from page 41)

Lone Star Ranger" — which became the first popular Western program on the Eastern airways. One of the most popular of Tex's songs was that addressed to a pinto: "Get Along, Little Doggie," and ended with the well known words: "Get along little doggie, for Wyoming will be your new home." You probably heard him sing it.

Tex moved on to the big networks, becoming a singing and dramatic star over the Columbia and National Broadcasting systems.

When Edward Finney, producer for Grand National, decided to produce a series of feature length musical Westerns, it was natural that Tex should be offered the starring role. Tex will star in eight of these pictures this year.

When Tex was touring in his pre-film days, a local theatre owner introduced a woman to Tex. She talked with the soft speech peculiar to Virginians.

"Mr. Ritter," she said, "I've been wanting to ask you a question for a long time. I used to hear you sing that song about 'Get Along Little Doggie' and I told my husband that no man with such a nice voice would ever make a dog run all the way from Texas to Wyoming."

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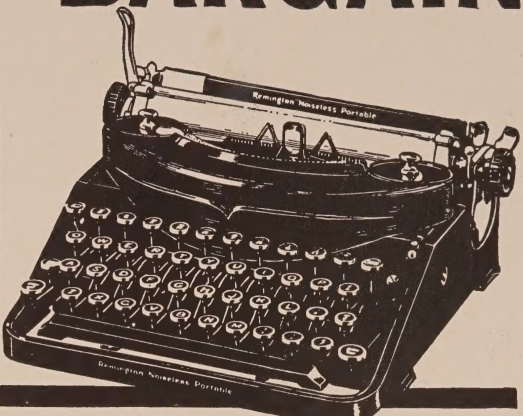

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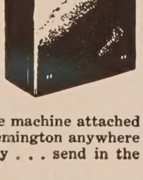

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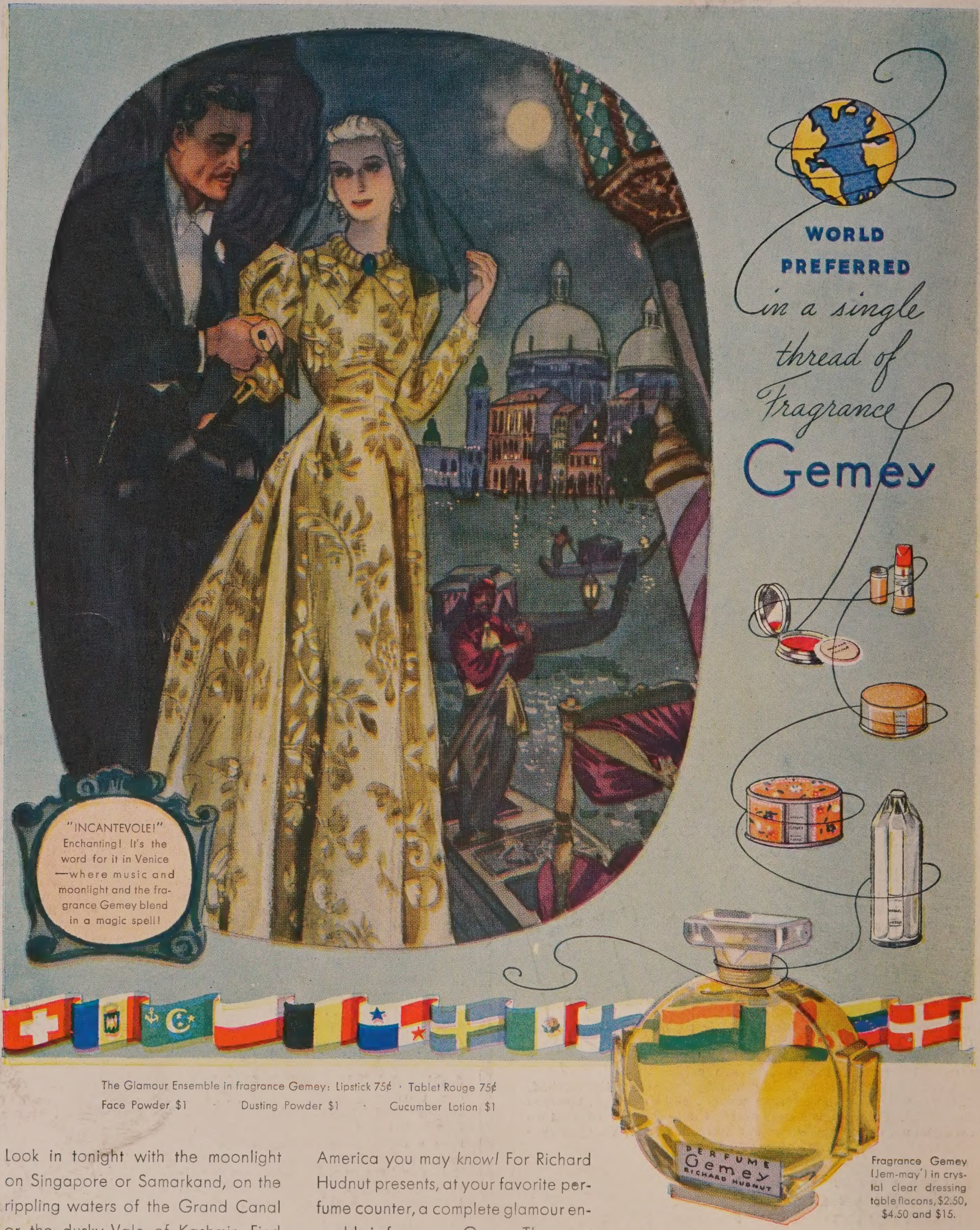
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MODERN MOVIES

NOVEMBER

15¢

WHY IS ROBERT TAYLOR IN ENGLAND?

JUNE LANG

A DIRECTOR TELLS ON CAROLE LOMBARD

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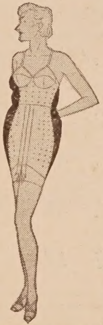

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MODERN MOVIES

ON THE COVER
—
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IN THE NEXT
ISSUE

Discovered!
Another Great
Screen Lover!

A
NEW
NORMA
SHEARER

The
Astonishing
GLADYS
GEORGE

AND

MANY OTHER NEW AND
INTERESTING HIGH
LIGHTS ON YOUR
FAVORITE SCREEN
PERSONALITIES

Teaching England?

THE Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios have launched an enterprise of remarkable significance by starting picture-making in England. The first American expeditionary force is sailing as these lines are written. Robert Taylor heads it, with such admirable aides as Lionel Barrymore and Maureen O'Sullivan. Hollywood's own Jack Conway will have charge of directing the first flicker to be shot—"A Yank at Oxford."

A lone argosy like this would mean little—despite the importance of the principals—were it not for the fact that M-G-M announces the establishment of entering into picture production near London on a relatively large scale. The plan is to shoot at least eight films a year.

Nothing like this has ever occurred before in the checkered history of the motion picture industry. Both nations have frequently borrowed players from their "blood cousins" and Hollywood has its "settlement" of British stars. But the establishment of a permanent American camp right in the heart of the English movie industry is startlingly revolutionary.

What is the purpose behind this movement? Apparently, just as no nation today can escape entirely from the affairs of others, so motion pictures—with their locking international interests—must come closer together. Particularly is this true of English-speaking peoples—the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. Not only in words, but in psychology as well, their films speak a common language. There are necessarily some differences in national background and point of view. Closer contact will incline to level off these differences. In the end we may learn to like better the general run of British-made films, not because our tastes will have changed, but because the British films will have been brought closer to our own ideals and standards. England has obviously a lot to learn from us about picture production; yet, on the other hand, there is the possibility that even our greatest stars may—under the influences of an older and more conservative civilization—reveal a new richness in their acting. No one of brilliant talent remains unchanged in a new and inspiring environment.

Other motion picture companies are likely to follow M-G-M's example. In the long run, all pictures may be international. That is a happy augury. Where nations think alike, friendship between them follows as a matter of course. Perhaps M-G-M is unconsciously pointing the way toward world peace.

WILLIAM T. WALSH.

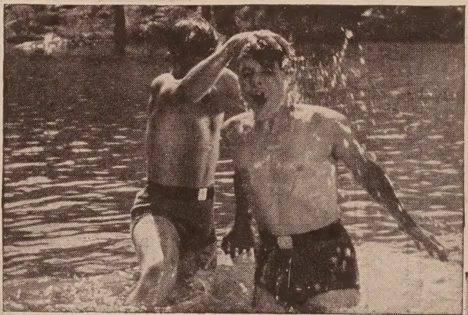
IT HAPPENS IN HOLLYWOOD

HEAVY heavy hangs the romance among the younger set, the older set and everybody who's ever been *on* a set in this here movie town. Heavy also hangs the competition among the lovers to see who can do the mosta of the squiring. Wayne Morris, Tyrone Power and Cary Grant are leading the leading men in leading the women around. Power calls Sonja across the sea, then hangs up and takes out, now Loretta Young, and then Janet Gaynor. Wayne does triple duty from Lana Turner to Alice Faye to Dixie Dunbar (and squares himself occasionally with Wendy Barrie). Cary Grant's heart beats in turn for Ginger Rogers, Phyllis Brooks, Countess de Frasso and Mary Brian. Whose turn next? If this idea spreads like most Hollywood fads, the cupid complications will reach higher mathematics. What a town for sailors!

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS is a virtue in the Phil Regan family. Phil is the absent-minded one, and Mrs. Phil is the careful cultivator of his malady. You see, Phil does things this way: he started out one day to buy himself a new suit, forgot about it and came home with a new electric range instead! That's the way to keep the home fires burning!

HOLLYWOOD expects every man to do his duty. Little Etienne Giradot, weight 103 pounds, was required to enact a fight scene for the picture "Love Is Like That," with a Great Dane dog, weight 150 pounds. Fortunately everything came out safely and congratulations were in order for Giradot's bravery. "It wasn't bravery," he insisted, mopping off his brow. "If I'd opened my

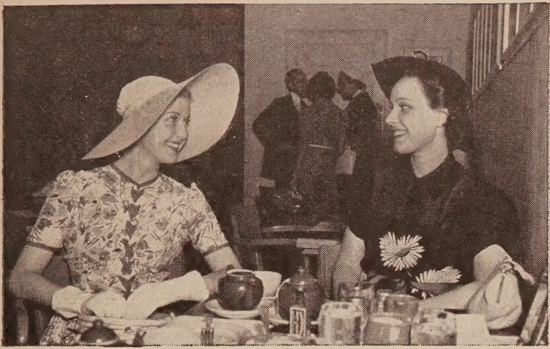
Francis Lederer squires the beauteous Madeleine Carroll around the Columbia lot. They're co-starred in "It's All Yours"



(Left) Billy or Bobby—we don't know which — gives the other Mauch twin the "water cure"

What an actor looks like when a candid camera man is around. Pat O'Brien is the victim

Rehearsal: The ladies are Florence Rice, Myrna Loy



That neat bib on Adolphe Menjou's neck (left) is for the heat. Director La Cava regards him earnestly

Anita Louise entertains company in the green room of Warners' commissary

mouth to yell that monster would have seen red and killed me."

"THE best lovers have no sense of humor." On the contrary, the more killing the humor, the more romantic the romance. Or maybe it's just true in Hollywood. Practical jokes and gags of all kinds (and colors) are what keep the Home Sweet Home sampler above the fireplace, even though the owners never stay home to see it. The latest example of such laugh and love making is the Burgess Merediths.

Wife Margaret Perry was back in Connecticut playing stock and got this wire from her Hollywood spouse: "Either because I love you or because I'm too busy I've been behaving myself."

So the sendee sent the sender this one: "Thank heaven one member of this family is behaving." Which makes them Hollywood's happiest, scrappiest couple.

SHADES of sawdust! As a farewell present before she left for Honolulu, Shirley Temple was given a special party with Charlie McCarthy (the redwood splinter) as guest of honor. Charlie was on his best behavior, wooden you know, and later he expressed

(Continued on page 9)

Douglass Montgomery seems kinda fond of that big purp in "Life Begins With Love." (Below) Mr. Terry Ray and Miss Terry Ray drew lots to change their names. Now it's Mr. RAINS

(Above) Gladys Swarthout and hubby leaving the ship on a recent trip to Europe. (Below) Joe E. Brown, now merry-making on the RKO lot, gives us an idea of what is "Fit for a King" in his film of that name

ROSES AND RAZZES

Youthful Roles for Don Ameche

WHY did studio officials spoil the appearance of Don Ameche in "You Can't Have Everything" by graying his hair at the temples? He is handsome as he is and the moustache seems quite unnecessary. I have always enjoyed his singing and acting and I am sure that his fans would rather see him without gray temples and in roles requiring a younger type.

S. C.
Langhorne, Pa.

That'll Silence 'Em!

THE razzes aimed at Bob Montgomery for his performance in "Night Must Fall" are ridiculous! Why should he never play any other role than that of a cocktail-toting playboy?

Montgomery himself has always resented the inevitable rut into which he had fallen, and it was only his insistence which finally caused the studio to consent to purchase this grand play for him. After all, he *is* an actor, and certainly merely being charming and suave is to him not acting, but just being himself.

Personally, I have always admired him—but his portrayal of Danny, the baby-faced killer, was inspired, and really something to shout about. It proves to the studio and to the public as well, that he is a fine actor, as well as a charming fellow.

To the razzers a big, loud razz—to M-G-M a rose for finally seeing the light—and to Bob Montgomery himself, I say, "More power to you!"

Lynne Powell
Los Angeles, Calif.

Paging Errol Flynn

SINCE the "Prince and the Pauper" we have seen little of Errol Flynn, the dashing, handsome Englishman. I'm sure the great majority of the people delight in seeing this fearless go-getter. Come on W. B. (Warner Bros.), let's see more of that public heartbreak, Errol Flynn.

M. B.
Hartford, Conn.

She Wants Stewart

HERE'S looking forward to seeing more of James Stewart. I saw every one of his pictures and I won't miss any of those coming.

E. T.
Chicago, Ill.

ROSES AND RAZZES is your department, and you are at liberty to express your frank and honest opinion of motion pictures and players. Preferably, letters should be limited to a length of 200 words. You may sign either your name or your initials to your communication. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Jack Wakes 'Em Up

I OF COURSE have seen "Wake Up and Live," in which Jack Haley has proved a great success. He is rising to stardom quickly and I believe when he does get to the top he will remain there. Why don't they put out more pictures like "Wake Up and Live"? Please ask the producers if they will give us more of Jack Haley. I am glad that they have awakened and discovered that Jack Haley really has personality.

Betty Gordon
Detroit, Mich.

"Pop" Agrees On One Thing

THE nearest theatre to my home is eight miles, and I have the hardest time persuading my pop to take me. The shows I like, he doesn't, and I am miserable all during the picture. But when Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald's pictures come do I have to persuade pop to take me? He gets right up and we go. So please let us see them together more so my pop will take me more.

Margaret Skaggs
Dublin, Va.

Referred to Cesar Romero

ROSES for a charming new film magazine, but Razzes for the picture of Cesar Romero helping Sally Eilers with her archery. It isn't so terribly important, but it rather irks me to see that Sally is breaking practically every known archery rule in one picture. It wouldn't be impossible for her to use the bow and arrow as if she had seen one before. The fact that Cesar has his arms around her doesn't matter.

But, really, she has the arrow on the wrong side of the bow; she is holding the fingers of her right hand in an impossible position; she has her left arm so stiff that if she did shoot, the bow string would bruise her arm badly.

Margaret A. Connell
Des Moines, Ia.

Why Not "Taylor" Howard?

I SEND roses to John Howard, whom I rank first of the up-to-date heroes of Hollywood. He is handsome, talented and has an engaging personality. Why don't the directors give John Howard a chance to reach the top of Hollywood fame, as they have done for such stars as Robert Taylor?

Muriel Pendray
Victoria, B. C.

Roles Make the Favorites

AFTER seeing Robert Taylor in "Personal Property" I am convinced that he is a "natural" for light comedy roles. On the other hand, after shivering through Robert Montgomery's realistic portrayal of the psychopathic murderer, in "Night Must Fall," I am equally certain that he has been wasted as a comedian. I do not mean that he should be typed as a murderer, but he should play only serious parts from now on. He has the ability! I never cared for these two actors until I saw them in these two pictures. Which makes me wonder how many others I should learn to like if I saw them in suitable roles.

Ruth King
Cranford, N. J.

Ray Bolger with his three principal instruments — drum, accordion, clarinet. The versatile musician is with Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell in "Rosalie"

Happens ' Hollywood

(Continued from page 7)

sincere appreciation that there was "no talk of woodpeckers."

HISTORY is planning to reverse itself soon. M-G-M, the home of sophisticated comedies, is going wild and woolly. Truly incredible and vice versa. And the glamor girls and boys are going along too—lubricated hair, immovable curls, broad a's and all. Nothing new for Wallace Beery, but he's going to co-star with Jimmy Stewart in "The Badman of Brimstone." Others coming up out of the bushes and sage are "Girl of the Golden West" with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, and "Sea of Grass" which is being tooted as, of all things, a super super Western! You can glamorize anything these days with a camera, a couple of big stars, and a couple of super super ideas. Whoops!

JUST another prey to the insidious Hollywood influence—that's Bob Benchley. The other day, with a perfectly straight face, he announced to a feminine interviewer: "I always lose eight pounds when I make one of those M-G-M shorts. Four pounds during the shooting and four pounds during the preview."

WHEN those two funny Roberts get together and get the giggles, it's just too too expensive. Imagine Robert Montgomery and Benchley on the same set getting paid to act funny! That's like bribing a dog to bark. They were working with "Roz" Russell (a bit of a wit herself) on

(Continued on page 11)

Frank Albertson, Jr., aged two years, gives his mother a rather severe facial massage

Betty Furness buys in the Mexican market in Los Angeles a straw doll for her den

And here is Gloria Dickson, who rose to fame in "They Won't Forget," in Warner's lunchroom

HALLOWE'EN A LA SULLIVAN

FOR hobgoblins, witchcraft and spooks de luxe, it takes the Irish to give a bang-up Hallowe'en party. Ask Irish Maureen O'Sullivan what her favorite holiday is for entertaining and she will tell you it's Hallowe'en. She loves all the nonsense you can indulge in, all the tricks you can play on suspicious guests and the gay decorations that can be used.

There's nothing dignified or staid about a Hallowe'en party at the John Farrows for John is just as much of a prankster as Maureen and the two hatch up some tricks that put the guests in a state of hilarity. In fact, there is something very reminiscent of one's youth in the giddy pace the party takes.

Hollywood glamorizing hasn't caught up with Maureen. She's still just as simple in her tastes and as real as she was when she came straight from the Emerald Isle a few short years ago. And, unlike many Hollywoodites, Maureen isn't ashamed to say that she knows how to cook or plan menus with skill and economy. What's more It isn't a publicity agent's dream that she gets into the kitchen for real constructive cooking when the cook has vacated the premises.

GETTING a grand Hallowe'en supper menu from Maureen, therefore, wasn't much of a task. She had ideas and recipes to back them up. She (Continued on page 71)

An efficiently equipped modern kitchen is the background for good O'Sullivan dishes!

Maureen O'Sullivan recommends a can of beer as a tangy extra fillup to baked ham

Mary Maguire tops the day's work with a dip in her own pool. She's an excellent swimmer

Bing Crosby on his ranch at Del Mar. Fred MacMurray at his pool on Brentwood Heights

Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 9)

"Live, Love and Learn." Montgomery was running around with his shirt tail out and all Benchley had to do was make one dumb remark and they were all off for the day, on a dizzy trip to cuckoo land taking Director George Fitzmaurice along for the ride. He didn't think it was so funny. They acted as if they were having a contest to see who could spoil the most feet of film with a well-timed splutter. And what good is a comedy when the comedians laugh too?

"Why should I work my head off when all they do is fool around all day?" growled Fitzmaurice finally,—"let's go home."

THE battle of the comedians is going on between sad-eyed Mischa Auer and 200-pounder Billy House. The issue: who is the greatest sufferer? In "Merry-Go-Round of 1938," House is surrounded by women's clothes, including a strapped on corset, and he is decorated with mascara, artistically eliminated eyebrows and the rest of the well-known feminine trimmings. "Corsets!" screams Mischa. Meaning that's nothing compared to an Indian swami's outfit, consisting mostly of safety pins and cloth, plus dark stain on the rest of the body. Leaving bare toes exposed to splinters and hot and cold floors. There's no use writing in your answers to the question, folks, because neither intends to do anything about it but sulk.

Anne Rutherford (above, center) brought back from Tia Juana this cute shade bonnet. Maureen O'Sullivan supervises the building of her new home at Bel-Air

THIS month's cellophane razor and cheery congrats go to Johnny Arledge, the deed-of-the-month club winner. Johnny was walking down a street the other day and saw some furniture on the curbing. On top of it was a family of four, behind it the house from which they had been recently ejected. Johnny paid their rent, moved the furniture back into the house and bought some clothes for the youngsters!

HUGHES who in Hollywood as far as Katherine Hepburn is concerned? Come on, you two, quit stalling. Everybody knows. She and the high flying playboy and air racer, Howard Hughes, have gone through the romance and romance denial stages several times and ended up with nothing more serious than the "just friends" label. But now events are pointing a little closer toward that inevitable altar. He was the boy who raced to Hollywood and flew Katie back to her farm in Connecticut. And then stayed there to keep her from getting lonesome on her vacation. Howard and Katie have kept everybody guessing long enough now.

(Continued on page 82)

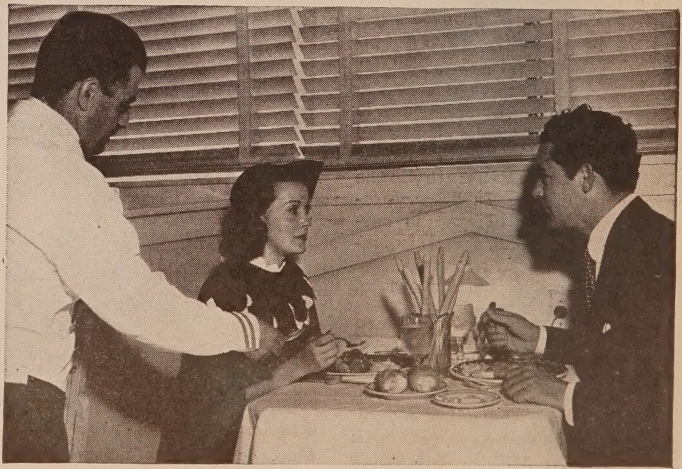
IT'S PROPER

Charles Quigley and Rosalind Keith are meeting for the first time (having just been introduced) and so Rosalind does not offer her hand. (Left) But, now acquainted, after a delightful chat, Rosalind extends her hand, on leaving. She knows that this last is not required, but it is an indication she has enjoyed Charles' company

Information with reference to any problem in etiquette may be obtained by writing to Dorothy VanHuyten, care of Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Please send with your question a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply

Rosalind here illustrates a faux pas. She has dropped her spoon and is endeavoring to pick it up. (Right) Here, of course, is the correct procedure. Rosalind has disregarded the fallen utensil and continued her conversation with her dinner companion. Meantime, the alert waiter brings her another spoon

CHARLES QUIGLEY
AND
ROSALIND KEITH
COLUMBIA PICTURES



SPOTTED FOR STARDOM

PHYLLIS BROOKS

SHE STARTED ON A TOOTHPASTE AD

HOLLYWOOD scouts discovered her on a toothpaste ad. The producers called her a "find" but gave her bit parts. Dissatisfied, she went to New York where the movie moguls rediscovered her. Her theatrical career reads like a satire on Flickerland.

Beautiful blonde Phyllis Brooks really began her acting career when artist John LaGatta, a friend of the family, induced her to pose for commercial pictures. Her beauty won the attention of other famed artists; soon she found herself a commercial artist and model; that is, until her picture in a toothpaste advertisement caught the eyes of film scouts who gave her a screen test. This brought a Universal contract and her first film appearance in "I've Been Around" with Chester Morris and Rochelle Hudson. She then appeared in Paramount productions. Afterwards she was placed under contract to RKO for the feminine lead in "To Beat the Band," with Roger Pryor, and in "Another Face," with Wallace Ford and Brian Donlevy.

But Phyllis is a very independent young lady. Disappointed with the studios and the roles to which she had been assigned, she skipped Hollywood when her RKO contract expired, and on the advice of her friend George Kaufman, the noted playwright, found her way to the New York stage, where she won the second lead in "Stage Door." Margaret Sullavan, later her closest friend, played the feminine lead in that play, one of the most successful on Broadway.

In this play she portrayed the Hollywood girl, the girl who went to Hollywood and found success. Phyllis's actual experiences have been the antithesis of the play. Phyllis knew with reasonable certainty that she had talent and beauty; moreover, she knew there was room for both assets at the top of the Hollywood ladder. It took her distinguished performance in Broadway's "Stage Door" to bring the mountain to Mahomet.

Her role, which will soon be played on the screen by Ginger Rogers of RKO, won such praise that 20th Century-Fox talent hunters prevailed upon her to sign another film contract, a juicy one this time.

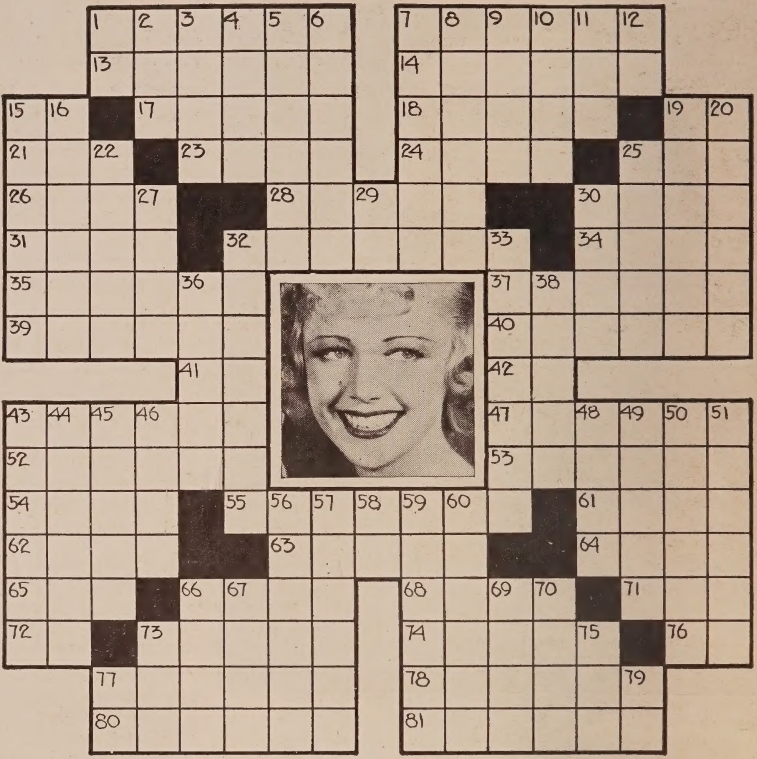
Phyllis's mother, Daisy Allen Seiler, is a lecturer on the drama, and the constant talk of the theatre in her home drew Phyllis to the footlights. Ever since she was a child she had wanted to become an actress, and dressing up in costumes she would play in the little homemade stage in the backyard of her home. Only once did Phyllis lapse in her devotion to the theatre. This was during a five-year period when she, still a young girl, decided to become an artist and even attended the Chicago Art Institute. But she soon returned to her first love. Evidently the fresh-complexioned blue-eyed girl (she is five feet six inches tall, weighs 118 pounds) was too dynamic and vivacious, as well as too beautiful, to be an artist.

Her work in "You Can't Have Everything," which has just been released, reveals a vivid new screen glamor girl. Between pictures she indulges her enthusiasm for sports and is usually seen lounging around in slacks, soft shoes and a sweater. Watch for her in her next picture, "In Old Chicago," now in production. In this she portrays a political boss's daughter. Phyllis hasn't a single idle moment. Other coming releases in which you will see her are "Life Begins at College" and "Second Honeymoon," this last with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young.

MODERN MOVIES' CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE

ON PAGE 80



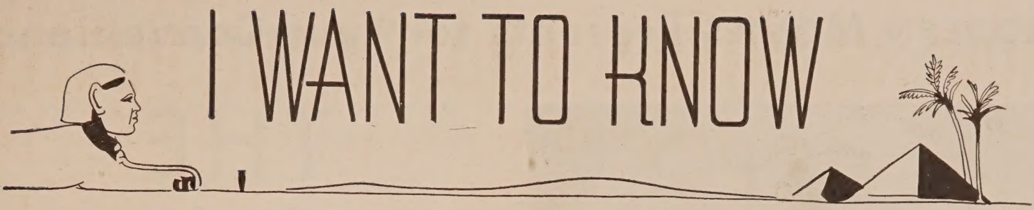
HORIZONTAL

1 & 7. Full name of this lovely actress
13. Andy's first name (a movie comedian)
14. A condition of the blood
15. Myself
17. Fuses together
18. Loafed
19. Exist
21. Land measure (pl.)
23. A unit of film measure
24. Feminine name
25. The first born actress
26. Proportion
28. One who makes public a report
30. Cutting tools
31. Former Russian ruler
32. Tramped
34. X's
35. A flight
37. Come forth
39. Scenes of combat
40. Preston's last name
41. What movie actresses usually have
42. At home
43. Sleep
47. Leading lady in "Hurricane" (last name)
52. Edna May's last name
53. Fit to be eaten
54. An unpopular movie star's home is soon "For——"
55. The modern Juliet (screen)
61. Put on an order
62. Row
63. A vegetable
64. The Northern lawyer in "They Won't Forget" (first name)
65. Type units
66. Red deer (male)
68. Solemn agreement
71. Japanese coin
72. Concerning
73. Fried quickly in grease
74. Abrasive substance
76. Musical note
77. What actresses register when afraid
78. Save
80. Seas
81. Like frozen rain

VERTICAL

1. European fish
2. Baste; mend
3. State
4. A digestive juice
5. Cause to be loved
6. The modern Romeo (screen)
7. Imprisoned
8. Last
9. Healthy
10. Australian ostrich-like bird (old spelling)
11. Cover
12. Musical note
15. The "Oh Boy!" girl (first name)
16. Rubber
19. Repay in kind; punish
20. One who mixes things up
22. Movie stars go to or come from this often
25. Put forth
27. Ireland
29. The sun god
30. Stuttering comedian (last name)
32. Samplers of teas
33. Despoiler
36. Lift
38. Having a combining power of one
43. List of names
44. Mrs. John Barrymore's first name
45. Heaps
46. Upside down
48. Ancient Greek athlete
49. Eulogistic memoirs
50. Heavy overcoat
51. Bring into harmony again
56. Comedian in "Shall We Dance?"
57. Pierces
58. The three toed sloth
59. Ranch hands; lariat throwers
60. Glossy paint
66. A rodent
67. Halo
69. Give up
70. Large shrub
73. Dry (as applied to wines)
75. Still
77. Toward
79. "This Is——Affair"

I WANT TO KNOW



Pretty June Clayworth, an M-G-M new charmer, has looks and talent that promise much

R. T. L., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.—You're surely keeping abreast of the news in asking about Oscar Homolka whom you recall as President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic in "Rhodes, the Empire Builder." Homolka has an excellent role in "Ebb Tide" in which Frances Farmer, Dorothy La Marr and Ray Milland all appear. Homolka is Austrian by birth, is twenty-eight years old and has blue eyes.

•

F. G. T., Dubuque, Iowa.—Fred Stone is still very much with us. He is now working for RKO. His next screen offering will be "Hideaway" with Emma Dunn and Marjorie Lord.

•

Estelle, Richmond, Va. — Yes, Maureen O'Sullivan is a dyed-in-the-wool Hibernian. She was born on the "Old Sod." The public seems to agree with you that her acting is getting much better and that her fresh beauty is keeping pace with her screen successes. The "rushes" show her work to be exceptionally good in "Between Two Women" with Franchot Tone and Virginia Bruce. Write to her at the M-G-M Studios, Culver City, California.

•

Dan P., Cairo, Ill.—Dorothy Lamour, whom you so much admired in "High, Wide and Handsome," will soon be seen on the screen in "The Hurricane" for United Artists. Lina Basquette will play in "Ebb Tide," for Paramount.

> Through this department, *Modern Movies* will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., Modern Movies, 404 4th Ave., New York City.

Amanda G., Madison, Wisc.—The first motion picture was screened in Edison's studio at East Orange, N. J., about 1885. It showed a scene in which a "bad boy" poured pepper on a man at a desk. And, incidentally, that was the first "gag." Your questions are so numerous I suspect you are writing a thesis. We recommend you consult your State Historical Society Library for books on the history of motion pictures.

Insiders assert Ronald Reagan, soon to appear in Warners' "Submarine D-1," will prove a find

Oscar Homolka appeared in "Rhodes, the Empire Builder." Paramount brought him from England

•

F. T. E., St. Louis, Mo.—June Lang was born in Minneapolis, Minn. She has light hair, a beautiful clear complexion, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, and weighs about 105 pounds.

•

D. R. G., White Plains, N. Y.—Leslie Fenton is not at present appearing before the camera. He has turned director. Recently he signed a long term contract with M-G-M. Yes, everything is well between Leslie and his actress wife, Anne Dvorak. Theirs is one of the truest love matches in Hollywood.

•

Charles B., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Their studio finds Eleanor Powell just the right combination for Nelson Eddy. Don't be impatient. You'll see them together in "Rosalie," an M-G-M adaptation of one of the late Florenz Ziegfeld's major successes.

MODERN MOVIES Presents for Your Convenience

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA — UNITED ARTISTS

This famous romance again comes to the screen, with a superb cast to do it justice. Previously twice filmed and for years a popular stage play, the present version retains to the full all of its perennial fascination.

For that all-around-devil-may-care attitude, Ronald Colman, playing the title role, has no superior, perhaps no peer, in motion pictures. Colman fits his role as Rudolf Rassendyll, the English visitor to the kingdom of Zenda, as smartly as hand in glove. The story is one of double identity, in which Colman pinch hits for the drunken monarch, Rudolf V who otherwise would lose his throne. The problem of the real king's fiancee arises — the Princess Flavia. Madeleine Carroll as Flavia brings a fine interpretation to her role, and her beauty is a splendid foil to the dashing gallantry of Colman.

Other members of the cast — Mary Astor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Raymond Massey — turn in significant performances. The production is spirited, fast-moving, exciting, tops in entertainment.

VARSITY SHOW — WARNER BROS.

Among the deluge of musicals that the studios are turning out and that the public can't seem to get enough of, "Varsity Show" is one of the best. There is a certain abandon of youth, a certain unrestrained gaiety that especially commend it to your attention. Warners have put a lot into this picture — college life, Broadway's show business, a snappy plot, much music, and a wealth of human attention arresters. Dick Powell, his voice in better fettle than ever, heads the cast. Fred Waring and his famous orchestra give us some grand tunes. Walter Catlett contributes (college) villainy; Ted Healy is at his comic tops. Rosemary Lane, a bright little trick, pairs off with Dick in the sort of love-making any co-ed can well understand.

Dick plays a Broadway impresario who, broke, is called to his old alma mater to put over a varsity show. Follows a struggle between tradition and today, Walter Catlett being the back number. Plot and counterplot collide head on. Not a trick is forgotten—not even mumps. It all has a glorious finish, such as youth and love should always have. "Varsity Show" will entertain you.

VICTORIA THE GREAT — RKO RELEASE

A magnificent pageant unrolls in this English version of the life of Victoria, for two generations empress queen of Britain's far-flung dominions. Time has steadily increased the stature of this monarch. Strachey's biography and the stage play, "Victoria Regina," have, among other things, made Americans fully conscious of her historical importance and her striking personality.

Obviously, this screen version was a labor of love. The dear, dead days of the Victorian era return to us with almost startling fidelity, and one sees the "Widow of Windsor" not as a cold, aloof monarch, but as a warm, lovable, woman, yielding to the same emotions as ourselves.

The film opens with envoys coming at dawn to the Princess Victoria (Anna Neagle) to advise her that her uncle's death has made her queen. The scene between her and Lord Melbourne (H. B. Warner) is a touching one in which the 18-year old queen asks him for counsel. Later we see her courtship of Prince Albert (Anton Walbrook), which has a humorous note, since it is the monarch alone who may woo. The unhappiness of the Prince because he is only the Queen's husband brings other sharply etched domestic scenes, in which the monarch is subordinated to the woman. Albert's sad death, the years of mourning the final return of Victoria to her public duties, the conferences with ministers Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, carry the story to the famous "Jubilee" of 1897.

As Queen Victoria, Anna Neagle is superb. Her looks, her manner, her gait, change with time. As the Prince Consort, Anton Walbrook is equally convincing. The entire cast performs remarkably, the script is smooth, and the direction and photography leave no room for improvement. "Victoria The Great" is an impressive production.

The Best of the Latest Films

These pictures have been selected because of the excellence of their story, acting, and direction

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Anna Neagle in *"Victoria the Great"*
Anton Walbrook in *"Victoria the Great"*
The Boys in *"Dead End"*
Sylvia Sidney in *"Dead End"*
Humphrey Bogart in *"Dead End"*
Joel McCrea in *"Dead End"*
Jeanette MacDonald in *"The Firefly"*
Allan Jones in *"The Firefly"*
Ronald Colman in *"The Prisoner of Zenda"*
Madeleine Carroll in *"The Prisoner of Zenda"*
Bette Davis in *"That Certain Woman"*
Henry Fonda in *"That Certain Woman"*
Dick Powell in *"Varsity Show"*

DEAD END — SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Blending the stern basic principles and gripping force of the stage play with the flexibility of the camera, "Dead End" is a magnificent movie in which, impressive as are the actors, the theme overtowers all else. Basically unchanged from Sidney Kingley's play, it will be recorded as one of the great pictures of the year, for it is a realistic study of a cross-section of American life which, for all its drabness, is as much a part of America as the corn-fields of Iowa.

"Dead End" is a drama of environment, of hoodlum gangs and gangsters—of struggles against the influence of the narrow tenement streets which run down to the swirling river and the oily wharfs, and above which tower the apartment houses of the rich. The hoodlums who roam New York's streets, gambling, fighting, thieving, worshipping the gangsters and killers of the day, and finally taking an apprenticeship of crime in reform school are brilliantly portrayed by Billy Hallop, Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, Leo Gorcey, Bernard Punsley, and Gabriel Dell.

Sylvia Sidney gives one of the finest performances as the girl who hates and fears the tenements and who vainly tries to protect her young brother from the streets. Joel McCrea's portrayal of the jobless young architect who loves a rich man's mistress (ably acted by Wendy Barrie) is a fine piece of interpretation work. Humphrey Bogart does an exceptional characterization of Baby Face Nelson, killer and idol of the hoodlums, while Allen Jenkins is splendid as his pal. In a brief scene Claire Trevor creates an indelible portrait of a street girl, the former moll of Baby Face, while Marjorie Main does a tragic moving characterization as the mother of Baby Face who reviles him as a murderer.

Fine support is given by James Burke, Minor Watson, Esther Dale and George Herbert. The film is a tribute to the genius of playwright Sidney Kingsley and to the flawless direction of Director William Wyler.

THE FIREFLY — M-G-M

Against the colorful panorama of the Napoleonic Wars in Spain and the melodic background of Rudolf Friml's music, a tender and powerful romantic theme is woven. The story makes intensive demands on Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones, both musically and dramatically, and both rise to the occasion magnificently. Briefly, it concerns the dangerous and desperate attempts of a music hall singer to forestall Napoleon's seizure of the Spanish throne. As she sings and dances her way into the French soldiers' hearts and wheedles their state secrets from them, she in turn falls prey to the gay and delightful blandishments of the romantic Don Diego. She loses her heart to him, only to discover that he is a French spy; and from this point the picture mounts in a tremendous climax to the ending. Jeanette MacDonald surpasses all previous performances and the recording of her voice is a delight to hear. The biggest surprise of the picture, however, is to find Allan Jones getting a splendid chance to show the possibilities of his voice, and giving a magnificent performance. They will probably bracket him with the sensational stars. Orchestration, detail, background, and presentation are handled with the consummate ease and grace which one has come to expect of M-G-M. Pictorial, romantic, melodic, this spectacular production is one of the most enjoyable pictures of the year.

THAT CERTAIN WOMAN — WARNER BROS.

This is Bette Davis' picture and she makes the most of it. In film after film she has never disappointed her followers and, now, as Mary Donnell, in "That Certain Woman," she gives the best performance of her career. In too many of her screen productions Miss Davis has been cast on the fringe of things. Here she is the hub around whih the entire plot revolves.

The widow of a gangster, slain in the Chicago St. Valentine's Day massacre, she eludes publicity and finds refuge in the employ of a lawyer, Lloyd Rogers (Ian Hunter). Meeting Jack Merrick (Henry Fonda) a playboy back from Europe, love develops and Mary weds him. Jack's father has the marriage annulled. The subsequent entanglements of lives involve Rogers, Flip (Anita Louise) Mary, Jack and a son born to the two latter, in a mesh of thwarted love.

Don't be alarmed, though. It is not another instance of Betty Davis walking away to face life alone. The denouement is just as you would have ordered it. A strong picture—tense, vivid, with excellent performances by all the principals.

Zola

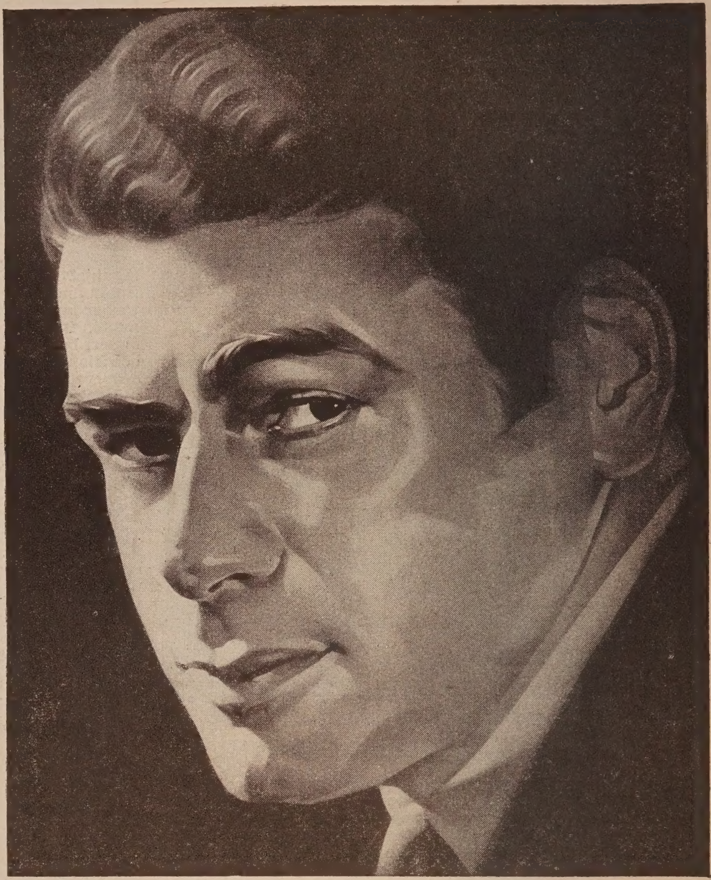
—the rebel genius life never tamed—strides across the screen to become an immortal character in the motion picture gallery of the great!

The outstanding prestige picture of the season. —Time

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.
—Kate Cameron,
N. Y. Daily News

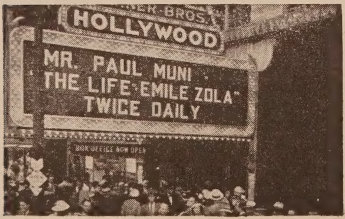
The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.
—Frank Nugent, N. Y. Times

So far superior...so superlative...that this department temporarily abandoned its job of being critical.
—The Digest



Warner Bros. proudly present

Mr. Paul MUNI *in* THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA



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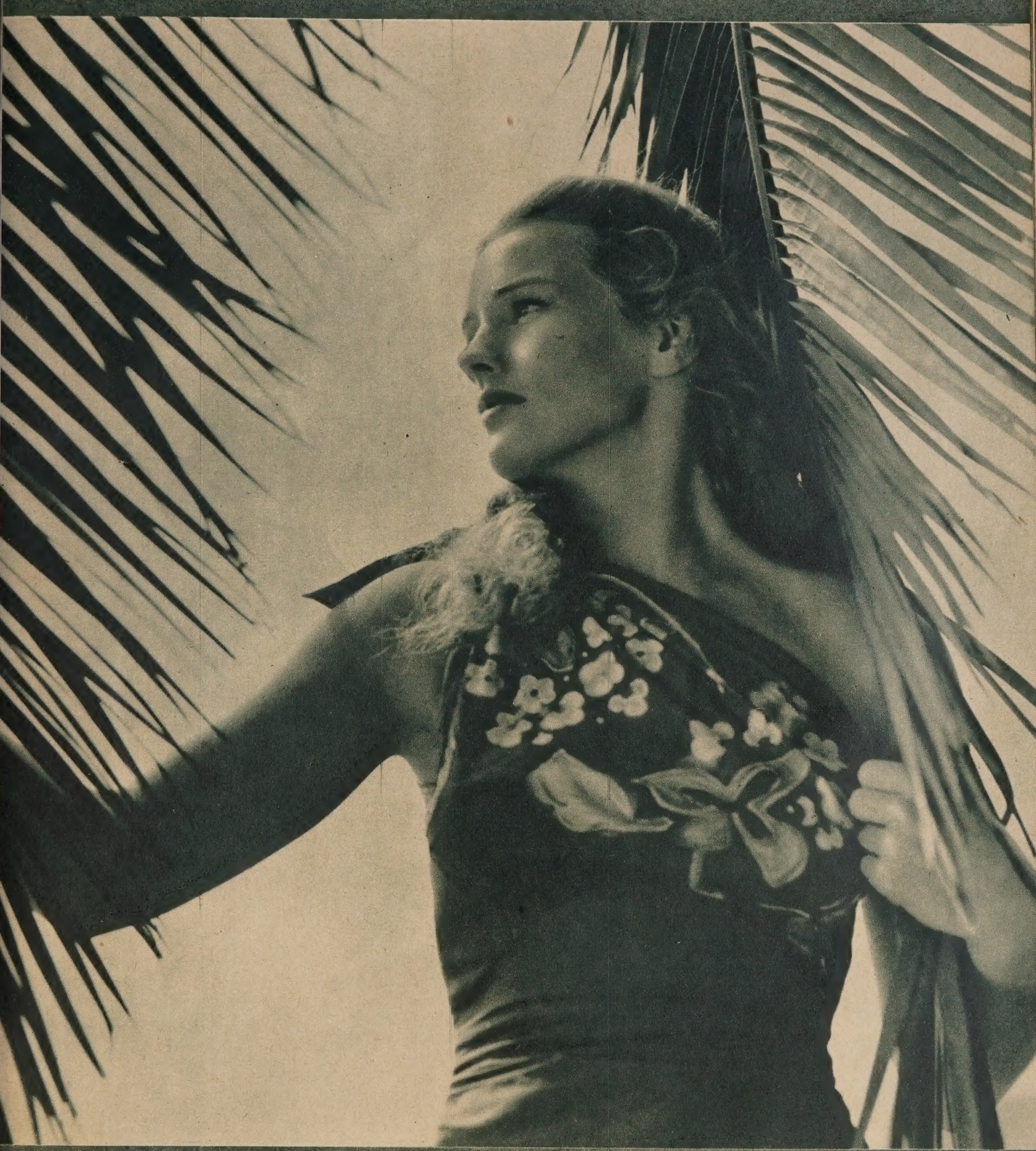
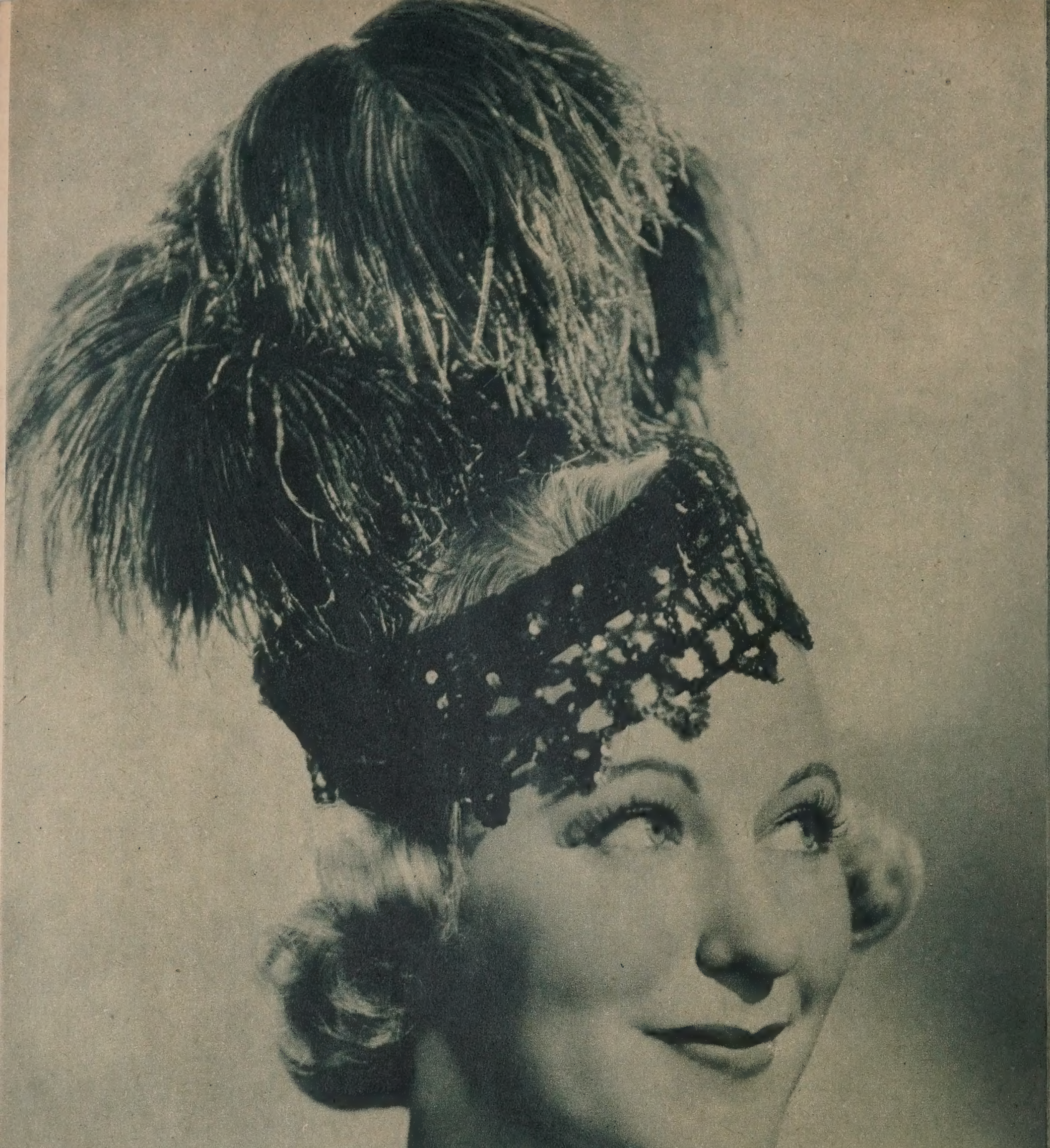
✶

Don't miss the picture that packed America's leading theatres for weeks at $2.20 a seat. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.



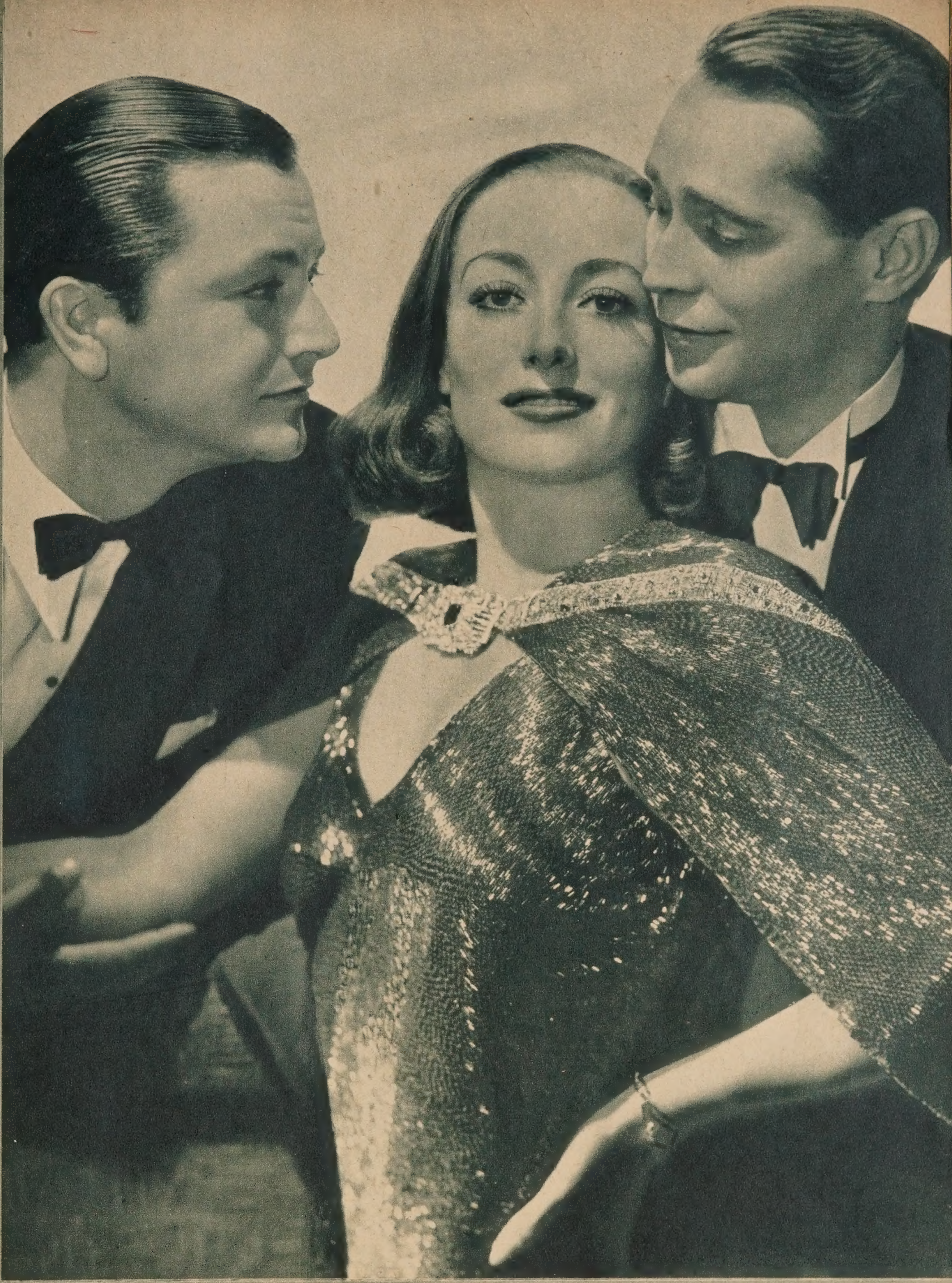
Frances Farmer

A dreamer among the palms. Frances Farmer is making movie history fast. Here in "Ebb Tide" she has another role of distinction. We foresee a vogue in that nifty dress, the "sarong," the all-around garment in Tahiti and points south



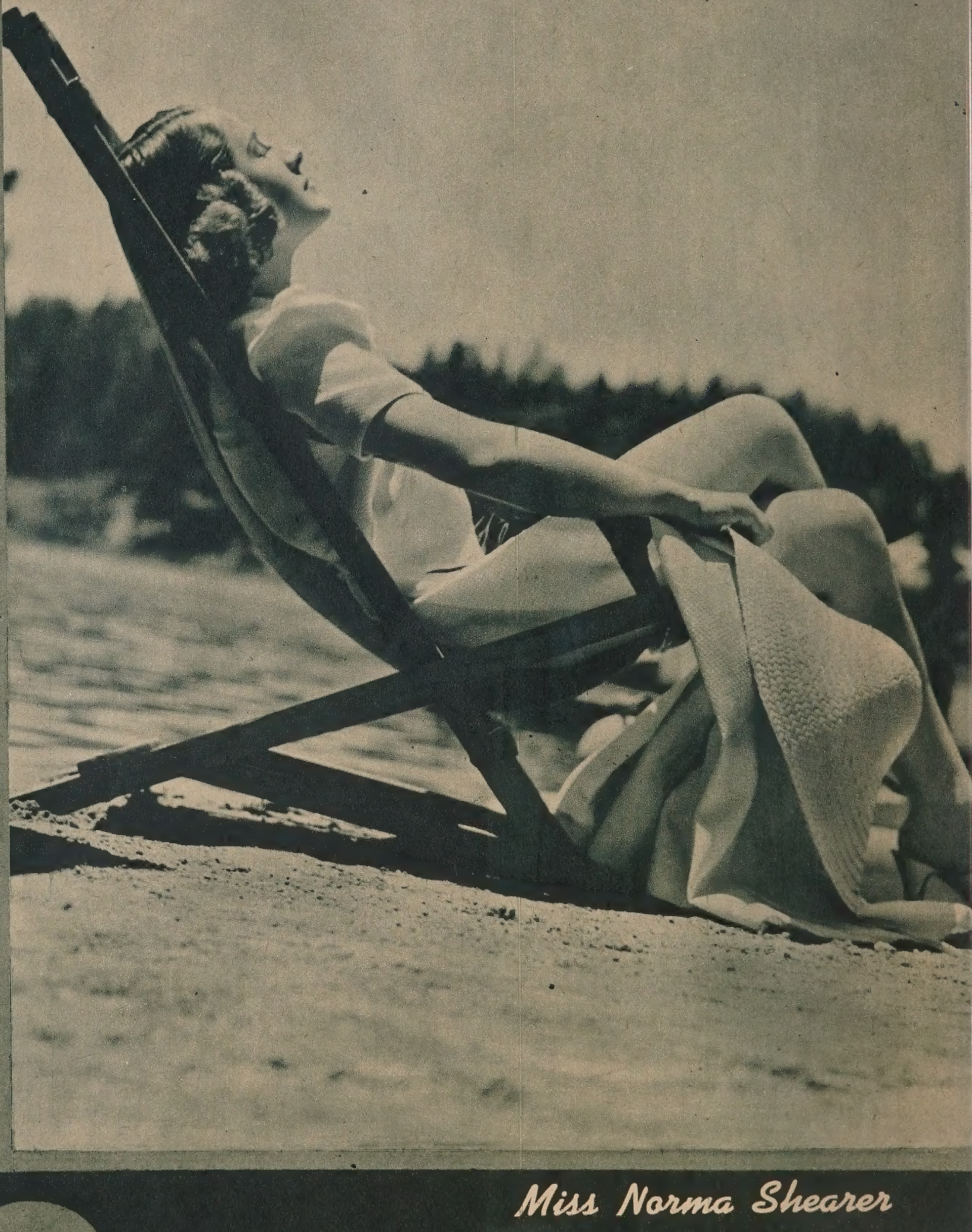
Grace Moore

"I'll Take Romance," says Grace Moore. If Miss Moore is the romancer, we'll say ditto to that. This gay hat the famous singer wears in the role of an opera singer in her latest picture. Never has the sprightly song bird looked more dashing



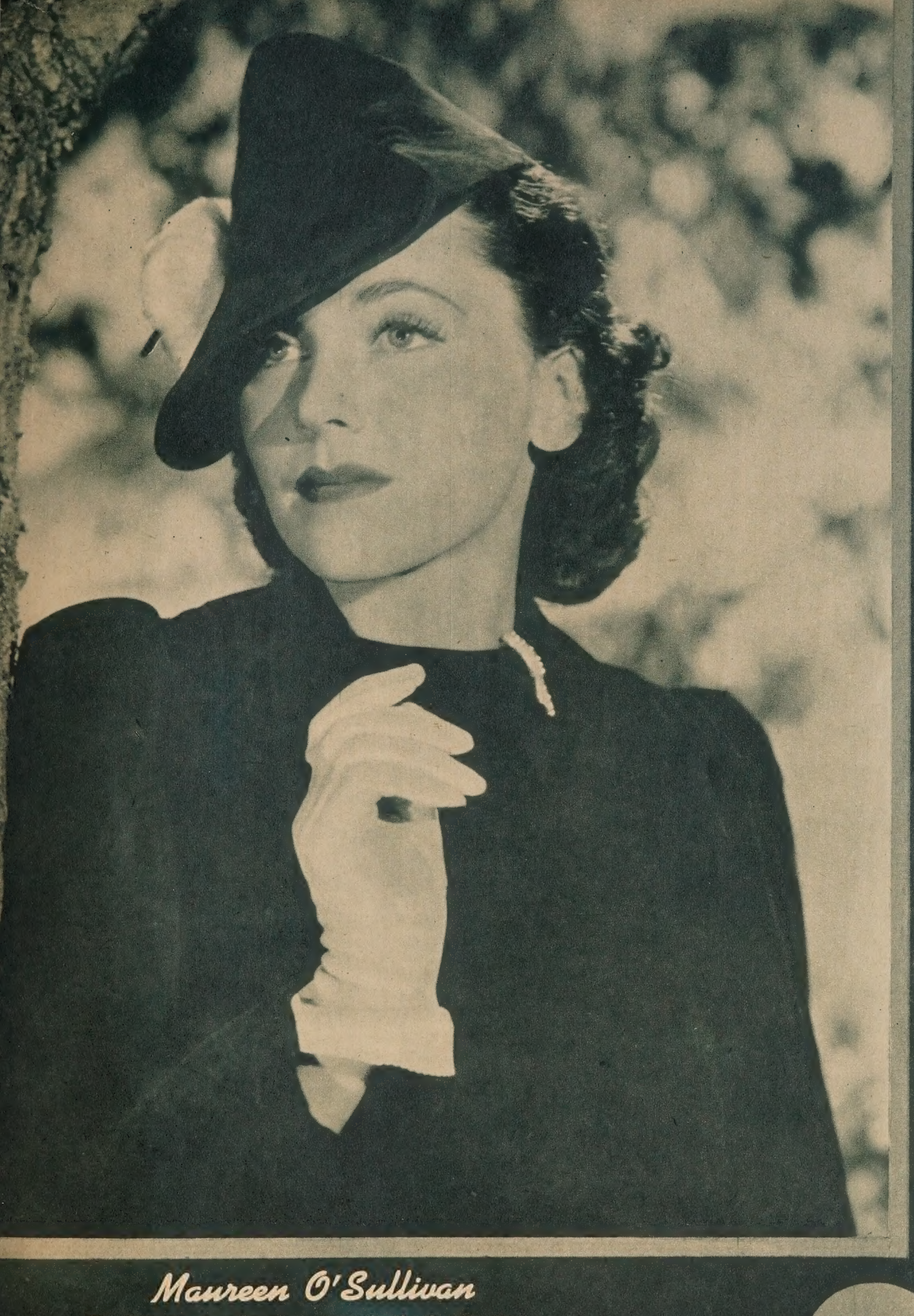
Robert Young, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone

Lover trouble! Joan Crawford is beset with it, or them. Franchot Tone (as is right and proper) seems, however, to have the inside track. It's your move, Robert Young, what are you going to do about it? These three are tied up like this in "The Bride Wore Red"



Miss Norma Shearer

It's almost as difficult to get a shot of Norma Shearer as it is of the rare bird of paradise. But while vacationing at Arrowhead Lake, her guard was down and the photographer came away with this beautiful study of the great emotional star. She is resting preparatory to starting "Marie Antoinette"

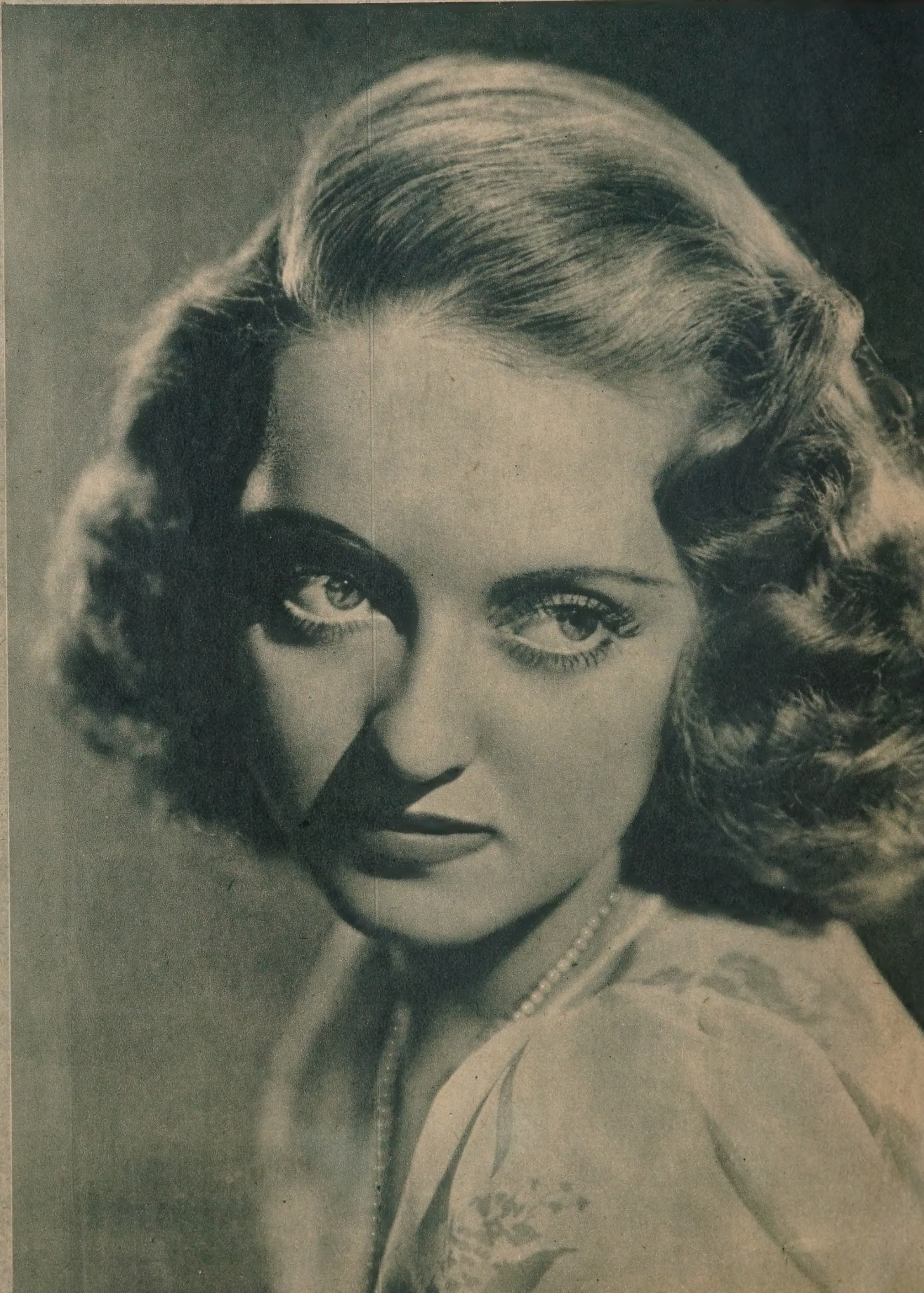


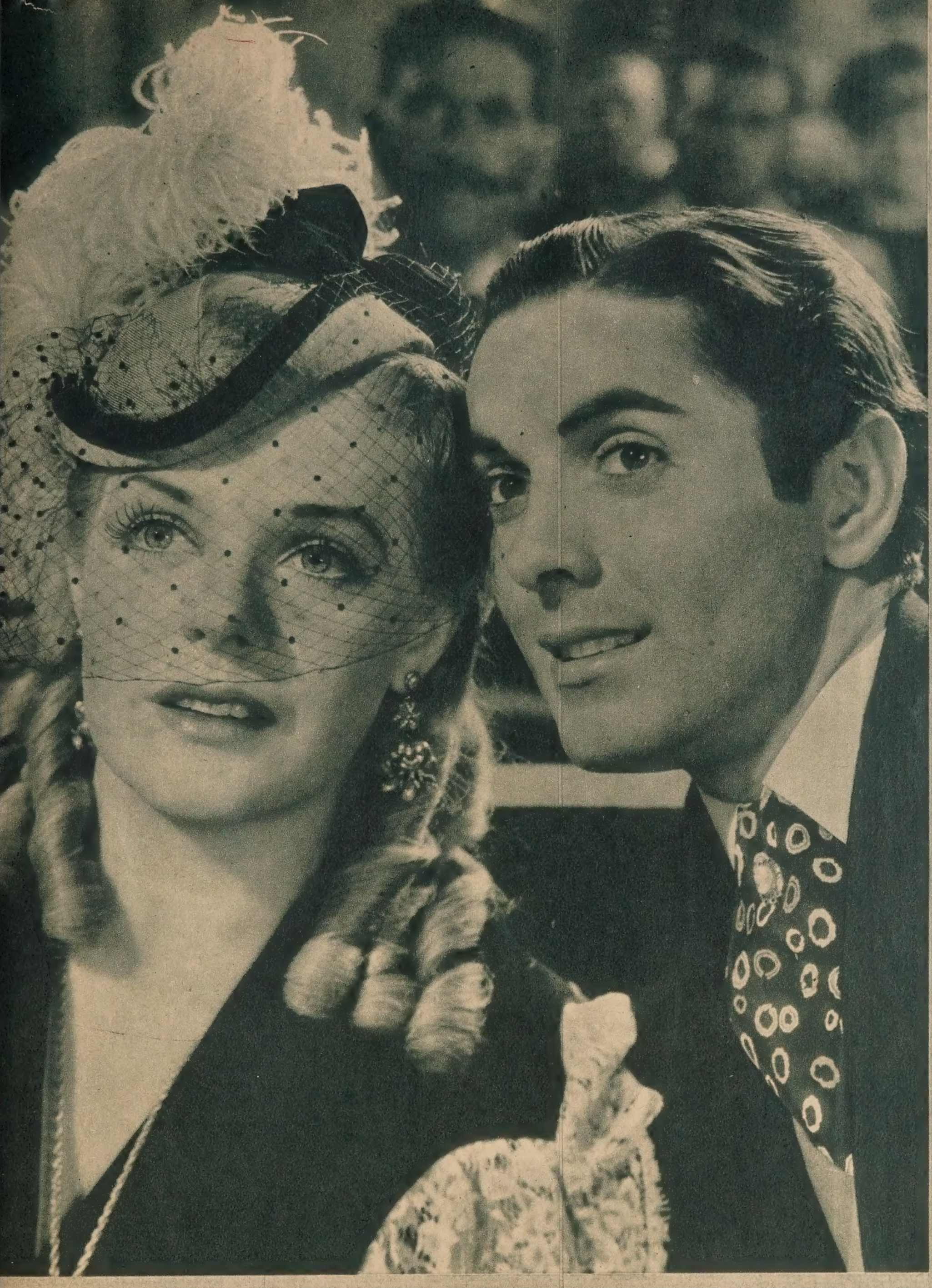
Maureen O'Sullivan

The Irish beauty who grows more lovely day by day. Maureen O'Sullivan displays the coming style for all well dressed young women: black crepe and black velvet suit for afternoon wear; sleeves and top of coat are of velvet. The Tyrolean type hat is suede and features a white feather pompon. All from her personal wardrobe

Bette Davis

"If Bette Davis is in a picture, it's a good one." One of the undisputed great screen actresses, she has a personality that blends convincingly with every role. In "That Certain Woman" you will again be spell-bound by her histrionic witchcraft





Alice Faye and Tyrone Power

Making history live again are Alice Faye and Tyrone Power in "In Old Chicago." Time: 1871. That get-up Alice is wearing would win admiration today even on Park Avenue—curls, veil, hat, feathers. Something dressy, too, about Tyrone's tie and haircut

John Boles

John Boles always gets a role that lays stress on his place as a husband in the scheme of things. You'll see him billed soon at your favorite theatre in "Craig's Wife," ably supported and abetted by Rosalind Russell. This film was directed by a woman, Dorothy Arzner

Kay Francis

The inimitable Kay Francis makes her every role gracious and dignified. Turning from "Confession," a study of motherhood, she comes with sprightly gaiety to "First Lady," a story centering about life at our national capital. And, she's invariably lovely

Claudette Colbert TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL

She symbolizes the qualities that have made our women world envied

by KATHERINE ALBERT

Claudette's home at Holmby Hills has a natural beauty all its own

YES, I know you think the type setter got that title all balled up. Or else you think I'm crazy—and I wouldn't blame you for that.

Claudette Colbert, typical American girl indeed! Why, she was born in the heart of Paris! Wasn't her real name Lilly Chauchoin? Wasn't she, as a baby, wheeled through the Bois by a French nurse in a black cape and a white cap? Didn't her little grandmother preserve the atmosphere of Paris even when Claudette was in New York trying to gain a foothold on the American stage? Ah, those wonderful sauces she made for the chicken and the fish. Doesn't Claudette still speak French almost exclusively to her beautiful, charming mother?

All of this is true. Yet I am going to let that title up there remain as is. As a matter of fact, it isn't exactly my idea but it's still correct. This is how it happened.

A man whose intelligence I respect said one day, "Of all the gals in pictures Colbert is the most typically American."

Right away I said what you've been thinking, "But she's French."

On location at Sun Valley, Idaho, Claudette revelled in skiing

With her mother, enjoying another old American sport—"sleigh riding" at Sun Valley

The highest type of American girl lacks self-consciousness. Claudette won't be bothered with making "the grand impression"

Tennis is one of the little star's favorite sports

"That doesn't matter," he answered. "She has a typically American point of view."

I got to thinking about that and—by golly!—it's true.

French born, French reared—yet utterly American. And since artists, writers and analysts tell us that the real American girl is the most charming, most vital and most desirable it might be well for those who seek popularity to look into the case of Colbert.

Every man I know will state right out in front of his wife or best girl friend that Claudette is a bundle of sex appeal. The first time I heard the statement made I was ready to argue. "I adore Claudette and think she's swell," I began, "but isn't sex appeal all hooked up with glamour and mystery?"

"Listen," said the man, "your Dietrichs and your Garbos have what you call mystery. That's all very well to watch on the screen. But real men in real life don't like it. Besides when the glamour is turned on full force it gets to be funny. When a man marries he doesn't want mystery. He wants a grand, regular, honest girl. This Colbert now—she has the sort of sex appeal that makes a man think of a wedding ring and a home and—well, you know the rest of that picture."

Let me tell you something about Claudette. Let's just see how truly American this young lady really is.

A GROUP of us were going out to dinner one night in New York. Since we had decided to go to a quiet place not usually patronized by picture stars Claudette wanted to be as inconspicuous as possible. Three hats she had ordered had just arrived. Claudette couldn't decide which to wear, so she put them all on one right after the other and asked our advice.

It's an old girlish trick—and I hope my sisters will forgive me for revealing sex secrets—to parade in front of men in attractive clothes. Yet when the Glamour Girls do it the gesture obviously says, "Don't look at what I am wearing but see the gorgeous body underneath." When the Cute Kids do it it's, "Don't look at this hat but see how adorable I look in it." (And swing that sentence to baby talk.)

Not so Claudette. She was honestly trying to decide which hat to wear. The fact that she looked perfectly ravishing in them all was beside the point. She was letting the men in on the feminine problem, "What shall I wear?" But because she was so honestly and sincerely seeking advice every man there was devastated with her fascination.

Claudette does nothing consciously to dramatize herself. In fact, Claudette is one of the few stars who can walk through the streets of New York without having mobs of fans following her. There she is, one of the top ranking box office attractions yet nobody notices her. Why? Well, unlike some of the glamour queens, Claudette dresses in quiet good taste. She does not resort to dark glasses—that symbol of a star in disguise—as an incognito. She has no distinguishing trade marks. She just pulls her hat down ever so slightly over her face, walks quickly and with purpose and you don't realize you have seen Claudette Colbert until after she has passed by.

Now French women have a corner on the self-dramatization market. A Frenchwoman constantly calls attention to herself by look or word. The highest type of American girl lacks self-consciousness. She is so interested in having a good time that she cannot bother to make the grand impression. And here is the French Lily Chauchoin succeeding in being inconspicuous.

A FRIEND of mine hearing a French song on the radio remarked, "Anything said in French sounds suggestive." The word *risque,* the phrase *double entendre* have no English translations. Let me tell you a little story about Claudette to show you how she feels about anything remotely vulgar.

During one of her visits to New York a group of us explored the seamier side of night life. It was Claudette's wish. She has that intellectual curiosity which makes her delight in seeing everything that goes on in the world. She and her mother and three or four others discovered a real "dive."

The "entertainer" was pretty bad. Yet Claudette watched with real interest as the small piano was rolled from table to table and this girl bawled out songs which—to understate—were the lowest type of barroom ballad.

At last the girl and her accompanist arrived at our table. It was in bad taste for her to sing thus before a lady of the beauty and dignity of Claudette's mother yet we were not perturbed since Mrs. Chauchoin does not understand English — and particularly English of that type—any too well.

Suddenly the girl looked down at Claudette. She was half way through the first bawdy number. She stopped and said something we could not hear to the man at the piano. He started visibly and then—shrugging his shoulders to indicate that if the world were coming to an end let it come — broke into an innocuous number from "The Desert Song." It was probably the first time in her life that entertainer had sung a clean song. Yet, wise in human nature, living by her wits as she obviously was, she realized that she wasn't getting by with Claudette.

Claudette wasn't shocked. She wasn't rude. She did not ask the men to "take her away from this dreadful place." She made no move to stop the girl's singing but her whole attitude let the entertainer know, in the nicest sort of way, that she was bored by vulgarity. So the singer literally changed her tune.

BEFORE I met Claudette I had asked a friend to describe her to me. Said my friend, "She isn't like a movie star. I talk to her as I would to you. There are no closed subjects, no 'tread lightly' topics of conversation. I know no other star in Hollywood that I feel as easy with. I could drop in on Claudette any time. Of course, I don't drop in, but if I did I would be received graciously and with real friendliness."

There is a very pertinent point in that quotation. "Of course I don't drop in." For all the fact that she is "ye complete good scoute" there is an innate dignity in Claudette's nature that would make anyone hesitate over the undignified practice of "dropping in." Yet if one did, she would be really glad she had been at home.

Looking at her you think, "Now here is the athletic type of girl. I'll bet she can swim and play tennis as well as a man." Yet she isn't much of an athlete. In spite of all her bounding good spirits Claudette lacks an abundance of good health. She must not use all her (Continued on page 70)

She speaks French on occasion but thinks American. She loves this country and its ways

The foreign woman is supposed to have whims. No obvious moods for Claudette. She's always the same

George Murphy's Going STRAIGHT Again

The famous Broadway hoofer's strange experience in Hollywood

by JEAN WILKERSON

SITTING with George Murphy on a bench facing a tiny green park. The air is filled with the fresh odors of spring. Romantic.

"You should have sniffed a whiff of this air yesterday," said George. "We had a London fog scene in this park made out of petroleum oil and compressed air—it was so hot the love scenes played by themselves."

Of course it was only a prop park, with a roof over it to keep the fog in. That, as they say, is life-like. It was out at M-G-M, on the set where most of the action takes place in George's new picture, "The Umbrella Man."

George makes you look in "Broadway Melody" and "Umbrella Man"

PLEASE
OFF
GRASS

He likes to kid around, and can lay on a thick bit of Irish brogue

This clever mystery movie is George's first "straight" role since the days when he played with Nancy Carroll in "Jealousy," and "I'll Love You Always."

Since then and until "Umbrella Man," he has been featured as a dancer-singer in so many pictures that most of the fans now think of him as that boy with the singing feet and voice of "Kid Millions," "After the Dance," "Top of the Town," and just lately, "Broadway Melody of 1938." (Continued on page 81)

WHAT

AS TOLD TO
BEN MADDOX

by
SPENCER
TRACY

Spencer Tracy's rare comments on Hollywood life are shrewd and accurate

Dreams made Luise Rainer what she is today. She refused to be commonplace

"Gladys George is more concerned with you than she wants you to be with her"

"I DON'T think they are actually any more beautiful or any more glamorous than other girls, but what the average woman can learn from them is plenty!"

So asserts Spencer Tracy, one of the most discerning men in pictures, about Hollywood actresses.

Spencer knows why some girls are more successful, happier. He's had a great opportunity to study many charming women and, even though he's anything but a ladies' man, he's been keenly observant.

He has been co-starred with Luise Rainer, Jeanette MacDonald, Myrna Loy, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Sylvia Sidney and Gladys George.

"The very first discovery

Hollywood Actresses Can Teach OTHER WOMEN

Their beauty and glamour are really not unusual—but they have "ways" of escaping the commonplace

Loretta Young is one of the many glamorous stars from whom Tracy has learned about women and life

Part of Myrna Loy's allure is based on her good-natured reticence. "She doesn't babble on"

I made when I got into the movies myself," he says, "was that nearness certainly sheds new light. As soon as I was with these glorified favorites every day I found that the women here weren't what I'd expected. They're different, all right. Only astonishingly so.

"It's all very well to imagine what kind of lives are lived by the fortunate who have fame, big pay-checks, and exciting men at their beck and call. But the facts are always more intriguing. That is, if you're curious, as I was, about how they really turned the trick and escaped from the commonplace."

A disclosure that Hollywood actresses do have a system is important when it comes from such a sharer of close-ups as the sincere, blue-eyed Spencer.

"Of course I can recall specific things. Gladys George is more concerned with you than she wants you to be with her. Myrna Loy doesn't babble on and that's a canny step towards allure. Jeanette MacDonald is ultra-feminine and still is the exact opposite of a clinging vine. Every renowned personality with whom I've become well acquainted has particular characteristics that make her especially attractive. But now it's obvious to me that all of the screen's enchanters have a few similar traits.

"I fancied that they'd be gorgeous gadabouts, frivolous vamps who thought more of a good time than of anything else. I had decided they were smart about clothes, but not in the head. Then I landed in the middle of this studio whirl and began acquiring inside data.

"These Hollywood girls click by taking advantage of themselves! Not because they were born with any better faces, or have been so incredibly fortunate. (Continued on page 73)

Ultra-feminine but still not a clinging vine. Jeanette MacDonald is one of the best balanced women in Hollywood

WHY *is Robert Taylor in England?*

Primarily to make pictures, of course, but Miss Albert discerns another even more significant reason.

by KATHERINE ALBERT

The "most-mobbed man in America" is now facing adulation in London

"ROBERT TAYLOR is en route to England where he will star in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's 'A Yank at Oxford.' M-G-M plans to make a series of eight films each year in England. This is the first. Also appearing in the cast are Maureen O'Sullivan and Lionel Barrymore. The picture will be directed by Jack Conway."

That's all—just that announcement in the papers, like the comings and goings of important people in the home town society column. Robert Taylor is cast in a new picture. What difference whether it be made in England or in Culver City, California?

Yet behind the newspaper item, behind the film assignment lies a poignant and emotional little story which will help you to understand Robert Taylor better. Bob wanted to go to England. Bob's mother was glad the studio was sending her son from Hollywood for a little time. And Barbara Stanwyck? Well, I guess Barbara knew it was inevitable that some day Bob should be separated from her.

Joan Crawford told me once that her trip to England gave her a perspective on life and restored her faith in herself. She made the journey during a time of great emotional stress, during a time when Hollywood was seeking to destroy her. Yet the intrigue, the false glamor, the smallness of Hollywood seemed young and far away in the English atmosphere of age and tradition. I hope England will do as much for Bob Taylor.

Actually Robert Taylor went to England because his bosses, the M-G-M officials, told him to go there and make a picture. But if he had wanted desperately to remain in Hollywood he

Side by side with Barbara Stanwyck, Bob good-naturedly fills autograph books

could have refused to go and I'm sure the studio would have chosen someone else for the first foreign picture. Bob did not refuse.

Some years ago there stood a lad named Arlington Brugh on the stage of a college theatre playing a role in an amateur show. In the audience, unbeknownst to him, was a studio talent scout. A few weeks after Arlington was graduated from Pomona College he found himself—now named Robert Taylor—under contract to a vast and important studio.

Suppose such a thing had happened to you. How would you feel? How would you cope with this amazing stroke of fortune? Imagine yourself Bob Taylor—a small town boy, son of a doctor, from Nebraska, taking girls to the movies a couple of nights a week, praising Mama's Saturday suppers of baked beans and brown bread—a thoroughly average, normal kid. Then suppose you were given a place in the most exciting, glamorous city in the world peopled by beautiful, famous, sophisticated men and women. You might think that your life would undergo a serious change.

But in the case of Bob Taylor nothing was much different at first. What happened was that he received a small salary, was put "in stock" at Metro and given dramatic instruction by Oliver Hinsdale, the studio coach at that time.

Bob met a boy named Don Miloe, who played extra, and the two took a bungalow together. He met a girl, also "in stock" named Irene Hervey and actually his life was very little different from what it

Here's how the "world's ideal lover" looks to the candid camera

Irene Hervey was one of the first girls Bob went around with in Hollywood

had been at college. Don was his "room mate." Irene was his "girl." Instead of reporting for *work* at the studio he went to school. See? The fact that he lived in a bungalow instead of the boy's dorm, that his school was on a "lot" instead of a campus and his girl would eventually be a motion picture actress instead of a secretary or a librarian or a teacher did in no wise change the actual pattern of his life.

Neither Bob, Don nor Irene had much money and they used to pool all the available cash and go to the beach where they would throw baseballs at the nigger baby, chute the chutes and ride the merry-go-round. There were no crowds following them, no ardent fans begging for an autograph or ripping the buttons off Bob's coat for souvenirs.

Unable to go inside such expensive places as the Troc and the Clover Club, they would get all done up in best bib and tucker and sit in the lobbies of these night spots to watch the stars go by. They were just as thrilled as you would be at seeing Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert and the rest.

Then the amazing thing happened. Young Taylor was given a role in one of the "Crime Doesn't Pay" shorts. He was used as leading man in "Broadway Melody" and loaned to another studio for "The Magnificent Obsession" and before he knew it, in fact before M-G-M—the

Bob also squired Betty Furness. Rumor found romance in the association

Gossip also teamed him up with the bright and vivacious Cecilia Parker studio that had signed a couple dozen "promising" youngsters that year—quite realized it, Robert Taylor was a sensational film star.

And now, if you like, you can imagine yourself in his place. Now is the time to get inside Bob's confusion and—yes!—his misery.

Nothing in his early training as a child, nothing in the homely maxims his mother had taught him, nothing the professors at Pomona College had lectured about had in any way prepared him for what was to come. Imagine one day being an average boy like hundreds of other average boys in the world and the next day being—Robert Taylor!

People came to Bob—people he scarcely knew when he was merely another kid on the stock list—and, patting him vigorously on the back, said, "Don't let it go to your head, Bob. Just keep on being the regular fellow you've always been."

And while these unknowns were giving him this advice, secretaries were staggering into his dressing room—his new dressing room with the trick mirrors and lighting effects and massage table and chromium chairs—carrying bags of fan mail, most of it from women and a great deal of it reading, "Darling Robert Taylor: I think you are the most wonderful man in the world. I wish my boy friend were as exciting, as glamorous as you." And only a little while ago he had been some girl's boy friend back in Nebraska and she was probably wishing Bob were as exciting and glamorous as Clark Gable.

Now Bob is 6,000 miles away from Hollywood, seemingly glad to be free of rumor and counter rumor

The columnists polished off their typewriters when the newcomer dated Janet Gaynor

The studio tore up his old contract and gave him a new one with a big boost in salary but the bosses said, "Now don't start living too extravagantly, Bob." And all the time he was being hounded by salesmen who would make him a special price on their cars just to have the prestige of Bob's driving their model. And tailors were begging him to wear their clothes. And real estate men were telling him to invest in a citrus ranch or a palace in Beverly. And bond salesmen were besieging him with sure fire tips on the market.

"Don't get conceited," people said. Yet every magazine he picked up displayed his handsome portrait and every interviewer wrote of his beauty, his charm, his appeal. And when he went to the Troc or the Clover Club—he could afford to go inside now—girls, who had been waiting for hours, mobbed him and jerked his handkerchief out of his coat pocket and tried to touch his hand.

"Don't let it go to your head," the publicity department said.

Now if all this adulation had been carried on outside the studio gates Bob might have been able to shut it out, but on all the lots the glamor belles vied with each other for dates with Bob. Every time he had a date with a star the event was reported with headlines. Which in no way displeased the stars he dated.

Bob met Janet Gaynor and asked her for a date. They sincerely liked each other—that was all. The next day the columnists speculated on a romance. Then there were Betty Furness and Cecilia Parker— *(Continued on page 75)*

You'll see a lot of Lina Basquette in "Ebb Tide," and that, surely, should please you. Above, she is shown meditating perhaps on the ways of life, and at right, Lloyd Nolan is obviously succumbing to her ways of love

SIREN of the SOUTH SEAS

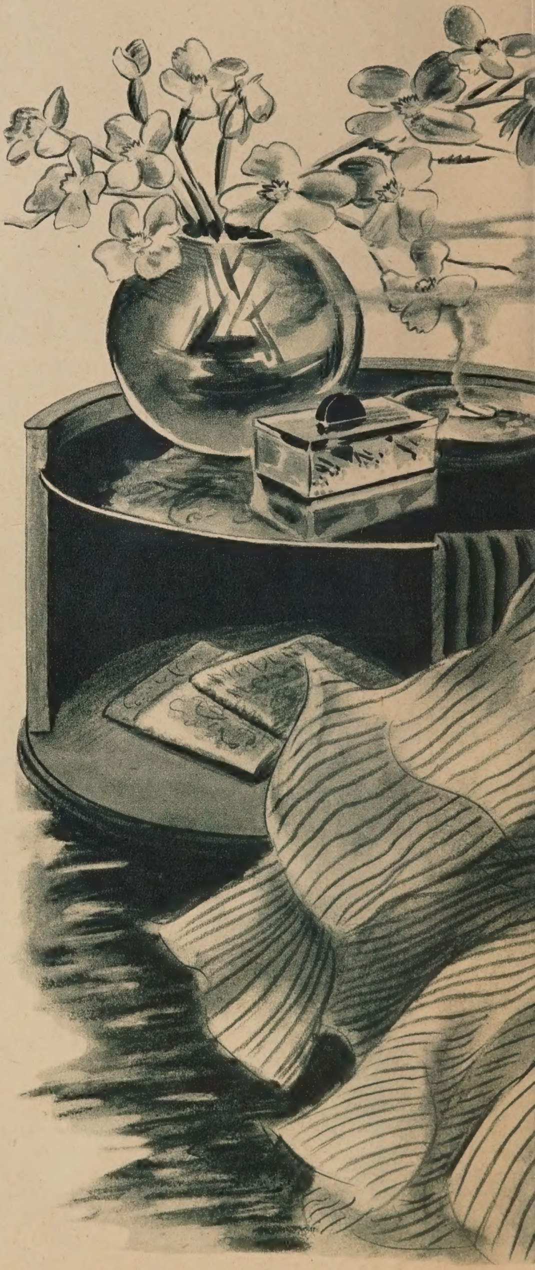
And here—at left—Ray Milland doesn't at all seem to mind being left alone with the lovely "native." Lina, however, is eyeing him cautiously. While—above—Oscar Homolka has to be taken right in hand to hold him. A peep into the script tells us that Homolka was really thinking of his own far away home. Hum! Some of us don't know when we're well off!

"Love Me"

by KATHARINE ROBERTS

A telephone call gives a young man the right clue. He learns which girl to marry

PART II



MARMON-MAYER bought the film rights to Ben Harris' show. It was a fair success and still running, having survived the loss of Christina Lorre, though there were those who had predicted otherwise when she'd got all the notices and then left at the end of two weeks.

"I wish we could get her for that one number," said Jake Gordon, telling Ellen about the purchase one morning in the office.

"Maybe Metromount's ready to loan her by now," she suggested.

"Not a chance—they're keeping her busy and we're going to put it into production right away. That is," he added, "as soon as we can get some fresh numbers written. Everyone knows the old ones. We'll keep that 'Love Me' hit-song as a sort of key-piece and the rest will be new."

Ellen swallowed hard. Then she asked, "Why not get the man who wrote it to write the new ones?"

Gordon sighed. "Probably an accident. Nine out of ten are. Hasn't done anything since, has he? What's his name?"

"Well yes, he has," said Ellen. "You see, he used to live where I did when I was a kid in Brooklyn and he knows someone I know. He's written some things since—or so I understand—but he's been holding them for a new show or something like that. If they're not already under contract, they might be worth hearing."

"I suppose it wouldn't hurt," answered Jake Gordon.

"You had an appointment with him just after the show opened," Ellen reminded him. "Then somehow it got postponed and never came off. You were awfully busy about that time, you know. But you told me you thought he had something."

"Did I?—Uh—he may be just a flash in the pan, but you never can tell. What'd you say his name was?"

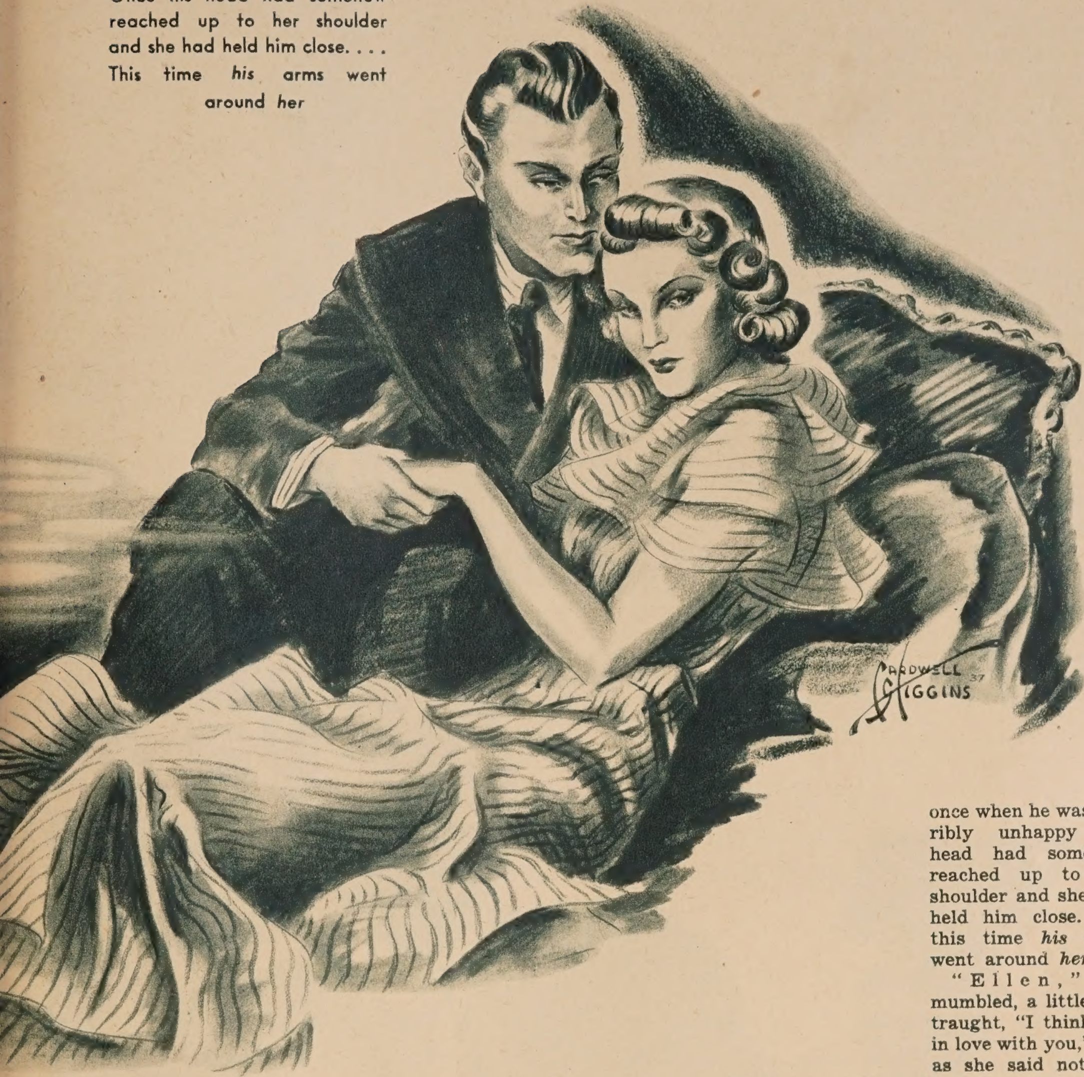
"Nick Gregory," said Ellen.

"Well, if he's any good, he'll have to leave in a hurry whoever he is," opined Mr. Gordon. "See if you can get him in here this afternoon. If he's got anything, we can hear it and shoot him out there."

Ellen felt her throat choking up. She rushed for the door. "I—I'll see if I can get him," she said.

SO Nick was all set for film fame. They sat in Ellen's apartment on Saturday afternoon and waited until time to go to the station for Nick to take the train.

"They aren't wasting plane fare on me yet," Once his head had somehow reached up to her shoulder and she had held him close. . . . This time *his* arms went around *her*



Nick laughed, "but that's all right, It'll give me time to think going out."

Her smile was utterly frank and disarming. "Of Christina?" she asked.

Nick's face went cloudy. "I—don't know," he said slowly. "Of course, I've thought of her now that this has happened."

"As though you didn't before!" There was no venom in her voice. It was as though she were teasing him. She had realized that for a long time he had stopped calling the girl "Ruthie" and had always said "Christina." It had seemed significant to her, but now that he was going there, now that Christina's glow was augmented by the persuasive press, now that—

Nick left the piano and came over and sat beside her on the lounge. Suddenly his arms went around her. Oh, there had been times when he'd put his head in her lap when he sat on the floor and talked and dreamed, and once when he was terribly unhappy his head had somehow reached up to her shoulder and she had held him close. But this time *his* arms went around *her*.

"Ellen," he mumbled, a little distraught, "I think I'm in love with you," and as she said nothing, he went on, "You're the only person before whom I can think out loud. You're the only one I can have in the room when I work. I've even gone back to the old way of talking when I'm with you, instead of speaking Broadwayese. But I had to use that lingo with the others, you know. When I didn't, they thought I didn't belong."

It seemed to her he'd got a bit away from the question of love, but she answered, "We learn French and German, Nick. I don't see why we shouldn't speak some other form of English too if the people we're with understand us better. Every business has its pattern and in New York practically every street has its own dialect."

He paid no attention to her. He was thinking his own thoughts and they were full of confusion and doubt.

"How am I going to get along without you to tell me what to do? You know I haven't any sense myself except at a piano."

She looked him straight in the eyes. "That's not being in love, Nick. Honestly, aren't you anxious to see Christina?"

He looked a little foolish but he answered her, "Ye-es, in a way I am. But Ellen," he added, "you have real eyebrows and I'll bet she hasn't got 'em any more. You know, they shave them. A movie star with her face washed has no more eyebrows than a fish. You have nice level eyebrows, Ellen."

She choked down what she really wanted to say. It would be no use with even a hint of the old fascination of Ruthie-Christina still nagging at him. "See her when you get there, Nick. See a lot of her. You're both big-shots now." The words spurted out of her, she didn't quite know how.

"I wouldn't even have had a chance to get there if it hadn't been for you," he said.

"She wouldn't have if it hadn't been for *you,"* Ellen reminded him.

"There's one thing," he answered, *"I* won't forget. I—I—"

Ellen patted him lightly, "Don't make any rash promises, Nick."

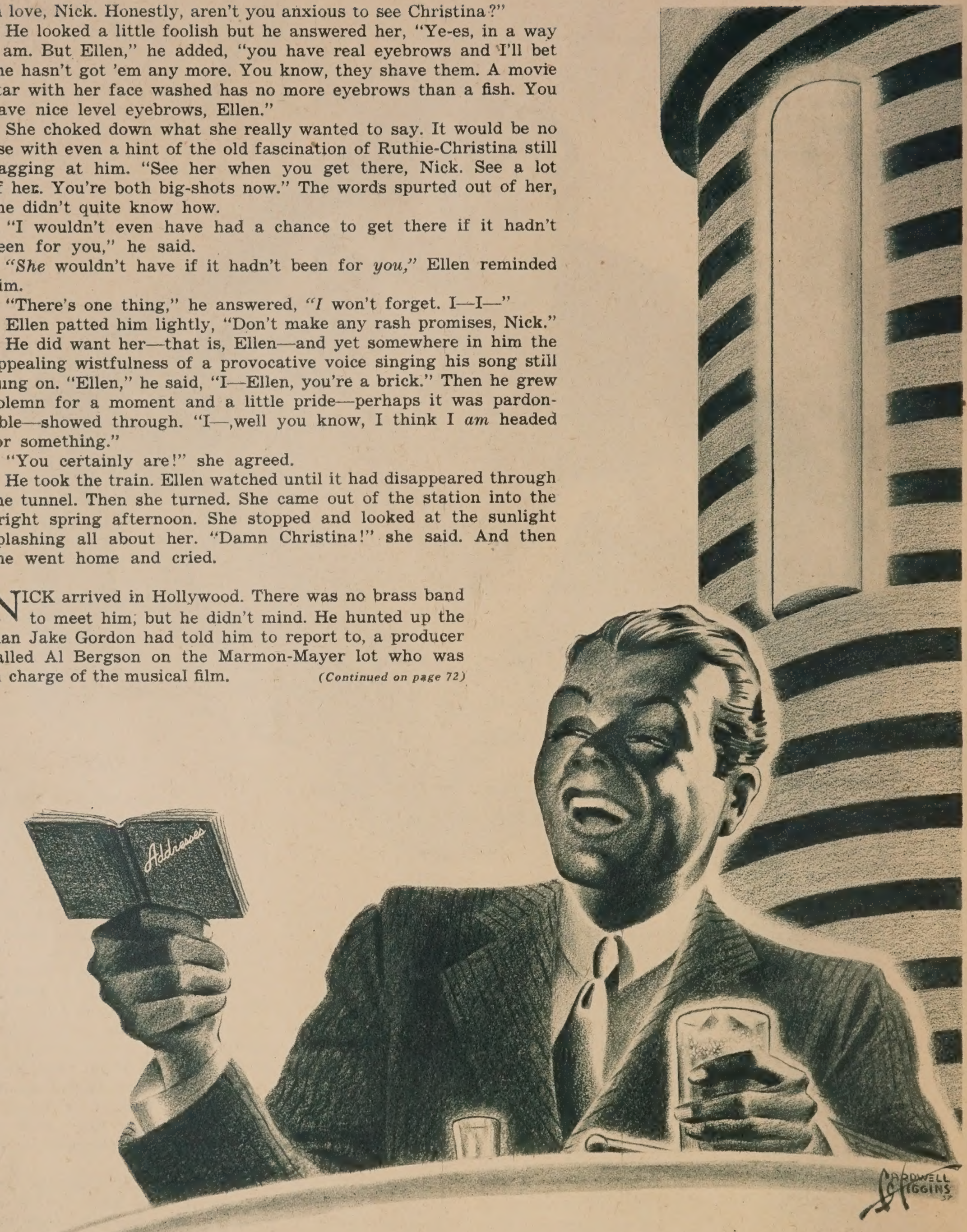
He did want her—that is, Ellen—and yet somewhere in him the appealing wistfulness of a provocative voice singing his song still hung on. "Ellen," he said, "I—Ellen, you're a brick." Then he grew solemn for a moment and a little pride—perhaps it was pardonable—showed through. "I—,well you know, I think I *am* headed for something."

"You certainly are!" she agreed.

He took the train. Ellen watched until it had disappeared through the tunnel. Then she turned. She came out of the station into the bright spring afternoon. She stopped and looked at the sunlight splashing all about her. "Damn Christina!" she said. And then she went home and cried.

NICK arrived in Hollywood. There was no brass band to meet him; but he didn't mind. He hunted up the man Jake Gordon had told him to report to, a producer called Al Bergson on the Marmon-Mayer lot who was in charge of the musical film.

(Continued on page 72)



He finished his drink in one long swallow and looked at the little book. Gosh, he was happy! It had her number in it by

MARY

LYTTON

June Lang, suddenly plucked from obscurity. Now she is the Sultan's daughter in "Ali Baba Goes to Town"

The Girl on the Cover

Five years in movies—never in a film—Her fan mail third from top—and yet "they couldn't see her." And then—

A GROUP of grave-faced producers of motion pictures sat in judgment before the photograph of a strikingly beautiful young girl. This was a fairly routine business and one which film executives must face at regular periods. The girl was on trial and these powerful gentlemen were deciding whether to renew her option after five years of continuous service.

The verdict was a well-considered but emphatic "NO" and the reason for this vote was so strange as to seem absurd: "She was too beautiful," said these judges, "ever to become a serious and competent dramatic actress."

And so June Lang, then a demure eighteen, found herself the victim of a philosophy of thought which then was condemning most youngsters who possessed more than the average of prettiness.

It is interesting to note that during these five years she played nothing more important than an occasional "flash bit," which means next to nothing professionally. Yet during the latter part of this unique service she was the studio's third ranking player in the matter of fan mail—that demonstration of approval which is as good a guide as any to potential popularity.

Now here comes the fairy tale phase of this story. A dynamic person at the 20th Century-Fox studios was reviewing a series of old screen tests for new stars.

Thousands of feet of film had unwound before this man when he suddenly jumped to his feet and stopped a test that had just finished.

"I want that girl under a long term contract," he said. "She is just what we need here."

The girl whose test had evoked this extraordinary enthusiasm was then called June Vlasek. The man who liked it so well was Darryl Zanuck.

"But," protested an aide, "that girl was under contract here for five years and she was let out because they couldn't use her."

"They couldn't use her," Zanuck replied, "but I can. Find her and give her a long contract."

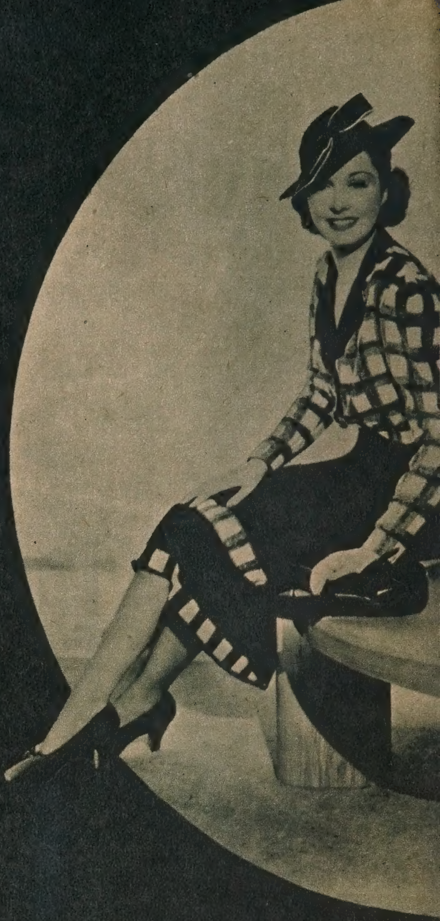
With characteristic speed, Zanuck put her to work immediately giving her the most important lead in "Every Saturday Night," a picture which turned out so well it was continued in a series relating the foibles, adventures and petty heartaches and joys of a typical American family.

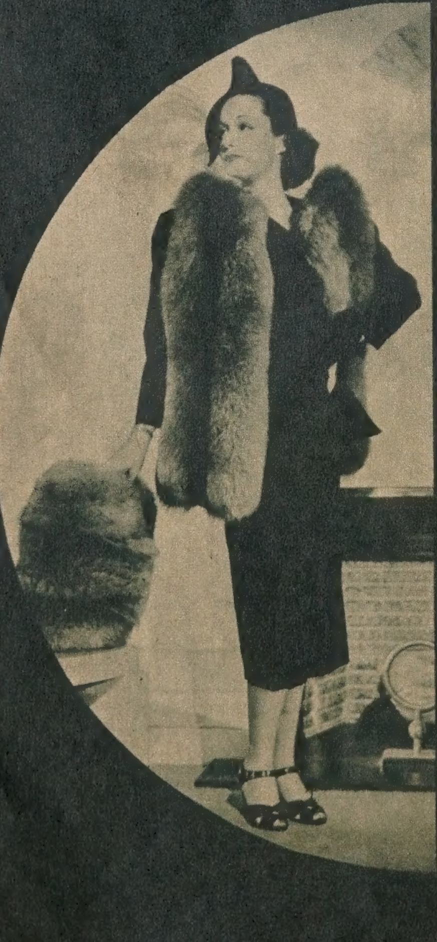
Next Zanuck gave her the feminine romantic lead in Shirley Temple's "Captain January," then rushed her into "The Country Doctor," and next "The Road To Glory," in which she had the only

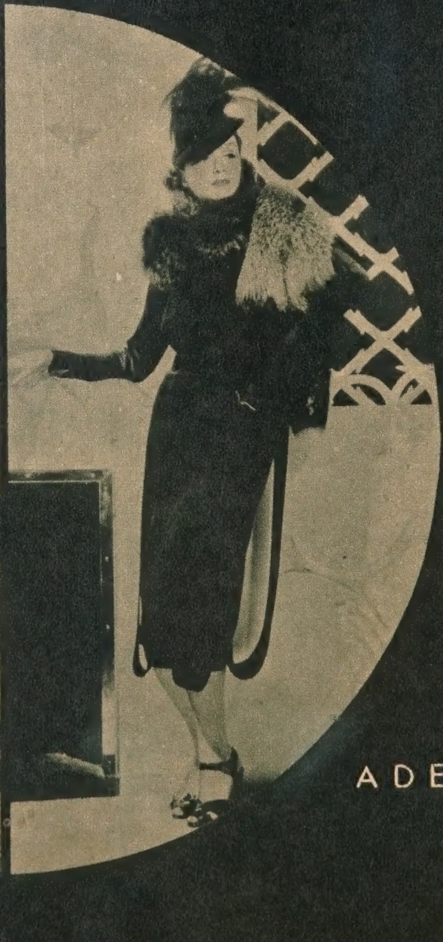
(Continued on page 81)

There's a "DRESS-UP" feeling to fashions

Opulent is the word for these stunning Fall costumes which Travis Banton has designed for Gail Patrick to wear in "Artists and Models." Below, you see Gail in a dramatic black wool two-piece costume. The dress is straight, buttoned from neckline to hem. The jacket puts smart exaggeration into tremendous revers of blue fox. Gail carries a matching fox muff and her black felt hat shows the high, one sided drape that is so new



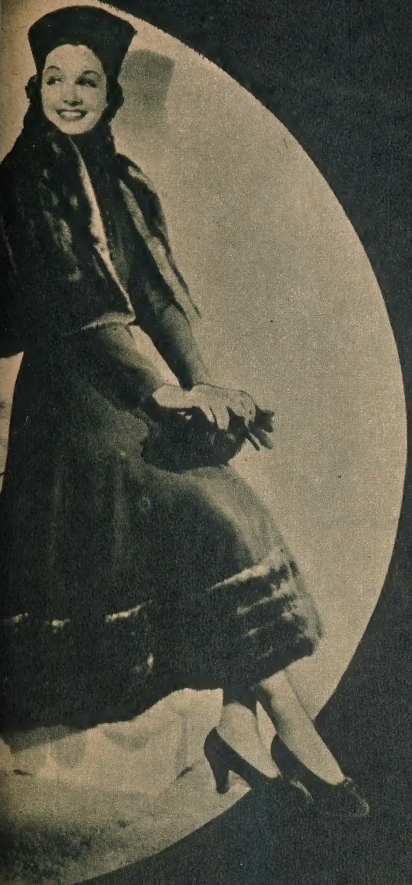




(Left)
More grandeur with a pre-war flavor in this slender black satin gown which Gail smothers in silver fox. Those loose panels from the waist which tuck under the hem are a Banton inspiration and very smart. A great frou of feathers gives height to the black velour hat. A perfect costume for cocktails or dinner with that important date

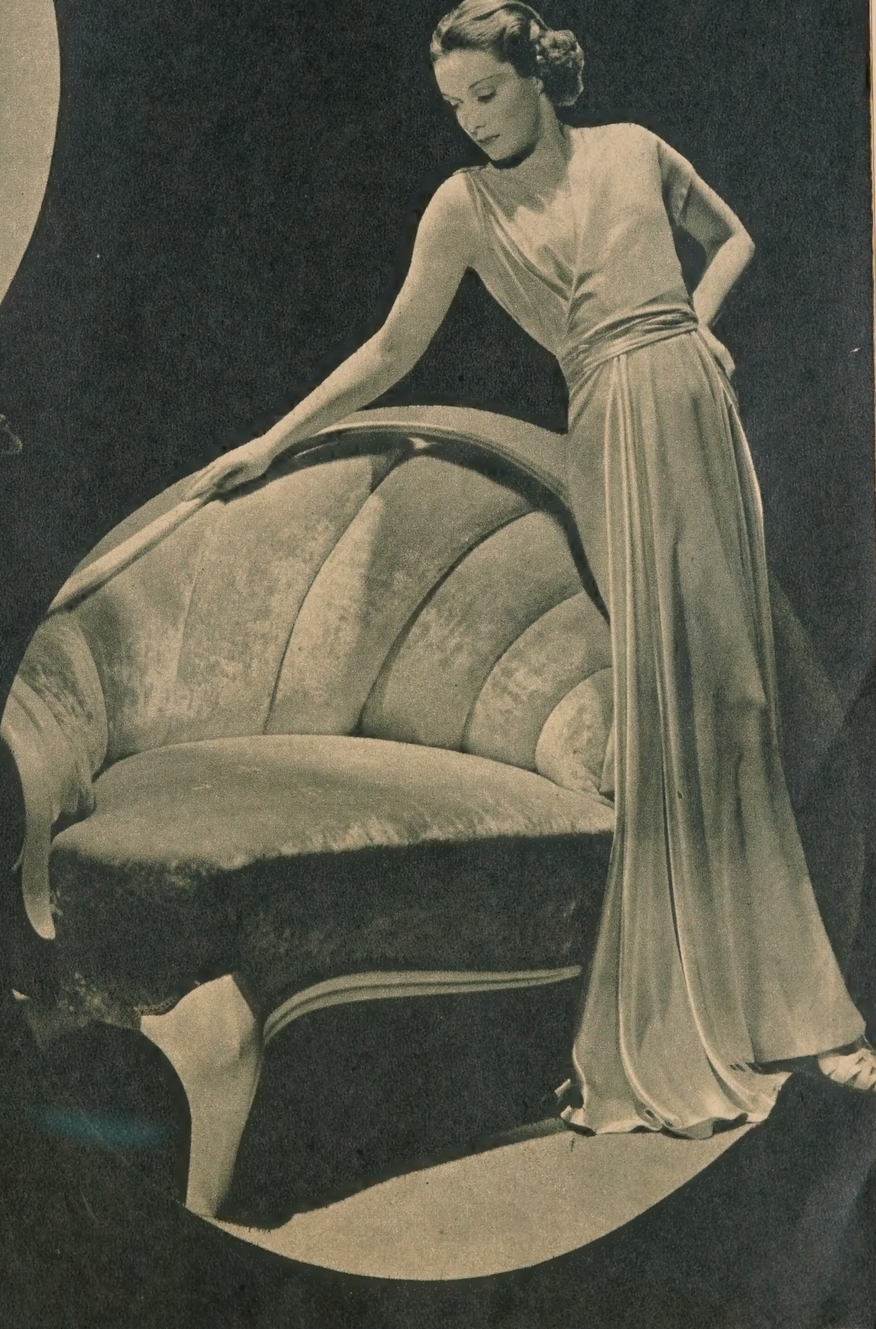
BY

ADELIA E. BIRD



Left (other page)
To come down to earth and more practical garb, Gail Patrick shows you what she considers an all 'round Fall sports outfit. Navy, white and gray plaid form the blouse and the double banding on the plain navy wool skirt. Navy, too, for a brimmed felt hat and her accessories

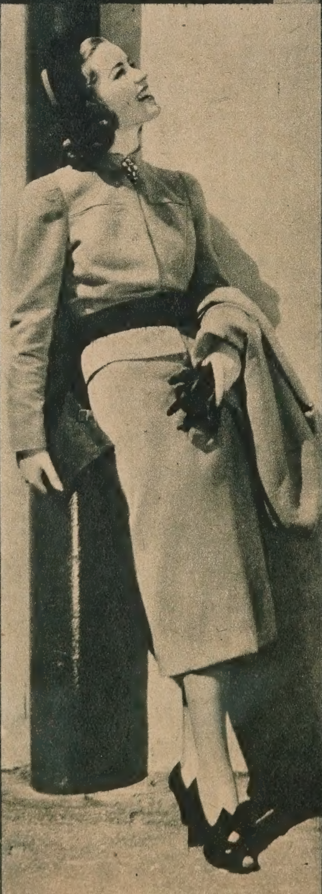
(Left)
Distinctly Russian in design is this flared wool dress in one of the new "burnt" brown colors which Banton is stressing for Fall. A deep skirt border of sable and a wide stole of the same fur are the sole trimmings. That stole is one of the newest fur neckpieces brought back in the enthusiasms for prewar elegance. Gail's Russian turban is a reddish dark brown velvet



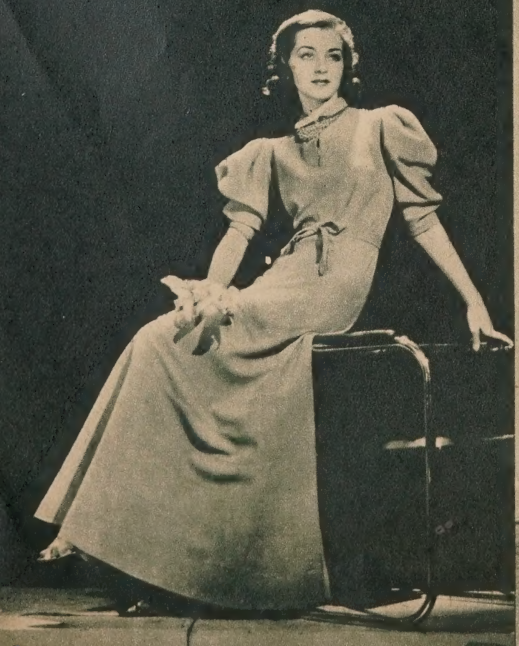
It's all in the drape and cut of this simple pink satin evening gown. Notice that unusual bodice with one side draped and the other arranged in a smooth surplice line with the fabric covering the shoulder. Fullness in the skirt is cleverly placed to fall at the sides and back. Gail uses a jeweled clip on the right shoulder as her only ornamentation. Her sandals are dyed in the same pearly pink of the dress

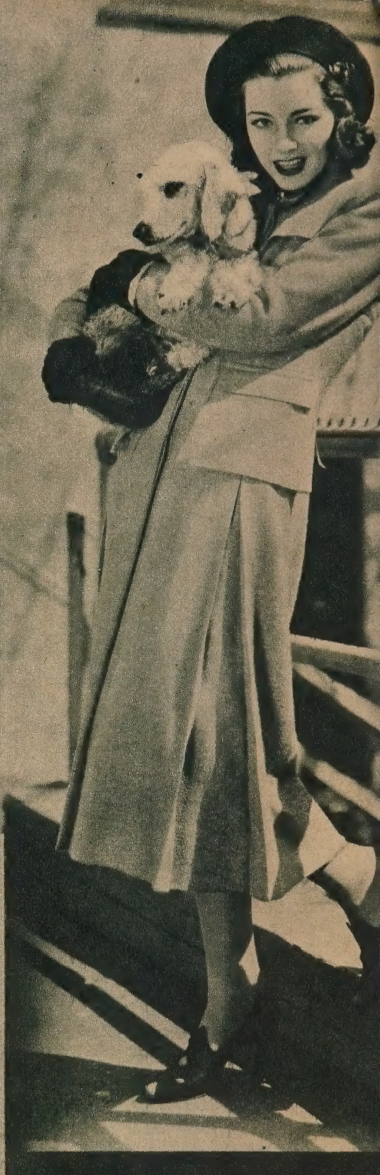
FOOTBALL WEEK-END HINTS

Below: Underneath that good looking coat is a two-piece wool dress which Marsha can wear later on at the fraternity tea dance. It's cut with flattering simplicity. That front yoke effect actually is a pair of slash pockets. Just a big gold clip for jewelry



The stag line puts on a rush act when Marsha turns up in this stone blue dinner dress of lightest wool. Again a youthful simplicity gives a sophisticated look to the costume. Marsha loops crystal beads under the collar and carries two blue-tinted orchids in her hand

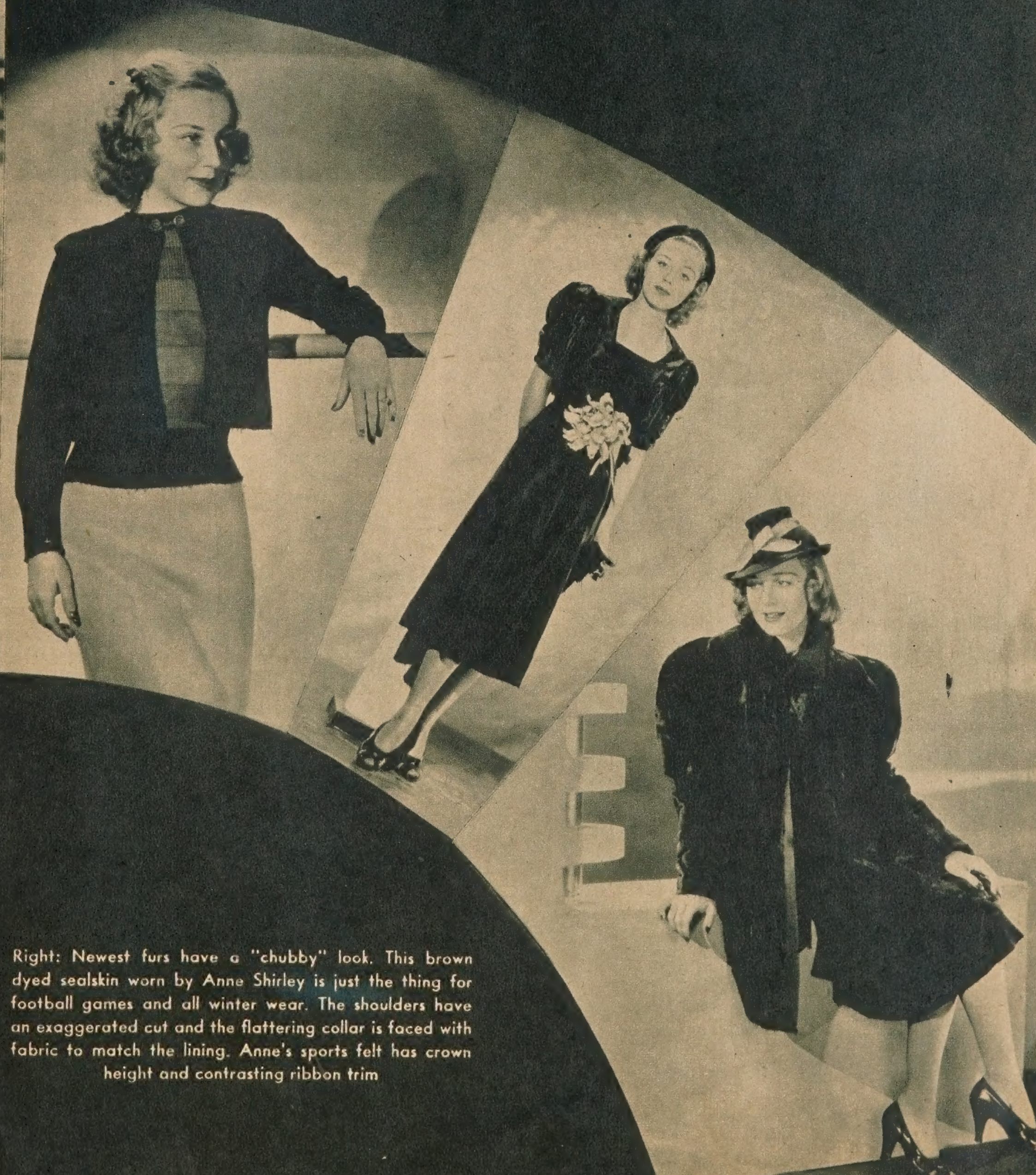




Above: Wear a tailored gray tweed topcoat to the early Fall games if you'd look as knockout as Marsha Hunt in the stadium crowd. Marsha's smart model has inverted pleats at the sides and large saddle bag pockets. And the fly front buttoning is very good. An off-the-face black beret is girlish and Marsha matches her accessories to it

Below left: Here is a brand new thought in twin sweater combinations—a bolero cardigan over a contrasting pullover. Anne's color scheme is a black bolero topping an emerald green and gray stripe with matching black border. Perfect to wear under tweed or fur coats to the games

Below: Black satin is as practical as it is flattering for important week-end dating. A fitted bodice subtly emphasizes Anne Shirley's slender waist and vertical shirring makes decorative sleeves. All her accessories are black, too, in fact, that soft mass of rose pink flowers are the only note of contrasting color



Right: Newest furs have a "chubby" look. This brown dyed sealskin worn by Anne Shirley is just the thing for football games and all winter wear. The shoulders have an exaggerated cut and the flattering collar is faced with fabric to match the lining. Anne's sports felt has crown height and contrasting ribbon trim

Ramon Novarro takes his coffee unconventionally on the veranda of his residence

Ramon is as much at home singing as acting. His concert presence is perfect

The Return of the

by JAMES WINTERS

LOLA LANE looked over the lonely Arizona desert. What shade there was came from a group of artificial palms. The heat shimmered across the dunes, rising smooth and clean like great billows.

"I suppose," said Lola, turning to Ramon Novarro, "this is nothing like the Sahara. When you made pictures there with Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, you had real desert for a background."

Ramon laughed and reached for a drink of lukewarm water. "This," he said, "sweeping his arm in an arc, "is the ideal background for an Arab scene. First of all, nobody would believe the real Sahara if they saw it in pictures. There it's mostly weeds and bushes. When we made 'The Arab' we had to walk miles and miles to find an open spot like this that would do. Arizona has more convincing deserts."

This was on the first day's shooting on location of "The Sheik Steps Out," Novarro's come-back film. Two years ago he folded his tents and silently slipped off the M-G-M lot, where much of his screen career had been spent. After twelve years in pictures, Ramon, dissatisfied and still quite young, wanted to try out his voice on the concert stage. He had talked about doing that for years, but success after success on the screen had held him back.

Then his chance came, and he toured South America and Europe to find that his voice was really golden and that multitudes would come to hear it. Next to the United States he felt himself most at home in South America. Perhaps he found some kinship there because of his own Latin blood; perhaps it was because that, singing in Spanish, he had greater confidence and could give more of himself. But whatever it was, when he was through, he was quite ready to meet the really alien audiences (to him) of England, Austria and Hungary.

In his confidential moments, Ramon implies that even in his greatest years on the screen he felt within himself a certain shyness, an uncertainty. With success he sensed he had not fully found himself. Yet in 1926 his "Ben Hur" was one of the three biggest smash hits in all motion picture history. It grossed at the box office $4,000,000. Only "The Singing Fool," with Al Jolson, and "The Four

SHEIK

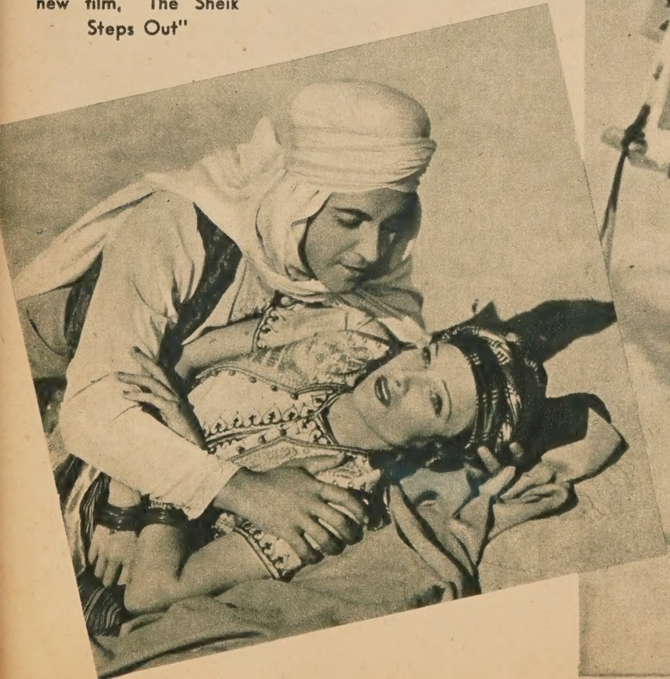
Ramon Novarro, famous in "Ben Hur" and "The Arab," comes back to the studios after ten years of foreign concert touring

Horsemen of the Apocalypse," with Valentino, were, of all films ever made, more popular.

If Valentino came to distinction as a "sheik," Novarro also enjoyed similar honors. His Sahara-made "Arab" was a sensation. Its director, Rex Ingram, who, incidentally, had directed "The Four Horsemen," was both a realist and a visionary. Truth itself was none too good for him in recreating exact artistic effects. With him it was the Sahara or nothing. The expedition landed in Algiers, trekked, rather than rode, across hundreds of miles of desert in a train so old and leisurely that only the languid Arab would have accepted such transportation. Then by caravan a day's journey to an oasis.

"That's one thing I miss in 'The Sheik Steps Out,'" comments Novarro, his black eyes (Continued on page 78)

With Lola Lane in his new film, "The Sheik Steps Out"



Greetings! The Bedouin salutes his camp after a hard day in the desert

AND NOW HE'S

Tommy Kelly, of the Bronx, New York City, seemed an ordinary lad until he was given a screen test. Then the executives of Selznick Pictures let out a whoop. After screening 25,000 candidates, they had at last found Tom Sawyer. Now he is in Hollywood living on the fat of the land. What a relief to his father, who for two years had been on the WPA rolls

Twelve-year-old Tommy loves his new found fairyland. Here director H. C. Potter is teaching him how to sit on a tree limb

TOM SAWYER

Tommy Kelly learns to dive the Tom Sawyer way. Clyde Swendsen, famous conditioner of Olympic swimming champions, has been given the interesting task. And think of it! Tommy is being well paid while having all this fun

Out of the tank after a lesson in "dog fashion crawl," a specialty of Mississippi River boys

A Director tells on Carole

by DON HIRST

Carole Lombard is a marvelous mimic

That little "tee-hee" —no one can stand up under it

One of the most intelligent level-headed women in Hollywood

Men gasp at first sight of her and say "What a lovely girl!"

"THE most outstanding thing about Carole Lombard is her complete adaptability," Mitchell Leisen said the other day when I interviewed him in his office on the Paramount lot, "but she can become almost annoying at times," he finished laughingly.

Leisen—stylish, graying at the temples, and the director of two of Carole's recent pictures, settled back in his chair and squinted at the ceiling. "She's really a pal, though. She exemplifies most of the qualities a director likes to find in a player.

The faults and virtues of the ace

"First of all, she tries her level best thoroughly to *live* her role. Even when it's a perfectly straight one, with nothing unusual in the characterization, she attempts to create a definite 'atmosphere' around it. She tries to crawl inside of the character and *be* that person.

"And that's where the trouble comes in," he said with a slightly annoyed look in his eyes. "She completely succeeds. She seems actually to hypnotize herself, and, instead of being that character just around the camera like most players, she carries it with her all over the lot.

"It's all right if she's playing happy scenes. But if she's playing sad ones, she's positively unbearable. She moons all over the place, and—well, it's contagious. She gets almost everyone else to feeling as though his mother just died.

"That's about the only fault I can find in Carole, if you could call it a fault," he said, laughing again. "After all, that's the way she is, and that's all there is to it. And it's really insignificant compared to the other qualities about her that make her such a satisfaction to work with.

"She's a marvelous mimic. One of the funniest things I've ever seen is the way she acquired her characterization for 'My Man Godfrey.'

"At the time, Gregory La Cava, the director, had a secretary who was exactly like the Carole you later saw in the picture. Carole was fascinated by her antics, and she used to stalk the girl wherever she went. She'd lean on her elbows and just sit and watch her—all the time drinking in the

(Continued on page 75)

Clothes alone don't make Carole Lombard beautiful. The candid camera reveals a divine figure. And that figure helps make her one of the best dressed women in Hollywood

She deals with you in the open—no petty caprices

She plays a man's game—equal give and take

blonde are paraded for you

And this is what entertained Chicago "way back in 1871." Alice Faye's in the front row

Fleeing from the fire. For days the city was mad with terror as the conflagration ever widened

The FIRE *that made* CHICAGO *famous*

The making of the production, "In Old Chicago" is a romance in itself

by ROBERT JOSEPH

"FIND ME," commanded Director Henry King, "a cow. Not any cow, but a Jersey with class. We need a very special animal who's going to kick over the lamp that burned Mrs. O'Leary's barn that started the great Chicago Fire on the 7th of October, 1871."

Director King was addressing his Twentieth Century-Fox cohorts, working on the forthcoming picture production, "In Old Chicago," with Alice Faye, Don Ameche and Tyrone Power.

"And here are her measurements: age — 3 years; weight 1100 pounds; bust—6 feet 4 inches; waist—7 feet 9 inches; length—7 feet. Besides the cow must be very temperamental, the kind who'll kick over the milk pail and lamp when we want her to."

Mr. King's assistants look a little bewildered.

"What's more, our cow needs a stand-in. We can't have an animal who's going to flick her tail and kick while we're adjusting lights, cameras and sound equipment. So, boys, we need two 'Daisys.' The Daisy and her stand-in."

Talking over old times on the set. Tyrone Power and Phyllis Brooks were once kid playmates

Several days later after publicity on Henry King's talent search appeared in the public press a citizen of Pittsburg, Kansas, addressing her letter to:

"To The Filming of the Great Chicago Fire,
Hollywood, Calif."

Penned were these immortal lines.

> "I believe she would be good to play the part mentioned, because her power to comprehend makes her seem human."

Nothing Hollywood has ever known can match Mr. King's frantic efforts to recreate the Windy City as it was before the Great Fire. No, not even the search for a Rhett Butler and a Scarlett O'Hara.

Mr. King's men scoured the country for an 1871 Chicago fire engine. Starting in the Maine north woods, and sweeping across the continent, his research assistants poked into unnumbered fire houses and wagon graveyards. Just as the searching party was crossing the Rockies a fire wagon rolled into the studios out of Marysville, California, a few miles out of Hollywood.

"Gentlemen," Mr. King said, addressing his gang after their fruitless treasure hunt, "let's start out again, and locate me an 1871 train, replete with locomotive, coal tender, baggage car and coaches.'"

Back to Main streamed the Henry King scouting party, primed for a fresh cross-country sweep. They scoured and scrambled and scrutinized the American scene without success.

The air was charged with defeat around Director King's office until he himself remembered a friend who owned a little narrow gauge railroad in Modesto, California. The Sierra Railroad it is called, a few miles out of Hollywood.

Mr. King had a third conclave with his band.

"Boys," he said with a faint note of derision, "our batting average is not so good. I'll give you another chance. In the opening shot of the picture we find the O'Leary family racing a train across the Western plains. The time is 1854." The boys were aghast. Did the Director want an 1854 train? "No, it's not a train. But I want the kind of chuck wagon they used to cross the frontier in, in those days."

The continental search began afresh. But the sixteen cylinder motor has long replaced the covered wagon, and just as Mr. King's men were converging on Hollywood, the director himself was inspecting the Twentieth Century-Fox back lot picking a likely site for the set. There before him was a morass of mud, and sunk in was a mud-crusted wagon up to the hubs.

"Take that away!" he ordered the prop men. "We're levelling that off and building the Palmer House there."

A tractor was called in for duty and as the wagon squished out of the slime the director

(Continued on page 80)

The new gadget in Cameraman Marley's hand is a type of photo-electric cell which exactly gauges the quantity of light, used for the first time in this production. Tyrone Power, Andy Devine and Alice Faye register interest

A Lady named LUPINO

by
LAURENCE MORGAN

A bounding little bundle of athleticism—she plays tennis like a whirling dervish

Ida will talk of dungeons and things and make your hair stand on end

WHOEVER was the originator of that crack about the "good old days of show business" must have been slightly wacky. In fact, I'll come right out into the open and state, bald-faced, that he was completely tipped.

Understand me, though. This is not an original observation on my part; as a matter of fact, I probably wouldn't have thought about it at all if Ida Lupino, lately of Naples, London and more recently of Hollywood, hadn't brought the matter rather forcibly to my attention. Because when anyone with the theatrical background that Miss Lupino has ventures an opinion on the subject it's usually worth giving great heed to.

The scene of all this procrastination took place in the garden of Ida's home high on a Hollywood hill-top. Said Ida, while dangling one slack-covered leg over the arm of a garden chair:

"Why, this acting business today is a cinch compared to what it used to be." More business of leg-swinging while I waited for enlightenment. "At least it's been made legal now."

"Legal?" I asked. For a moment I could have sworn she'd said "legal."

"Sure, legal," Ida went on. "Look at the way they used to treat my family for being actors. . . . Ran 'em out of the country, confiscated all their property, locked 'em up in old dungeons. . . . And they talk about the 'good old days!' Hooey!"

"Dungeons?" I repeated, warily. My hearing didn't seem to be so good. "How long ago did all this happen?"

Ida poured herself another libation of iced tea. "Oh, about three hundred years ago." She said it the way you would say, "Oh, about 1932." Nonchalantly, as if you were talking about something that happened day before yesterday.

And then it was that I found out, at least from a theatrical standpoint, just how "good" the old days were. For Ida knows whereof she speaks, her family going back in an unbroken line of actors and actresses for more than three centuries.

It seems that along back in seventeenth century Italy theatrics were held in the same high esteem by the

Acting comes as natural to Ida as ploughing to a peasant. It's her family "trade"

Solid comfort after 250 years. Yes, her ancestors have been that long in the show business

She began acting when a baby—on a home-made stage in her father's London home

Cute kid is Ida in these two-piece pajamas of sapphire blue crepe

civil courts as is arson, kidnapping and free-hand murder. In Naples where Ida's branch of the family tree started, any person found guilty of highway acting was immediately subject to fine, imprisonment, property confiscation, excommunication from the church, or any other punishment the judge could think up on the spur of the moment. So it's no wonder that those first Lupinos snuck off in the dead of night to England where the laws covering histrionics weren't quite so stringent.

Ida, though, is the first of the Lupinos to get as far away from Naples as Hollywood, California. Not that she had to make a quick get-away after perpetrating a Shakespearean role, but the picture hamlet seems to be headquarters for large deposits of that folding kind of money which, after all, is legitimate enough excuse for moving most any place.

Or perhaps we'd better start back a few years and find out just how this girl with all the thespian ancestors manages to keep the family tradition intact.

By the time Ida was ten years old she couldn't, for the life of her, add up a single column of figures, nor did she have the foggiest notion of what the chief exports of Canada or England were. But—and everybody's glad of it now—she could recite Shakespeare backwards and forwards and had memorized all the leading feminine roles written by the famous bard.

Her father is Stanley Lupino, internationally famous actor, playwright and comedian, and her mother is Connie Emerald of the Emerald Sisters, European dancing favorites for years. Well, at that time, the Lupinos had a big house in London and the

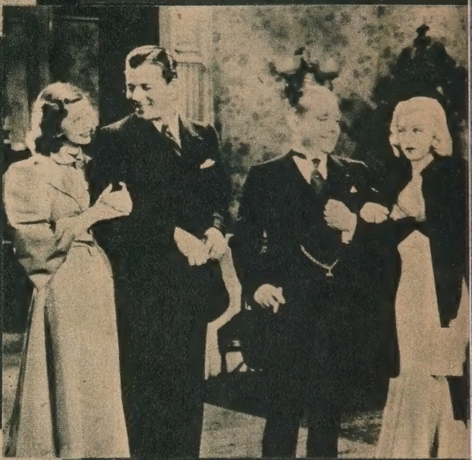
(Continued on page 76)

MODERN MOVIES'

KATHARINE
HEPBURN

GINGER
ROGERS

ADOLPHE
MENJOU



GAIL
PATRICK

SAM
HINDS

AN
RKO
RADIO
PRODUCTION

STAGE DOOR

Terry Randall (Katharine Hepburn) a socialite with stage ambitions, is told by the girls in a boarding club it is impossible to reach producer Anthony Powell (Adolphe Menjou). But Terry crashes him and bawls him out for not recognizing talent. Powell gives Jean (Ginger Rogers), a friend of Terry's, a spot in a night club. Terry's family offers to finance her in a play, hoping it will flop and thus cure her. Powell agrees. On the play's opening night one of the club girls kills herself. Angered that such conditions should exist Terry gives a wonderful performance. But nevertheless feels the stage is not for her. Jean marries Powell and is starred in one of his musicals.

ALI BABA *Goes* TO TOWN

AL BABSON (Eddie Cantor), a tramp, is preparing breakfast, when two bums rob him. Trudging through the sands, he hears yells. A horde of Arabs are bearing down upon him. He is trampled beneath their horses' hoofs. Al comes to in the tent hospital of Excelsior films. He hears the director outline the coming action. He drops off to sleep and dreams he is Ali Baba of the "Arabian Nights." The Sultan is cracking nuts while the harem beauties dance. The Sultan intends to marry the Princess against her wishes. Al is found hiding in a jar. He attacks the Sultan with a dagger. Stabbed in turn, Al remains uninjured, whereupon he is hailed as Ali Baba's son. A hungry mob is at the palace gates. Al suggests the American relief plan. Al heads the New Deal, the Sultana plotting against him. Al establishes a Federal Oriental dancing project. Beset with enemies, Al escapes, dressed as a harem dancer, to the camp of Prince Musah, who is about to attack Bagdad. Al escapes and warns the Sultan. A citizens' army is organized to defend the capital. The commander returns some hours later, asserting the citizens' army has been destroyed in battle. Again the people turn against Al. Al takes flight on a magic carpet and sets fire to the enemies' tents. Al is hailed as a deliverer, as he flies over Bagdad, but his rug is on fire and slowly burning away beneath him. He plunges to earth, and wakes up to find the movie director kicking him.

20th CENTURY FOX

JUNE LANG

EDDIE CANTOR

DOUGLAS DUMBRILL

LOUISE HOVICK

MODERN MOVIES'

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Production

GRETA GARBO

CHARLES BOYER

CONQUEST

THE Emperor Napoleon (Charles Boyer) on a campaign against Russia pauses in Poland. There he is enamoured of Marie (Greta Garbo), wife of Count Walewski. Marie is urged to plead with Napoleon on behalf of Poland's freedom, but Napoleon tells her he wants her love. In anger, Marie departs. Later they are reconciled and Marie deserts her husband for the Emperor. Napoleon divorces Josephine to marry the Austrian princess, Maria Louise (Jean Fenwick), for political reasons. Napoleon again invades Russia, is defeated, and is exiled to the isle of Elba, in the Mediterranean. There Marie joins him with Alexandre (Scotty Beckett), Napoleon's son, of whom he learns for the first time. Their love flames again. Napoleon dispatches Louise to France with secret instructions for restoring him to power. Marie knows that Napoleon must fail in this, but obeys. Wistfully, through tears and rain, she looks back from the ship to the vanishing figure of her lost lover and emperor.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND COMES BACK

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

JOHN BARRYMORE **JOHN HOWARD** **LOUISE CAMPBELL**

BULLDOG DRUMMOND (John Howard) has every reason to look forward to the next few weeks with eager anticipation. He is engaged to the beautiful Phyllis Clavering (Louise Campbell) and it is the eve of their wedding. However, as he relaxes, without an apparent trouble in the world, he receives a summons and is called out upon a strangely mysterious but equally fruitless quest. On his return he is greatly alarmed to find that Phyllis has been kidnapped in his absence. The kidnapper has a fantastically mischievous mind. He has made the whole matter a game, and has purposely left a number of clues. Clues, indeed, are too plentiful. Drummond is informed that there really is no cause for apprehension. If he will but follow the clues Phyllis will be saved. But if he fails, Phyllis will never be heard of again. An old enemy of Drummond's, Irena Soldanis, has kidnapped the girl. Drummond, Tenny (E. E. Clive) and Algy (Reginald Denny) go off on the hunt. They solve and follow every clue and find Phyllis, only to be trapped in the end. But Colonel Neilson (John Barrymore) who has been secretly following and aiding Drummond all the time, rescues them.

Double L
Irish
Whiskey

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE

A Columbia

Production

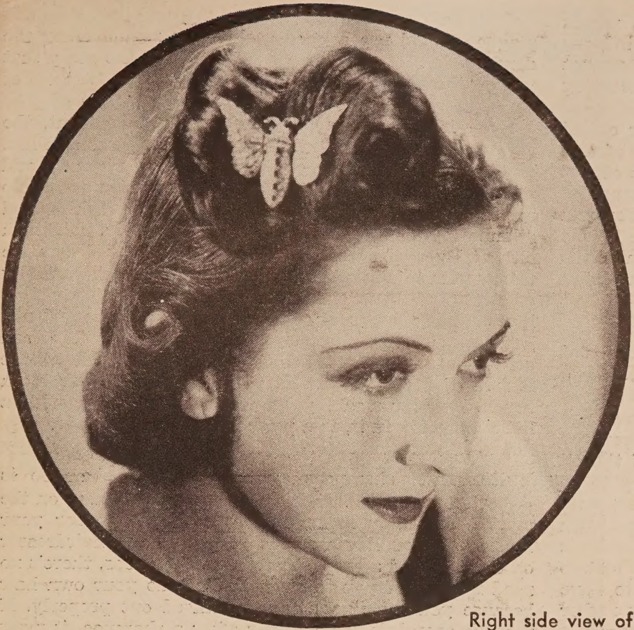
GRACE MOORE

MELVYN DOUGLAS

STUART ERWIN

FERDINAND
GOTTSCHALK

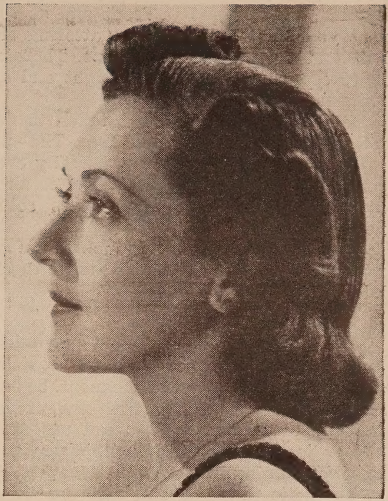
ELSA TERRY (Grace Moore), refuses to fulfill her contract to sing in Buenos Aires. She is "kidnapped" by Jim Guthrie (Melvyn Douglas), being put on a South American instead of a French liner. His purpose is two-fold. He loves her and he represents the opera house management. Discovering his duplicity, Elsa (who in turn loves Jim), is deeply hurt. To prove his sincerity Jim tries to prevent Elsa's singing. He fails, but the two are brought together when Elsa sings "I'll Take Romance."



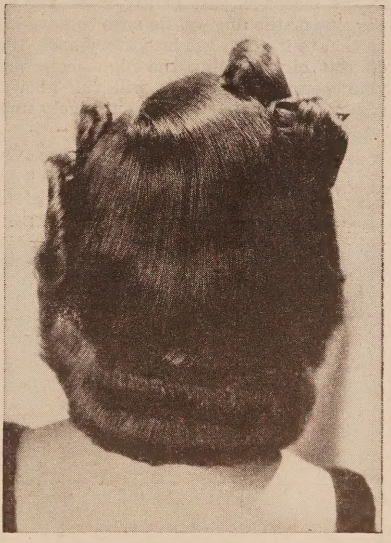
Right side view of June Clayworth's high and low curled coiffure. Note two large curls are rolled away from each other

WHAT *shall I do with my* HAIR?

by JEANETTE



Left side "profile" effect with hair curled away from the face and top curl running along the top of the head



Back view of June's head with the hair brushed smooth and the roll curled under

THERE'S nothing much more flattering than to have your friends look upon you as an oracle—but it gets a bit hectic when they think of you as a sure cure for all their beauty ills. That's my spot! These new hats have everyone I know in a dither and they probably have affected you in a similar way. My phone rings continually with wails that go like this: "Jeanette, have you any Hollywood tips on how to fix hair to go with these crazy new hats?" Or—"Jeanette, what in the world am I going to do about my hair? I look so funny with my old hairdress in these new one-sided hats."

On and on the plaints go, all of them practically alike. So, I resolved to answer all questions collectively here this month. First I want to say not to be alarmed by this first flurry of sweeping brims and exaggerated lines. Just console yourself with memories of the "Eugenie" hat of several years back and know that millinery always takes an early season fling at madness before settling down to nice, wearable top-pieces that are becoming to most of us.

In order to have your hat and your hair in close harmony this season, it is necessary to study the general trend of brim lines. The upward and outward silhouette in hats will stay through the Fall and Winter regardless of what changes come in the trimmings. This flaring line with height in front and at the sides, means that you must have a soft, flattering side cut to your hair and a pretty back neckline. Therefore, the newest hairdresses have both side height and a low, softening hairline at the back.

Hollywood, especially, has taken to the under curled roll of the "Page Boy" hairdress. The variations of this coiffure are many so that practically every type of girl can find a way to arrange her hair in similar manner by merely studying the different stars' coiffures. You will notice that all except one of the attractive heads decorating these pages this month, are a version of the rolled under back curl. I'll take them up in detail later on.

BEFORE trying out any new hair quirks, be sure that your hair is in condition for experimenting. If you are going to have a new permanent, be sure to give yourself a warm oil treatment with a vigorous scalp massage the day or so before. You can use specially prepared oils or just good old olive oil. Warm enough of the oil to give your scalp a good lubricating. Don't try to be so energetic that you rub half the skin off your scalp in the massage, just gently move the scalp about with the tips of the fingers. Be sure to have a certain rythmic motion to it—and get into every spot. It's a good idea to do this oily treating the night before you go to have your permanent or you will run about looking rather straggly and unkempt and extremely unattractive.

You, who suffer from that very persistent dandruff plague, should use a good scalp tonic regularly. If the dandruff is bad and adheres so closely to the scalp that you can't make much of a dent on it, I advise the help of an expert hairdresser.

Even if you aren't going to have a permanent, the above treatments will give your hair new gloss and life. I can't stress too often the importance of vigorous and repeated hair brushing. Many ills of the hair and scalp are indirectly caused by a lack of proper brushing and stimulating of the hair. Don't use a sissy hairbrush either! By a sissy one I mean those pretty decorative things with soft bristles. Paying a good price for a really efficient and beneficial type of brush is money well invested. The best sort of brush is a wooden backed and handled one with firm, deep bristles. Keep this brush scrupulously clean at all times—it is as essential to have it free of dust and dirt as you would have your tooth brush. Regular washings in warm sudsy water with a little ammonia in it, is a perfect habit to cultivate.

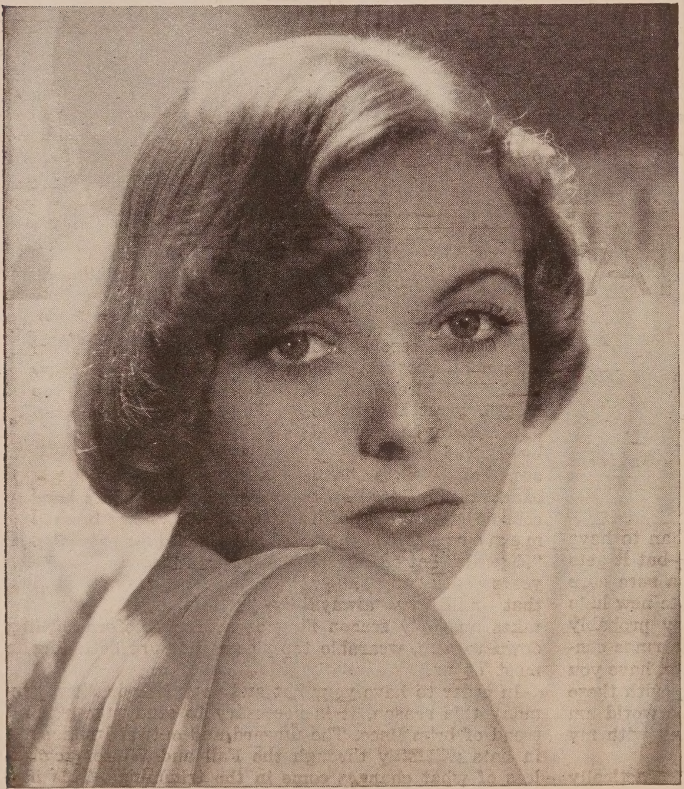
BETWEEN shampoos and sets, a dry shampoo is often very good. There are a number of these on the market and they make an excellent pick-up for your hair when you haven't time to get to the hairdresser on the dot. And a word about home shampoos, there's no need for any of you to say you can't do your own hair because you can't get the soap rinsed out properly. If there is soap left in your hair after a shampoo, it must be because you didn't dissolve the soap properly. If you can buy a good prepared shampoo, do so because they are made with certain ingredients that help the hair greatly.

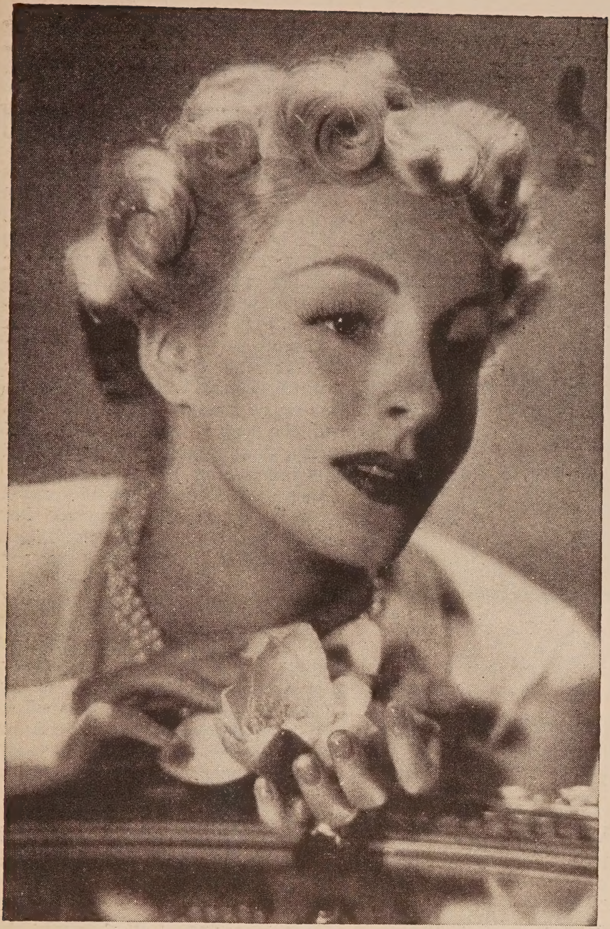
Hair setting lotions are important and most of them are good—but I have found that many of them dull the hair if used exactly as they are bottled. So many are very thick and leave fine dust upon the hair after it has been dried. To counteract this and avoid the dullness this fine dust gives your hair, dilute the thick lotions with water so that the liquid is thin—this will not impair the setting at all. And when you have your hair done in a beauty shop, ask the operator to do the same thing if the lotion seems thick.

With all these advance tips out of my head, let's settle down to the real business of giving you a new coiffure for Fall! If you fancy any of the attractive heads, shown here, just clip the picture and let your favorite hairdresser copy it for you. In general, the average girl or woman looks best with a soft and fairly low arrangement of the hair at back. And this same Mrs. or Miss Average can stand a bit of high curl at the sides or in front. That's why I have chosen June Clayworth's new coiffure as a good pattern for most of you to follow. You don't need to copy it exactly, in fact, individual variations would be best.

Look closely at the three poses. This is not a "trick" hair-do that would be hard to keep, it merely requires a few minutes of anyone's time in rolling the hair under at back and curling it up over the fingers in front. The studio

A becoming arrangement for a young girl with a piquant face like that of Ida Lupino





Orien Heyward's charming hairdress with a very symmetrical arrangement of the ringlets in front

hairdresser decorated June's hair for evening to make a very pretty picture, but for every day, just imagine that jeweled butterfly as missing and picture one of the smart new hats in place of it.

JUNE'S hair has a side part to the left. The hair is cut shorter on the right so that it can easily roll into two large curls. The hair is brushed smooth and straight wherever the hair is not rolled up or under into a curl. In fact, the back presents a shiny, sleek expanse with just the suggestion of a wave at the point where the hair is rolled under. You will notice that the back roll ends rather high on the sides with the tips of the ears showing.

On the left side, the new "profile" effect is very evident in the hair brushed back from the face and curled into two carefully brushed curls. You, who feel that you cannot stand the height of that top curl, as shown in the profile picture, can have it arranged lower on the right side. This will tend to shorten long faces.

In "The Bride Wore Red," Joan Crawford makes a radical hair departure. She wears a severe and classic "Page Boy" effect with all her hair unwaved to the point where the long under curl comes. The hair is brushed away from the brow with a deep side part. It is striking on Joan and in the picture, she uses flowers to decorate her hair in the evening. Don't try this unless you have very even features and a beautiful browline.

Ginger Roger's hair-dos always cause a furore in each new picture she makes. One particularly is different looking and ideally suited to evening use. It requires a pert, young face like Ginger's however. In front, her hair is brushed up into a modern version of a 1900 pompadour. Ringlets are massed on the very top of the head and a slight wave gives the soft front fullness of the pompadour line. The back of Ginger's hair-dress features the smooth roll and under curl. I'm sure no one else has thought of just such a coiffure but I imagine that there will be plenty of demand for it the minute her new picture is released.

The piquant, pointed face of Ida Lupino is attractively outlined with an under curl that goes around the head, ending in a curl at one side of the forehead. Here again, the unwaved top and sides and the smoothly brushed effect are apparent. Notice that Ida parts her hair nearer the center than any of the others.

FOR the rather sophisticated type with uptilted nose, Orien Heyward's charming hairdress in "She Asked For It" is perfect. An upward and away from the face line is stressed both front and back. Ringlets encircle the head from sides to crown, each arranged quite symmetrically. This is one of those hair-dos which requires lots of upkeep but is delightful for you who have the time to fuss with it.

The subject of new and becoming hairdresses is practically inexhaustible but these few will give you a starter on your new one and later on I shall give you more pictures to make changes around!

Just remember two things when changing your coiffure—don't go off the deep end with a radical cut and arrangement that requires constant refixing and don't select a style that isn't suited to your specific type no matter how smart it may be or how many of your friends are doing it.

In most of the fashionable New York beauty shops today, the hairdresser is reluctant to suggest a style of hair-do unless specifically requested. Even then he quietly interposes, "But perhaps Madam knows best the effect she is seeking, the gay, the serious, the demure. I would suggest that Madam tell me . . ."

And that is quite true. With the extension of her activities, woman is becoming more and more markedly individualistic. Each has studied her own personality, each knows what particular personality she is striving to attain.

SHE is not as imitative as formerly. Styles, yes, they must be followed. One does not care to look too different from anyone else. But, as has so often been emphasized in talks and in articles on hairdressing, no woman should be a creature of style. Style should be adapted to her personality, not her personality to style.

Could you imagine Greta Garbo in a boyish bob—even if boyish bobs were still the fashion? And wouldn't it be difficult to picture Kay Francis in girlish ringlets?

Henry Fonda finds a "prop" toy boat on the set and tries it out in a pool of water. It's the boy in all us men!

Claudette Colbert

(Continued from page 30)

energy—which she is often tempted to do. She must guard against colds. However, she can be thankful for her delicate constitution since it was because of a prolonged sinus attack that she went to Dr. Joel Pressman for treatment. And now they are married and right in the act of living happily ever after.

But when Claudette sets her mind to it she can be as athletic as any real American girl I've ever known. When she went to Sun Valley on location for "I Met Him in Paris" the studio arranged to have a double for the ice skating scenes. On days when Claudette was not working she amused herself by going out on the ice for a turn or two. One day the director saw her. He sent the double back on the next train. So the ice skating you saw in the picture was done by Claudette herself. There was nothing tricky about it but it was charming, graceful and expert.

HOWEVER, the most important of Claudette's American characteristics is her honesty. Certainly not even our worst enemies will deny that we Americans are essentially an honest and sincere people. Will Rogers said that America had never lost a war or won a conference, which shows we are too honest for our own good. We have little diplomacy and are completely baffled by double dealing and chicanery. Foreign men are invariably amazed by the honesty of our women. The continental girl deals in coquetry, subtlety and flattery.

Claudette's nature abounds in honesty. I do not mean that she is one of those most objectionable of all social menaces the "brutally frank" type. She will not, for instance, deliberately go up to another woman and say, "For your own good, my dear, I think I should tell you that the hat you are wearing is most unbecoming." But if she is asked for an opinion she will give it whether it pleases the asker or not. She begs for realism on the screen and it actually hurts her to play a scene which she is convinced is not intrinsically honest.

When she was cast as Cigarette in "Under Two Flags" she discovered that she must do a death scene. Cigarette dies in the arms of her lover—in this case Ronald Colman—after having a bullet put through her stomach.

Claudette asked her physician husband how a person dying of a bullet would behave.

Dr. Pressman explained that she would have a great deal of difficulty saying those vital "last words" which scenario writers dote on inventing and that—movies to the contrary—she would breathe her last with her eyes wide open and glassy.

CLAUDETTE asked the director if she might give a realistic death performance for once. But he felt that the open eyes would be too gruesome.

Colbert puzzled over this and at last the solution came to her. She would whisper her lines jerkily so that the audience could not tell whether her eyes were open or not and when she died she would have Colman cover her face with his hand as he drew her to him.

There were no objections from the director and certainly none from Ronald Colman. Just give a male star an opportunity to play a scene with the leading lady's face covered! That's what is known in Hollywood as a break.

But Claudette doesn't mind whether the audience can see her face or not so long as she brings some semblance of reality to her work.

The foreign woman is supposed to be a creature of whims and moods. The American girl has learned from her so recent pioneer ancestors that forthrightness is more effective than feminine wiles. Claudette is not only the same from day to day but from year to year. She grows mentally and spiritually, of course. She was once miserably unhappy in an impossible marriage. Today she is radiantly happy. But this change is caused by outside influences. Claudette does not go through "phases." She does not have obvious "moods." She remains the same.

TO say that she is a bad correspondent is a mis-statement. She just doesn't write letters at all. Yet if you have not seen her for six months—and if you have not seen her for six months you have had no written word from her—when you meet her again you pick up exactly where you left off. It is as if you had been with her yesterday.

How did Claudette become so Americanized, so highly Americanized, in fact, that she is an American type?

Because she loves this country, its people and everything it stands for. And she has taken unto herself the best of our ways and our national characteristics.

What are the outstanding characteristics of the American girl? For what should girls strive if they would be popular, attractive and worthy of this land? The typical American girl:

She is direct and clear thinking.
She is a good sport.

She is unselfish and has as much interest in others as in herself.

She is thorough and conscientious.

She does not trade on her sex attractiveness alone to make men notice her.

She has real dignity.

She is neither coy nor mysterious.

She is honest.

She is—in other words—a real woman.

And all of these things Claudette Colbert is. Claudette speaks French when the occasion demands, but she thinks American.

Hallowe'en La Sullivan

(Continued from page 10)

suggested that supper be served early so that any games or party tricks could be carried out with no time limit of serving to cut them short. Both John and Maureen like the late supper hour of eight or eight thirty so as to enable all their working guests to get there from the studios. She isn't very fond of costume parties—and it doesn't take much guessing why when you figure how much time is spent dressing up during working hours! So the guests come in evening clothes and the only Hallowe'en decorations are on the table in the dining room or for props needed in the games.

For the Hallowe'en supper Maureen suggests the traditional orange and black color scheme in the decorations with all the witches and pumpkins you need to get the effect. She believes that decorations should be completely original with the hostess and depend quite upon the budget limitations. Everything from the five and ten is her idea of an economical party with no lack of trimmings because you can get such a wealth of fascinating gadgets at that low price range.

And the menu she planned is equally as thoughtful of the purse. Here it is:

HALLOWE'EN SUPPER
Baked Ham Sweet Potato Balls
Pineapple Salad
Rolls Doughnuts Coffee
Jack O' Lantern Ice
Cake

In preparing your ham, Maureen suggests a slight variation to the usual procedure which she has found very tasty. When you have the ham ready for baking, just pour a can of beer over it! She guarantees that the results are delicious.

FOR a perfect menu side-kick to baked ham, try Sweet Potato Balls. They're both baked and fried. You make them as follows:

SWEET POTATO BALLS

2 cups hot mashed sweet potatoes
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup flour
4 tablespoons fat, melted

Mix potatoes, salt, paprika and butter. Shape into 8 balls and roll in flour. Melt fat in frying pan. When this is hot add potatoes. Coat well with hot, melted fat. Bake 10 minutes in moderate oven. This amount serves about four people so for a large party you must increase the ingredients accordingly.

Because so many people like the combination of ham and pineapple, Maureen suggests a special pineapple salad for the supper. This salad may be prepared on individual salad plates or it can be made on a large salad platter with an individual portion for each guest prepared and arranged. Each salad consists of a round slice of canned pineapple arranged upon leaves of French endive. In the center of the slice is placed a ball of cottage cheese mixed with chives. And a tart French dressing is poured over each just before serving.

ASSORTED rolls, doughnuts and coffee are placed on the table so that the guests can help themselves. The only part of the supper which is not served in buffet style is the dessert and that is to avoid any possible melting of the ice.

JACK O'LANTERN ICE

12 oranges
2 lemons
1 quart water
2 cups sugar

Add the sugar to the orange and lemon juice and dissolve. Add the water and freeze entire ingredients. Serve the ice in scooped out oranges upon which Jack O'Lantern faces have been lightly cut.

With the ice, Maureen serves a delicious layer cake made with an orange icing, thus achieving an appropriate color scheme for the occasion.

ORANGE LAYER CAKE

1 cup shortening
2 cups sugar

She's Becky Thatcher, heroine of "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," in real life ten-year-old Ann Gillis, who was discovered on a Rudy Vallee radio program

Lynn Carver, on location in the mountains while making "The Bride Wore Red," finds her bed a good place for studying her lines

1 cup milk   3 cups cake flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt   1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon orange extract
Whites of 6 eggs

Cream the shortening and add the sugar gradually. Sift the flour two or three times with baking powder and salt. Add alternately with milk beating after each addition. Add flavoring and beat for five minutes. Beat whites of eggs stiff and fold in. Bake in three layers about thirty-five minutes in a modern oven (375 F.)

To make the orange frosting add 1 tablespoon of grated orange rind and ½ teaspoon of grated lemon rind to 4 tablespoons of orange juice and 2 teaspoons lemon juice; let stand ten minutes. Cream 3 tablespoons of butter, with 1 unbeaten egg yolk, ⅛ teaspoon of salt and mix. Using 3 cups of sifted confectioners' sugar, add part of sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Add remaining sugar, alternately with fruit juice, until right consistency to spread. Beat after each addition until smooth.

"Love Me"

(Continued from page 42)

"Hello," said Bergson, "we didn't expect you so soon!"

"I thought you were in a hurry. My contract starts today," stated Nick wonderingly.

"Sure—but you don't start work for a week. Better get settled and come in to see me when you call for your check next Wednesday."

"You mean I get paid a week without working?" asked Nick.

"Oh well, you can whistle tunes if you want to," said Bergson. "My advice is to go take a swim."

A week's salary that was nearly as much as he'd once earned in a year—and for no work at all! Nick departed in a glow of delight. Hollywood was a swell place. He knew almost no one, but he liked everyone in it. He got beautifully, gloriously, hilariously tight.

It was not a long jump from that to a mood of mellow sentiment—not for a song-writer—and when he saw the name of Christina Lorre in lights over Grauman's Chinese, he had to go in. The premiere of her new picture had taken place the night before with the lovely Lorre herself present in the midst of floodlights and glory. He had missed that. Too bad, too bad. Well, maybe not. Still, if he had known, he might have made it. Christina Lorre—Ruthie—He listened to the husky voice from the screen, he felt it as it wound its way into aching, poignant little corners of his heart. This second picture was better than her first.

A new make-up made her features softer, gentler. And in the picture, she was charming, she was kind, she was enchanting. At last, she was the Christina Lorre that he had dreamed Ruthie would be. Sure, that was it, she'd had time to get her balance. Ruthie always had the right stuff in her. He'd said that. Pride and a nostalgic loyalty, not unmixed with rye highballs, ran through his veins.

"You poor fish," he interrupted his own sentimental reverie, "it's just the picture." And yet—she played it awfully well, there seemed to be sincerity behind the way she said things, the kind that comes from knowing. Ruthie was on top of the world all right! He expanded watching her. What the devil? So was *he!* They both were there—right where they'd planned to be. One picture with his music and he'd be made, too. The music was mostly done. He knew how good it was.

He went to the Trocadero and sat and watched the celebrities come in and added a couple more highballs to his evening's supply. He asked the major domo if Christina Lorre was there.

"No," said that man who keeps track of everything and everyone, "she's working on a picture now. She won't be playing nights until it's done."

The orchestra played "Love Me." Nick sat and chuckled to himself. They didn't know he was the guy who wrote it. It wouldn't be long until they knew. Then they'd play it when he came in, the way they played special tunes when different stars and well-knowns entered. Suppose Ruthie came in and saw him sitting there. She'd be surprised! It was her music too. She ought to be with him! She didn't even know he was in town. They were both sitting on top of the world—*both* of them. He could talk to her now. She wouldn't have been there if it hadn't been for him. Aw, he wouldn't be mean. He wouldn't remind her. When you're on top, you get a perspective. He felt powerful and generous and full of joy! He took another drink. He'd call her up.

He chortled to himself. Funny guy. He knew he'd been working up to that all evening. Well, Ellen had told him to be sure and see Christina when he got there. Ellen. Swell egg, Ellen. Not exciting like Ruthie — er, Christina — but one grand girl you could count on. Queer the way she'd kept on saying "See Christina, Nick." Sure, he'd call her up. Why not? After all—His eyes took in the bright gaiety of the room. No one called her Ruthie out here—no one except himself. It set the two of them apart.

This was her world now—and it was his. Hers and his. Theirs—the two of them. The music played a reprise of the chorus of "Love Me." Gosh, but he was happy! He finished his drink in one long swallow and looked at the little book he carried in his inside pocket. It had the number in it he'd got when he talked to her six months ago from home. Home? He laughed. This was home now — the top of the world was home!

He went to a telephone booth. He grinned as he called the number. Funny the way an old feeling sort of hung around in you. He took a breath and waited. Of course, she'd be glad to know he was here—an old friend. He grinned again—well, call it that! He should have called her before.

It was nearly two in the morning when the phone on the night table by Christina's bed rang lustily. She'd forgotten to switch it off. Nick heard a low indefinite sound at the other end of the wire.

"H'lo, Ruthie," he chirped, "this is Nick."

"Who?" she asked dimly.

"Nick!" he gurgled. "S'prised, aren't you, baby?"

"Nick—for gosh sake, where'd you come from?" Her voice was heavy with sleep.

"I'm in Hollywood—swell place—good old Wallyhood—I mean Woollygod — uh, Gollywood!" he cheered happily.

"You squiffy idiot!" snorted Christina Lorre. In the old days she would have called him a drunken bum and invited him up. But no longer. "Don't you know I'm working on a picture and I have to be up early in the morning? What do you mean calling me this time of night just because you're out here on a spree?" This was not the gentle voice he'd heard from the screen that evening, but it had a note that he remembered.

"I'm here," he announced with dignity, "I'm here on a job—a very good job, and I'm going to do the new music for Marmon-Mayer's film version of a show which you just possibly may recall—"

"Nick, *dar-ling!*" Her contralto notes wakened and cleared with the news. "Why didn't you tell me? I was so sleepy I didn't realize—I've practically been talking in my sleep. Do tell me all about it!"

"I'm here," said Nick simply.

"Nicky, I'm so glad." The Lorre voice took on an intimate, confidential quality. "They've just arranged to borrow *me* for that picture, too, and that means we'll do lots of lovely nice new songs together!—You'll write some beauties for me, won't you, Nicky dear?"

"Yeah," he said, "they're written now."

"Swee-eet!" The word came on two murmurous grace notes. "Come out to dinner tomorrow night and bring them with you. Not tonight—tomorrow — it'll be Sunday and I won't be working. I'm dying to see you, Nick. It's just like old times again, isn't it?"

These were the words he'd been waiting for, and now they'd come. In exactly the right tone too.

"Uh-huh," said Nick, "it is. Just like old times. Uh-huh, you're right!" And suddenly he found he wasn't tight at all. He was cold sober. "They're good tunes because I wrote 'em on a little green piano—and I've something else to tell you, too, Ruthie—er, Christina." His own speech took on a confiding certainty, a great delight. "I'm going to be married, Ruthie—I want to be married right away—"

"My dear—?" The low notes asked alluringly.

"—just as soon as Ellen can give up her job and get out here," Nick added; "that is, if I can make her come. I need her pretty bad. She's lovely, Ruthie—she's got the most honest voice in the world and the most beautiful eyebrows God ever put on a girl, and—"

There was a click in his ear. He stood looking at the phone for a second. Then he called New York and a Chelsea number. What if it was five A. M., Eastern Standard Time? Ellen wouldn't care. Ellen would understand. She always did.

What Hollywood Actresses Can Teach Other Women

(Continued from page 33)

They simply don't wonder how to make an elegant cat's-paw out of a prospective date. Instead, they realize their luck was very largely in their very own hands.

"If they seem to be more ravishing, it's just due to their having gone to the trouble of doping out their assets and then playing them up. I used to believe looks were something a woman had or didn't have. But after a spell in Hollywood I've picked up the pointer that beauty's tied up with a clock. Being devoted to a grooming schedule is the secret of those apparently superior blessings.

"The girls who play leads here get up at six-thirty every morning they're on a picture, so they can spend an hour putting on the most flattering make-up. Another half-hour or so goes into coaxing each strand of hair into its precise place. Once they're ready to begin work they are in for a stretch as long and far more trying than that of an office employee. Yet they have painstakingly created their illusion of perfection before their regular routine of the day has commenced.

"Between acting jobs I've noticed that these actresses are as busy as though they were reporting on the set. There are story conferences, fittings, interviews. Dozens of ordinary and extraordinary affairs to be attended to. But they must manage to squeeze in doses of exercise and rest to carry them through when they start their next strenuous production program.

"I think it's far more difficult for them to stick to beauty-maintaining plans, too, for they're tempted by invitations to cafes and homes where the banqueting is marvelous, and where they'll be the center of attention if they'll linger on as the belle of the ball. Sticking to a strict diet and going to bed early isn't any more fun for them than it is for the average girl.

"It isn't vanity prompting them to be conscientious, either. I've met a number of actresses who frankly wished they could take it easy. But they'd gathered, before they'd done any noticeable climbing, that they had to pay this price for enviable results.

"They are never slap-dash about their appearance," Spencer emphasized. "They've a reputation to uphold and so it's become an ingrained habit to be thoroughly presentable for every occasion. If you had to be on a pedestal, you'd be in apple-pie order, too. It's natural, and no miracle, that they're exceptionally appealing to men.

"I made a major find in regard to their intelligence, also. Actresses are forced to be bright! They may not be brain wonders when they are starting here, but eventually they're away above par. Again because they have to be. People are familiar only with their best side, and consequently expect so much more from them. These Hollywood ladies are well aware that when they fail to click well they'll be publicly as well as privately panned.

"And then they usually have more situations to combat in a single day than many women have in an entire year. Their decisions must be snappy because they've no time to waste, and because people are spontaneous towards them. There's nothing like having to be perpetually cordial and infallible to sharpen the wits!

"The actresses I've been teamed with not only keep more fit, both physically and mentally, but they're business women to boot. A career is part ability and part foresight. You may be an acting genius and flop if you don't sensibly promote your interests.

"I'd heard that they were liable to be hard-boiled, from fighting for their opportunities. But I hadn't stopped to realize that they must retain their sweetness or they'd have no cause to be clever.

"I've never run up against that rumored selfishness. I guess they become tolerant, and swell sports, by being so active. You can't get into a rut if you're always mixing, cooperating. And when you delve into the motives of others, whether it's so as to portray your roles with a degree of realism or just because you're pretty genuine, you're bound to become more fair.

"To be fascinating I insist you have to possess understanding. Also, I'm convinced that you have to keep the spark of adventure glowing in your heart."

Spencer, who'd been talking so steadily and straight-from-the-shoulder, paused to investigate the luncheon that had grown cold before us. He gulped his coffee appreciatively, and waved his arm to indicate the illustrious, competent beauties within sight.

"Would Luise Rainer be the excellent performer she is today, capable of earning so fine a salary, if she hadn't dreamed of being more than commonplace? Joan Crawford would still be clerking in a Mid-West department store if she hadn't yearned to be glamorous herself, and if she hadn't studied the methods of glamorous women. That's what strikes me the strongest—they've all dared to utilize their potentialities. They've ventured forth to battle the unknown, and I'll bet darned few of them actually hoped they could attain their present spots. Yet they refused to be beaten, to remain in the humdrum mold!

"Men can get by on their acting alone, since talkies. Thank heaven for that, or where'd I be? But in Hollywood it's now twice as tough for a woman. She has to polish what talent she has and still she must count heavily on her appearance. You've no idea how joyful I am that I don't have to plug at looking delightful!

"Furthermore, these women have to become amazing diplomats. They must be bewitching and yet be tactfully impersonal—although downright ambitious. Whew! I'm stunned at their problems!"

At this point I asked the quite warmed-up actor about Hollywood actresses and love.

"Ah, no you don't!" he shot at me, with a grimace. "I've confessed that experience has taught me that the everyday girl needs only to work as hard as these gals to become Somebody, too. But I'm married, remember, so definitely I'm no authority for any of your romantic researching!"

A Director Tells on Carole

(Continued from page 53)

girl's personality. Then, when she became sufficiently saturated with it, she turned it on in front of the camera. And how she turned it on! It made one of the most crackerjack comedies ever produced.

"Another heart-warming thing about Carole is her peculiar capacity for bringing out the other players. By that I mean she has an uncanny knack of putting another player at his ease, and for bringing the latent abilities to the surface.

"That's just what happened between her and Fred MacMurray in 'Swing High, Swing Low.' Now Fred is a fine, natural actor. However, because of the fact that he's apparently such a slow, easy going sort of fellow, his powerful emotional possibilities had never been fully realized. It took Carole to help us bring this out. She fairly goaded it out of him. So instead of having Carole carry all the emotion as we had intended, we were able to let Fred handle more of it than he ever had before.

"Carole is a terrible tease, and one of the main things that did the trick was the way she kept at Fred all through the picture. And that silly little 'tee-hee' of hers, — well, even Ned Sparks couldn't stand up under it."

"And is all this funny stuff indicative of her actual personality?" I inquired.

"It is not. It's indicative of part of her personality, yes, but certainly not the whole of it. Underneath, Carole is one of the most intelligent, level-headed women in Hollywood. She's a fine little artist, and she doesn't let her fun interfere with her work. And, incidently, she falls in very well with my type of direction.

"'My type of direction,' in case you're interested, is just this: I work under the theory that you can get more out of a scene by directing its dramatic undercurrent only, and not every gesture and motion of the players.

"MOST of the really amusing little touches ever filmed were not written in the script. They were something which originated, spontaneously, from within one or more of the players while the scene was being recorded.

"If a director over-directs, if he tries to tell a player every little thing to do, then these outcroppings are inhibited.

"Of course, some players need to be told. They want everything laid out for them, cut and dried. And if the scene doesn't progress in just that same manner they'll ruin the take by throwing up their hands and asking to start all over again.

"Not so with Carole. She senses very quickly exactly what sort of an undercurrent I want in a scene, and she possesses the initiative and originality to add her own frills. Almost no matter what happens during a shot, she'll keep right on babbling and doing things until I say 'cut.'"

Here, I thought was the right moment to ask a more intimate question. "What sort of person is Carole outside of her studio capers?" I inquired.

"Democratic," he answered decisively. "She has an attitude of kinship toward people that is distinctly felt by those with whom she comes in contact. In fact, I think it is even sensed a bit by motion picture audiences.

"Whether on or off the set, she has no illusions of grandeur. She hasn't that air of breathless excitement and self-importance like many of the players have, especially the newer ones. She merely realizes that she happens to be in a lucky spot, and she tries to make the most of it.

"ONE of her main attributes that is admired by the men who know her is her sense of fair play. She deals with you right out in the open, and the petty caprices and subterfuges that are sometimes considered feminine prerogatives are not a part of her."

"You and she get along quite well together, don't you?" I ventured.

"Yes, we do." His eyes were twinkling. "But it hasn't always been that way.

"You see, at one time Carole was quite fond of—what shall we say,—playing? She just wouldn't take her work seriously enough. She seemed to think that life was all fun, and that it was quite silly to bother applying oneself if it could be avoided.

"It was for precisely this reason that she was released from the cast of the De Mille picture, 'Dynamite.' I was assistant director to De Mille at the time, and was exasperated with Carole to the point where I took it upon myself to bawl her out.

"She just sat with a slightly amazed look on her face and listened. I expected any minute she'd throw something at me. But she merely thanked me, and walked away. From that day on we've been friends.

"PROBABLY one of the main reasons for our remaining friends—for our being able to work so well together—, is that our temperaments are so nearly alike."

That last statement means much; Hollywood rumor has it that here is another star-director combination, like the famous Dietrich-Von Sternberg pact, heading for the limelight.

Certainly there is compatibility, and a grand sense of humor between them. Those who delve into the mysteries of astrology nod their heads knowingly when they discover that Mitchell Leisen and Carole Lombard were both born on the same date, October 6th. It has been observed, too, how, when working together, they confer in her dressing room on the script, costume details, and the smallest technicalities.

Leisen told me that it is amazing how closely their viewpoints coincide. When Carole and he are handed separate copies of the same script, their corrections turn out to be practically identical.

"Tell me," I asked as I rose to leave, "do you think Carole is as feminine as most women?"

"Well, she collects perfume by the shelf-full. She's as tender as a mother when someone is hurt. She loves soft, clinging gowns. And she's positively terrified by mice. But when she's dealing with a man's world, she plays the game a man's way. She's always adaptable."

At the door I paused. "Oh, by the way," I said, turning, "I understand that, in order to better acclimate herself to her surroundings, Miss Lombard invents cute little names for the people and other things in her immediate vicinity."

"Oh, you mean *that!* Yes, she calls me 'Pappy,'" he said, grinning.

THE END

Betty Grable, "Jackie Coogan's girl," demonstrates—if unintentionally—silk stockings to the best advantage. Betty, Paramount starlet, is going places in pictures

Robert Taylor

(Continued from page 37)

in fact Bob was rumored as romancing with every girl, unmarried, on the M-G-M lot.

Not only were the youngsters casting covetous glances in Bob's direction but older, more sophisticated women were surrounding him until Bob cried out—the usual Hollywood complaint—"Can't a guy date a girl for one night without everybody in the country saying it's the real stuff? Please, please," he begged interviewers and reporters, "no more romance stories."

I met Bob just about that time and I have never seen a more miserable young man in my life. He was then—and still is—a thoroughly nice lad. He realized he should have been happy over his tremendous success. He wasn't. And he didn't know why.

It had come too fast. Heaven knows he had wanted to be a star—a second Gable, Montgomery, Powell. But he didn't know stardom would bring such confusion. Everyone was saying to him, "Well, Bob, you're the luckiest man in the world." He was reading that in magazines and newspapers. And Bob was saying, "Sure, it's great. Gee, I'm lucky." He was trying desperately hard to believe it. He was fascinated by his actual job—the work on the set. But this—this fame, this adulation, all this hectic glory. Oh, how could you expect a regular boy from Nebraska to cope with it all? Just put yourself in his place.

Then came the solution. It came in the person of wise, kind, beautiful-souled Barbara Stanwyck.

When it first got noised around—and everything Bob Taylor does gets noised around immediately—that Bob and Barbara were seeing each other to the exclusion of everyone else the gossips said, "What do they see in each other?"

Yet anyone with the least bit of understanding would have known why. Here was Barbara stinging from the hurt of her divorce from Frank Fay. Here was Barbara, a kid who, as a child, had known poverty, hard knocks, and had risen from them all as a magnificent woman with kindness, generosity and loyalty.

She was a "regular fellow" instead of one of the mysterious, sultry heroines who cast longing eyes at Bob. Why should he pick her out of the hundreds of women in Hollywood who wanted him?

Why Bob wanted to be with Barbara was plain, too. He was confused. Barbara had known confusion and had risen above it. He was a little bitter. Barbara had known bitterness and had turned it into beauty of soul. Barbara would not gobble him up and use him as a spring board for publicity as some of the others had done. Barbara was a protection for Bob.

Mind you, Bob never put these thoughts into words. Consciously, I'm sure, he never even had such thoughts. He believed that the reason he wanted to go around with Barbara was because she was so real and he could have such genuine fun with her.

For all its glamorous exploitation it was a pitiful little romance—a sort of affair of convenience, Barbara who had been lost and was seeking her way back and Bob with one foot on the dark road of emotional destruction. It was right and fitting that these two find each other. And if it could have remained just that way it would have been grand.

Bob and Barbara liked the same things. Bob is essentially a lad of simple tastes—that's the way he was brought up. And Barbara's childhood was too realistic for her ever to be fooled by the nonessentials of life. Together they hiked through the burnt Hollywood hills in their oldest clothes and forgot that theirs was the most publicized romance of this film generation. Together they found a few friends with whom they could laugh and play with simplicity. It was almost as if Bob were back home in that little Nebraska town.

Almost—but not quite.

In the first days of the Bob-Barbara romance they were photographed wherever they appeared and all their dates were reported. But it went on too long. Why, pretty soon the fans would think he was a dull young man who just liked one girl! It was high time, people said, for Bob to get another romance.

But—and this is the most difficult of all. It had begun as a gay companionship—two nice people, both of them overloaded with problems, finding each other in their mutual need. It would have been grand had it been kept so. If Barbara has even admitted to herself she is in love with Bob, I'll be surprised. She realizes that eventually Bob may marry some eager, fresh young girl.

Mrs. Brugh—Bob's mother—has said only the nicest things about Barbara always. Once, for publication, she described the type of girl she hoped Bob would marry. Barbara did not fit into that picture.

Bob loves Barbara I'm sure as much as it is possible for a boy as young and as confused as he is now to love anybody. Bob has not found himself. And remember that a great many factors are at war within him. How is a kid who still has the problem of perfecting his job—for the studio isn't paying him to solve his emotional problems but to be a good actor—able to cope with so much?

In Hollywood it is all so close. He hears the situation discussed. He knows he is displeasing many people. He sits on top of the volcano waiting for it to explode. In Hollywood it seems to be the most important matter in the world—for Hollywood takes its own affairs more seriously than the affairs of the nation.

The solution? I'm sure Bob has wondered how and where it will end. I'm sure he has wished to have some opportunity to get some perspective on himself, his future, his young soul.

And then, as a gift from heaven comes his assignment to make "A Yank in Oxford" in England. England — six thousand miles from Hollywood. English people — who neither know nor care about all this. England—a country of stability, background, tradition. And Bob jumped at the chance to have the peace England will surely bring.

It is my prophecy that Bob will come back, sure and clear in his thinking. How he will solve this problem I would not hazard a guess but I believe he will have an answer to it.

For Bob's sake—and yes, for Barbara's—I'm glad he went to England.

The Lady Named Lupino

(Continued from page 57)

house had a large garden, so what could be a more natural procedure than for Stanley to build a small but fully equipped stage at the far end of the garden for the various Lupinos to fool around with. Mailman-on-his-day-off idea.

And it was here, on a home-made stage, that Ida and her younger sister, Rita, received their earliest training, critically supervised by whole flocks and bevies of Lupino aunts and uncles and cousins. While the rest of the kids in England were perfecting their spelling and geography, Ida and Rita were committing to memory the lines and action of Portia and Rosalind with sundry grown up Lupinos in the supporting cast.

When Ida was nearly fifteen her second cousin, Lupino Lane, one of the finest acrobatic comedians in the world, took counsel with her, suggesting that she go out to British International Studios and get into pictures. "Very simple work, that," he pointed out. "Especially for a Lupino."

So out to International she went and was among a hundred-some-odd girls who were applying for work in the picture, "Her First Affair," which Allen Dwan was directing for the British. Whether Dwan was merely gambling on the old Lupino precedent or whether he was struck by her particular type is not known. However, he cast Ida in the leading role and, after the picture was released, grabbed off quite a few laurels for discovering a new star.

Ida's next picture was opposite Cyril McLaglen in "Money For Speed," and then she appeared with Ivor Novello in "I Lived With You." After which she was cast opposite Carl Brisson, who has since made several American films, in "Prince of Arcadia," and still later with Henry Kendall in "The Ghost Camera." Which all adds up to quite a bit of leading-lady experience for a girl still in her middle teens.

But it was "Money for Speed" that was the real cause for Ida brushing up on the old Lupino knack of hurried emigration. Paramount was scheduled to make "Alice in Wonderland" and were casting about desperately for someone to play the role of Alice. Well, they casted and they casted and finally they casted upon Ida Lupino whom someone had seen in that British film. So cables were exchanged and Ida grabbed up her passport, which had only been gathering dust anyway, and dashed off to Hollywood.

Now it must be remembered that Ida had never done anything but the most serious sort of drama in all her young life. Even as a child she had never been allowed to give out with any of that elocutionary prattle or poetry recitals that characterizes the early training of most juvenile thespians. So when Paramount made a test of her as Alice in Wonderland she was completely lost. Why, this was strictly a kid's role and she was an actress who had played Camille, Marguerite and any number of other ladies who have suffered with dramatic intensity down through the theatrical years.

(Continued on page 78)

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The Lady Named Lupino

(Continued from page 76)

She balked.

Paramount took a look at the test and said they didn't blame her. So next they tried to make a light comedienne out of Ida. As long as they had already signed her to a long term contract they figured she might as well earn her keep. The picture they picked for her was "Search for Beauty," which turned out to be one of those things and the next one was something called "Come On, Marines." This all took place 'way back in 1933. Which is a good thing.

Ida balked again, only this time louder and more to the point and said if they couldn't find a part for her that had a little acting in it she'd break her darned contract and go home. That last threat seems to have done the work because, as yet, she hasn't found it necessary to make use of her passport and seems, on the whole, to be fairly quiet and tractable. If a Lupino can ever be said to be tractable. More recently you've seen her in such class "A" pictures as "Ready for Love," "Paris in Spring," "Smart Girl," "Peter Ibbetson," "Anything Goes," "One Rainy Afternoon," "Yours for the Asking," and "The Gay Desperado."

To avoid the use of too many superlatives (which seems to be a common ailment with most of us reporters) I'll merely mention that Ida Lupino is highly ornamental, in a blonde sort of way, and that her eyes are of that particular shade of blue that would make Maxfield Parrish wonder if, after all, he'd really had the right idea. She's tallish and thinnish, standing five feet six and weighing but 105 pounds.

She plays golf in the middle eighties and covers a tennis court like a whirling dervish, and in a swimming pool she can make a seal know he's been in a race. Yet somehow, through some black magic of the Lupinos, no doubt, she manages to remain positively willowy . . . with nary a bulging muscle.

She speaks Italian, naturally, but prefers French, has a lovely voice but gets more fun out of playing the piano, has gobs of smart clothes but has to be shamed out of wearing an old pair of slacks.

Ramon Novarro

(Continued from page 49)

sparkling reminiscently, " 'the oasis.' Even in so great a film as 'Beau Geste' the effect was attempted by sticking up a handful of palms in waste sand. But that is not an oasis."

Novarro has turned again to a sheik picture because he believes that his flair for romance which never failed him with his old public would stand him in good stead again. He doesn't put it quite that way, for the man is extremely modest as to his own achievements, but one, nevertheless, senses the argument of the producer in the background. Still Novarro does not underestimate himself and there is evident conviction in his assurance that he believes in himself, whether he succeeds or whether he fails.

In London he had an opportunity to put this philosophy to the severest test. He had been persuaded to make his appearance in a stage play, and had no reason to suspect that a most unfortunate incident was to occur on the opening night. Somewhere from the depths of the gallery a voice shouted, "Ah, go back to Hollywood." Ordinarily such a demonstration would have passed with but slight attention, but something in the heckler's voice moved the audi-

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ence to laughter, dramatic critics played up the incident, and Novarro, facing an unaccountable hostility new to him, doggedly stuck out the two weeks that the show had planned to run.

After that, he went to Hungary under contract for a concert performance. But ill luck pursued him. The manager of the concert had gone into bankruptcy; Novarro's ready money was tied up in a London bank and Sunday was followed by one of Britain's traditional bank holidays. To tide him over in this totally unexpected emergency, Novarro wired friends for funds. Continental newspapers came out with the "news," that Novarro was "stranded in Europe—broke." Novarro has never been broke. Despite the care with which he always provided for his family, he himself had always lived simply.

Again his new philosophy stood by him. He returned to London, and this time was welcomed by its theatre-goers. "I had to come back," says Ramon. "I didn't care whether others thought I was licked; I had to care, though, what I thought about myself."

(Continued on page 80)

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—SEE PAGE 14

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(Continued from page 79)

His world tours have left him singularly refreshed, in mind as well as in body. He is particularly eager and enthusiastic about everything he does. As for the screen, he steps before the lights with much the same feeling as though he had left them only yesterday. He has enjoyed thoroughly making "The Sheik Steps Out."

Novarro's singing voice should prove of special value in screen productions today. The radio and musical films have made the public thoroughly music conscious. Advantage is taken of this fact by the scenarists of his new picture. The voice lifted in song has always appealed to the romantic, and Ramon, the Sheik, favors his audience with just this sort of entertainment. Not many songs, only two or three, just enough to make one wish for more.

No career of the screen probably has been so long distinguished as Novarro's. Away back in 1922 he starred in "The Prisoner of Zenda," with the beautiful and unfortunate Barbara La Marr. He made "Ben Hur" twice, the second time with sound. He starred in "Mata Hari," opposite Greta Garbo, in 1933.

Followed "The Student Prince," "The Road to Romance," "Forbidden Hours," "The Flying Fleet," "The Pagan," "Devil May Care," "In Gay Madrid," "Mata-Hari," "The Barbarian," "The Night Is Young." And there were many others.

But Novarro is not asking the public to receive him on his past laurels. He is eager to carve out a new career, based on his achievements of today, *now.*

Somehow as I look back on the Novarro I knew ten years ago—diffident, shy—and then consider the new Novarro, still modest, but quite confident—I find myself exploring the future. Perhaps the golden days of "Ben Hur" will never return, but I feel certain that Novarro's name will once more ring with acclaim. What would not many another man give to bring to a second trial for success the experience, the talents and the youth that are still Novarro's?

The Fire That Made Chicago Famous

(Continued from page 55)

let out a yell of triumph.

"Hold!" He walked over to the wagon and inspected it. Just as his lieutenants were clumping into his office to tell him of their fruitless search, King greeted them. "Boys," he said, pointing out of the window and across the lot, "there she stands—a few miles out of Hollywood."

The Chicago fire was one of the most dramatic events in American history. And the filming of that great catastrophe has its modern dramatic counterparts, too.

Director King discovered endless house furnishings—drapes, chairs, bric-a-brac, statuettes, rugs—in a Los Angeles warehouse. The effects were all of the eighteen seventy period, and were eminently suited to the director's property needs.

"In Old Chicago" will represent Darryl Zanuck's most ambitious film production to date. Writers have worked on the script for over a year. The research department has been consulting libraries, museums, original sources, books for the same length of time. Carpenters and architects have spent three months in rebuilding that section of Chicago which was swept by the devastating fire.

Yet, when the actual burning sequences appear on the screen, the audience will have but ten or fifteen minutes of it. Director King will film the entire sequence in two hours' time or less. An aggregate three years' of work will go up in smoke in a few minutes.

And lest Chicagoans who remember the fire, and there are many still living yet, question the authenticity of "In Old Chicago" in spite of the herculean attempts to recreate the times, Director King set aside a generous budget for detailed research work. He even added an eyewitness to the happenings. Of course he discovered him near Hollywood, too, living in Los Angeles.

SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD PUZZLE on page 14

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George Murphy Goes Straight

(Continued from page 31)

Those who do will have to plug up their pigeon-hole where Murphy is typed. He is too big for that.

Hollywood has a peculiar, forgetful habit of signing up some celebrity from the Broadway or European stage, transporting him to Hollywood, and then either ignoring or transplanting him to some foreign field of entertainment.

That's what happened to George Murphy. Known and idolized as Broadway's greatest dancer, he was snatched up by movie makers with all the speed of a landlady grabbing the rent. He had made a bull's-eye hit as the dancing lead in "Hold Everything," "Shoot the Works," "Here Goes the Bride," "Of Thee I Sing," and "Roberta." Then before these Broadway successes, he and his wife, Juliette Johnson, had ballroom-danced in the better night clubs of New York, London, and Paris.

George came to Hollywood all excited about this land of promises, and he stayed there playing straight roles (he had never played one on the stage) for two years before anyone in town knew he was a dancer!

He nearly had to commit larceny to get to dance in "Top of the Town." If he didn't go quite that far, he certainly committed grand larceny when it came to stealing the show. His acting, singing, and that dance with little Peggy Ryan were nothing less than personally appropriated in his name.

His fan mail is split as definitely as culottes. Some of his fans want to see him dance and sing in his next picture, while others liked him better in his early straight roles, and beg for more of them. He did a grand job of all three in "Broadway Melody," and after Mr. and Mrs. M. Fan see him in that, and in "Umbrella Man," to be released soon.

He comes by sports naturally, being the son of Michael Charles Murphy, famous Olympic coach, and one-time coach at Pennsylvania University. As a youngster, George's athletic training was as regular as his meals. That made him a crack track man at Yale, besides putting him in the front ranks as a baseball and basketball player. His great ambition was to be a big-time pitcher, but he got stymied into an engineering course. Professional dancing didn't get a thought until later when he met the clever dancing lady who is now Mrs. George Murphy.

He likes to dance better for the screen than the stage, because the space is so unlimited, and changing backgrounds keep it fresh.

June Lang

(Continued from page 43)

feminine role. Currently she is playing the role of a Sultan's daughter in Eddie Cantor's "Ali Baba Goes To Town."

To the end of her life June will remember that year after she was let out of Fox. She thinks it was unfair and from here on she speaks:

"It was unfair because I hadn't been prepared for it. I suppose that seems like a weak excuse, but not when you know Hollywood. Out here you have to make and maintain friendships with outside people against the time when your own studio doesn't need you any more.

"I had been led to believe that I was being groomed for important roles and I planned progressively. Every morning at nine I appeared at the studio to attend the dramatic school, and every afternoon I posed for 'still' pictures. So when the notice that my option had expired was given me I was totally unprepared. I hadn't any outside friends, no place to go. I tried to be sensible about it, realizing that five years doing nothing but posing for

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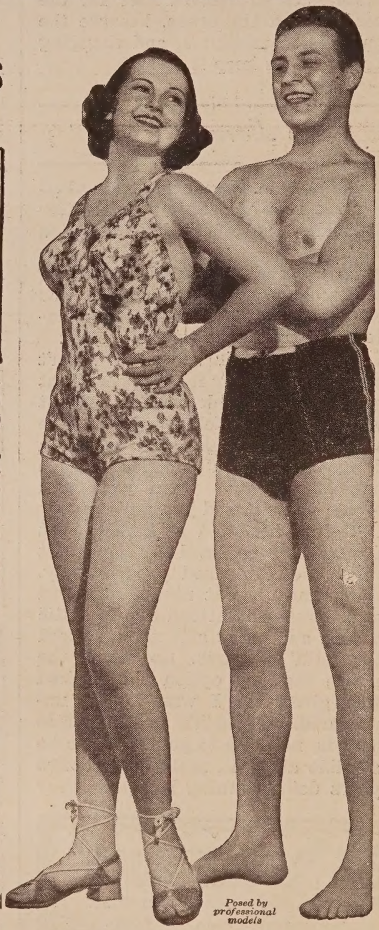

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'stills' wasn't much of a recommendation. So I decided to give myself exactly a year. If, in that time, I didn't make good, I was prepared to abandon all thoughts of a career and devote myself to anything which presented itself.

"There was very little promise in that year. I made the usual rounds of the studios and discovered that I was virtually unknown and the answer to my statement that I was five years at Fox brought the invariable reply, 'What pictures did you make?'

"I couldn't tell them that most of my time had been spent in going to school and in posing for rotogravure sections and expect much consideration, so I ended up very dismally.

"Luckily I had saved some money and since my mother and father were with me I never faced the prospect of starving.

"In a sense I am glad I had that bad year. Without it I shouldn't have appreciated the difficulties attending a screen career, and without it I would have gone along in the old way, content with things as they were. Idleness and disappointment taught me the value of thinking ahead and planning for the future. I am convinced that I would have been a 'still' today but for that hasty dismissal. And so I can honestly say that the men who discharged me were really my friends."

It Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 11)

HERE'S that Gertrude Michael woman again, ladies. It's about lipsticky kissing this time. In fact, Miss Michael advises you to carry paper handkerchiefs and a tiny tube of cold cream in your purse, for heaven's sakes! Not long ago she advised us that American men should be more dominating and women less coddled. With that smoothed out, she aims to settle another problem in the great issue of what is wrong with our marriage institution. In the first place a woman has no business kissing a man unless he knows how to kiss, says she, whatever that has to do with it. In the second place it's up to the women not to wear smeary lip rouge and not to get it all over a man's collar or necktie. If she should happen to do this, she must remove it to avoid exposing him to embarrassing remarks from his friends. Now we're ALL embarrassed!

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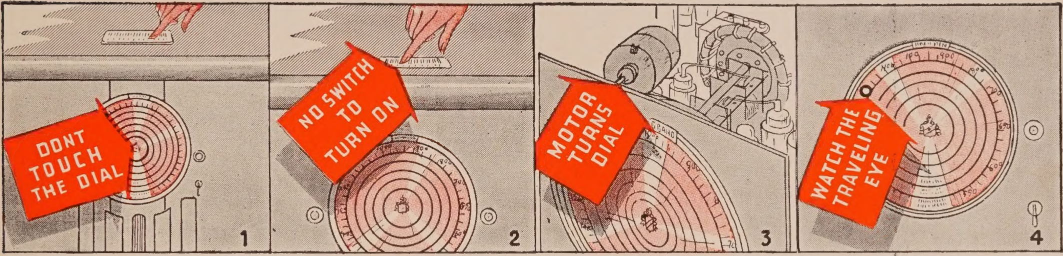

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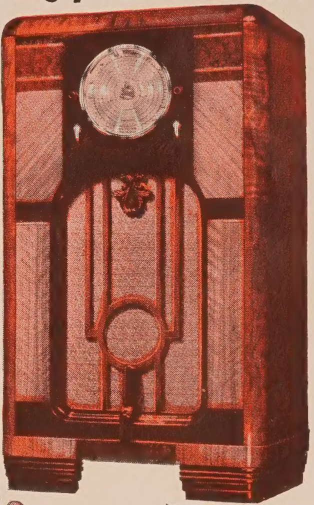

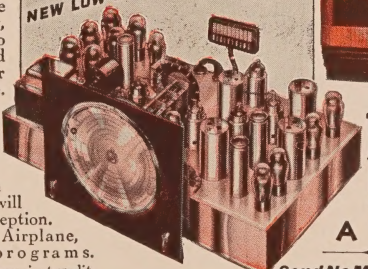

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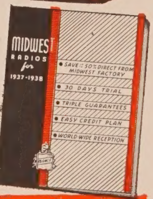

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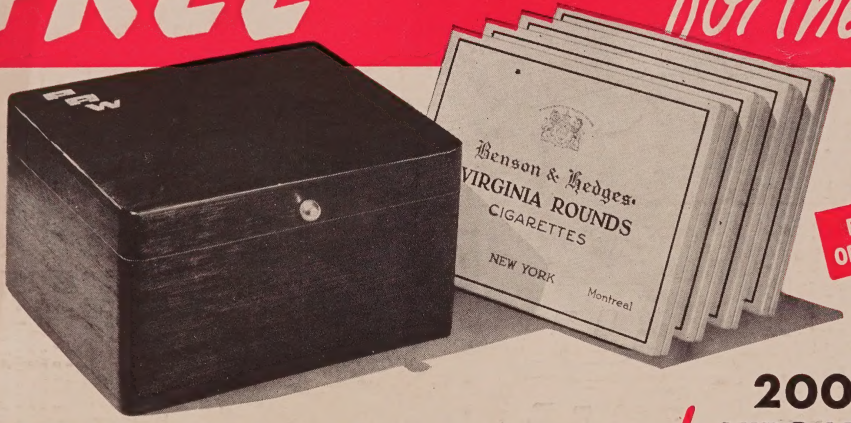
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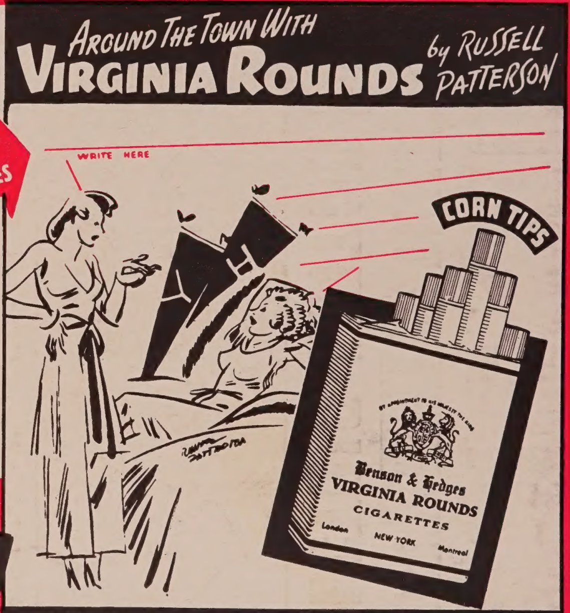
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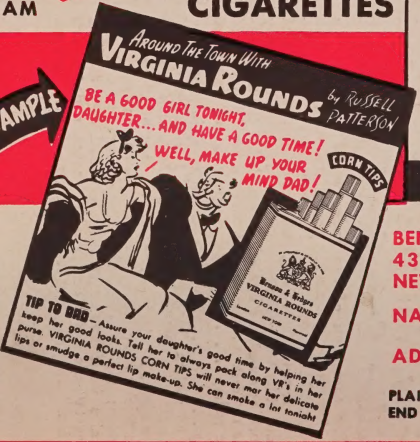
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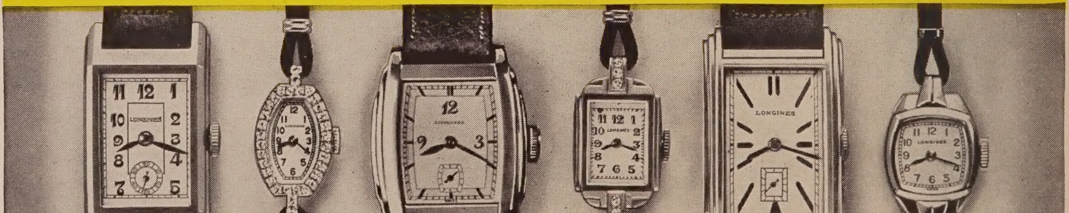

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THE HOLLYWOOD CLASSIC Vol. I, No. 6

DECEMBER, 1937

MODERN MOVIES

ON THE COVER
—
DEANNA DURBIN

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404 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
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THE NEXT
ISSUE OF

MODERN MOVIES

YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW

WHO

IS THE
MOST AMAZING GIRL
IN PICTURES

WHAT

IS THE INSIDE STORY
OF STAR CREATING

HOW

NELSON EDDY
HANDLES
HOLLYWOOD

YOU'LL FIND THESE
AND MANY OTHER
EQUALLY
INTERESTING
FEATURES

In the Next Issue—

The Producer Doesn't Know

A CERTAIN radio commentator warned his million-odd listeners that a certain picture would prove dull. The opinion of a dozen women, he said, backed up his own. The film was released, exhibited at one of the largest theatres in the world and in two weeks grossed $200,000.

Another film not long ago was hailed by nearly all critics as a great production. It had everything—story, action, direction, photography. The box office nearly everywhere gave it only a lukewarm reception.

A theatre manager announces that a recent release proved "silly and sappy"—it had everything he didn't like, but to his astonishment the audience was more than enthusiastic.

Hollywood puts a million dollars into a production and it flops. Hollywood turns out a film in a hurry and it's a sensation. Everyone remembers the surprise hit of Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls."

What can be Hollywood's answer to all this? Only: "We honestly endeavor to do our utmost in trying to make every production entertaining and hope for the best." Every time the cameras roll, someone is taking a gamble. The most astute producer can never tell what the public reaction will be. Experience helps a lot, but still, like the weather, human reactions are uncertain.

Sometimes, however, a picture is so perfect, so flawless in every particular from plot to final fade-out, that we either wonder "How do they do it?" or "Why don't they do this always?" An example in point is "100 Men and a Girl," not, at this writing, generally released, but all manners and kinds of people have already had a preview glimpse of it—highbrows and lowbrows, broad-minded critics and squeamish ones, everyday men, women and some children, too. Everyone that has seen it ecstatically proclaims its superlative merits. Anything with so universal an appeal is entertainment—and supreme entertainment at that.

The inspiration behind the making of a picture counts, of course, for a lot. There is one studio, for instance, that has few really outstanding players, yet the hits outnumber astonishingly the errors. The studio I have in mind seems exceptionally well organized behind the lines. The script that is brought to the set usually is a well knit story, based on fundamental emotions and motives. Even when the cast is not particularly notable, every member of it seems to click.

Yet when this studio turned out a "colossal" production, supported by a tremendous barrage of publicity, it took two years to wipe out half of the great cost. What was wrong? No one seemed to know. By all the canons of the motion picture theatre, it couldn't fail. Just another of those mysteries, like a lost ship that never comes to port.

WILLIAM T. WALSH

How Leslie Howard gets away from it all. Upon a "mike" boom between moments of making his latest picture, "Stand-In," he sips a glass of milk

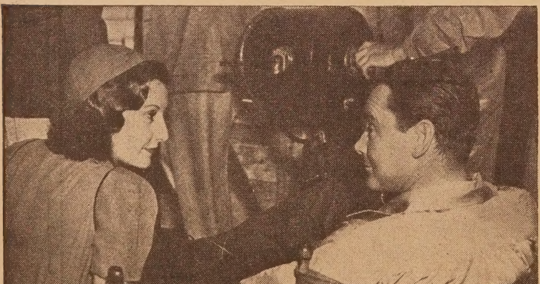
Fun on the set for Charles Winninger as he "embraces" the luscious Carole Lombard. (Above): Joan Woodbury, relative RKO newcomer, who is appearing in "Forty Naughty Girls"

IT HAPPENS IN HOLLYWOOD

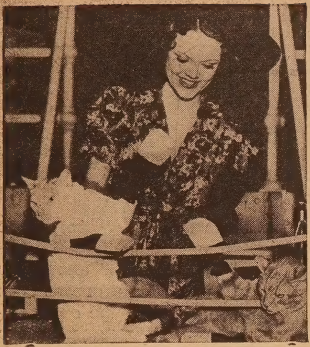
WITH winter's tang in the air, and fall suits being thrown aside, Hollywood is taking up evening clothes in a large way. The current interest in Hollywood is new outfits, and with a brilliant social season ahead of them, celebrities are preparing to meet it with swanky duds.

Howard Greer gave an elaborate fashion show at his ultra-ultra Sunset Strip studio where the elite of the cinema city bobbed up for looks at best bibs and tuckers. Glad-ragging were such stellar lights as Fanny Brice, Gladys Swarthout (who dragged friend hubby, Frank Chapman, along), Billie Burke, Helen Vinson, Constance Collier, Hedda Hopper, Mary Boland and Gail Patrick.

WHAT big star and former producer living at Malibu got too excited in shooting dice and as a result lost his car and other personal belongings? . . . and here's one for the New York contingent: What big producer is nightclubbing with a beautiful lady who just got her divorce? . . . and if you figure



"Is that really so?" says surprised Barbara Stanwyck to Herbert Marshall. Anyway, so it looks to us. (Below): Three bored men: Jack Oakie, John Boles and Director Stoloff between scenes of "Fight for Your Lady"



Fighting cats! Evelyn Daw exhibits these feline pugilists in "Something to Sing About"

Robert Wilcox enjoys coffee and studies a script with Dorothea Kent, new Universal blonde find

"Goodbye folks," says Bill Cagney as he and the Missus (Boots Mallory) step into their home

out who those are, try your guesses at this: What established male star is encountering marital difficulties because he is showing too much interest in a starlet on another studio lot?

LUPE VELEZ, the unpredictable, took the "Hollywood In Person" boys for a trot . . . when they interviewed her for their radio program this month, she made them pace beside her bicycle as she peddled around the RKO lot . . . Eddie Cantor vacationed at Yosemite this month, and the bears are still up a tree . . . S-s-s-s-ay now! How fast can you say May Robson's salty tongue-twister: "She said she should stay to see the steamer sail."

Shucks, we mish it every time.

HOLLYWOOD Modesty Story: The film title of Sam Goldwyn's "Dead End" is: "Samuel Goldwyn presents a Samuel Goldwyn Production—Produced by Samuel Goldwyn."

Shades of Samuel Goldwyn!

THE "collectus autographus" tribe has a new one. It takes two big game hunters-after-the-autograph, one to hand over the pencil and the other to take a picture of the celeb. The idea is to put your pal in the snapshot just as if the two are having a chummy chat. The gang worked it on Joan Crawford first of all.

SIMONE SIMON sees more and sees more of Gene Markey, Joan Bennett's ex-to-be. Now, HE says he must (Continued on page 9)

Photographer Bachrach poses Ann Sothern preparatory to taking the glamorous lady's portrait

Two birds with one stone — Fred Astaire rehearses while getting his trousers tucked into his socks. That's Gracie Allen at right. (Left): Molly Maguire puts on the tan while autumn still lingers

ROSES AND RAZZES

Gene Is King

"WHO's tops in Hollywood now?" (Don't tell me—I know!) So Bob Taylor receives the most fan mail? (Fascinating—if true!) So Clark Gable is the most popular star? (I'm laughing!) So Taylor causes the most stir? (Oh, ye-es?) And Taylor is the handsomest? (An extremely unladylike "phooey!") All very interesting, and all very wrong!

My favorite movie star is tops in Hollywood. He receives more fan mail than Bob Taylor. He is the most popular star; no one brings out the S.R.O. signs more consistently. On personal appearance tours he is all but vivisected by ardent admirers. And though his facial scenery isn't awe-inspiring, he beams friendliness, sincerity, and warmth of personality, which is nourishing to the soul of any picture-goer who is a bit weary of pretty boys with marcelled hair and frozen smiles!

My favorite movie star is setting new styles in leading men! He's grand and glorious! He's that delightful crooning cowboy Gene Autry!

Grace Dugan
LaCrosse, Wis.

"Bob Taylor's A Gentleman"

WHY all this razzing of Robert Taylor? I read in the papers interviews with him in New York and I think he deported himself in a very modest and manly way. All this adverse propaganda is inspired by just one thing—male jealousy. Rudolph Valentino had to suffer this way and, among others, so did Clark Gable. But Clark was so obviously a he-man that his critics, of course, had to shut up.

Why don't these fault finders get after bankers and other business men who are polite, well-bred and courteous? When did such qualities first begin to offend our "hairy apes?" Even as a little girl I remember some of the boys in our town jeered any boy who wore gloves. Critics, recall Bob Taylor's performance in "This Is My Affair," and stop being silly! Try to be gentlemen like this fine young man.

Verna Callahan
Butte, Mont.

The Case of George Brent

GEORGE BRENT needn't have gone to all the bother about trying to get an annulment of his marriage to Constance Worth, which a wise judge refused to grant. He should have known after all the fuss and bother he was making that a high-spirited woman would divorce him anyway. I am very glad that *Mrs.* Brent has taken this step. But I can't understand why Mr. Brent, an actor whom I have hitherto greatly admired, should have put himself to all this publicity. Perhaps that's Hollywood's way, but here in Missouri we have other ideas.

Anne Creston
St. Louis, Mo.

ROSES AND RAZZES is your department, and you are at liberty to express your frank and honest opinion of motion pictures and players. Preferably, letters should be limited to a length of 200 words. You may sign either your name or your initials to your communication. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Still True to George

I AM really sorry for George Brent. It seems too bad he should have to endure all this publicity. Something most vital must have come between him and his wife, Constance Worth. Whatever the cause, I am sure he has fully justified his stand with his own conscience.

I am anxious to see you in your next film, Mr. Brent. I know you'll be the same debonair heartbreaker you have always been to me.

Constance F.
Muncie, Ind.

The Double Feature Problem

IT'S not often one hears complaints of receiving too much for one's money, but the controversy over single versus double picture programmes seems to be raging more fiercely than ever.

We all know two "B's" can never equal one "A" and I think numbers should depend on the type of entertainment. Who, for instance, after seeing "The Good Earth" could appreciate "One Mile From Heaven?" "A Star Is Born" should be shown alone, while "Kelly the Second" would hardly put one in the correct frame of mind for "Emile Zola." On the other hand, after "Mountain Music" what a relief "They Gave Him a Gun" would prove.

In England, there are several theatres which give an hour and a half's entertainment, consisting chiefly of news and travel reels, scientific shorts and a "comic," and this makes delightful after-dinner or tea-time amusement.

Connie Cowell
Vancouver, Canada

Women Stars Are Ladies

I HAVE often thought how smart those actresses are who build a private as well as a professional reputation and never, never do anything to injure either. Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer and Jeanette MacDonald I have particularly in mind. And, of course, there are lots of others. The male stars seem to be more careless, but maybe that is man's prerogative. Naturally I have my masculine heroes, too. These are Robert Taylor, Don Ameche, and Dick Arlen, who are outstanding.

Linda Gersin
Mobile, Ala.

Deanna Hits His Heart

THAT glorious picture, "100 Men and a Girl" should have been called "The Captain of 100 Men." Deanna Durbin is definitely the marvel of the great world of motion pictures. Every moment she was on the screen I was thrilled to the very core. I would like to write her a letter, but maybe she'd think I was too romantic. And what a break for Mr. Stokowski, the conductor. This picture should make him almost as famous as Deanna. I was very much impressed by the way he conducted the orchestra.

"Just Hank"
Superior, Wis.

And ladies, here are three magnificent Diamonds—left to right—Hugh, Harold and Tom, showing a bit of their work for "A Young Man's Fancy"

Ed Bergen straightens the tie of his wooden headed friend, Charlie McCarthy

It Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 7)

see her often for he will produce several of her Fox pictures. WE say that's no reason why a producer should give her a gold ring, and radio her daily while she's travelling.

Simone Simon says nothing at all—nothing at all.

IT'S easy to get into the hallowed ranks of the Metropolitan Opera. All you need to do is have a beautiful voice, get starred in a picture with Jimmy Cagney, sing like blazes, and before you know it, Dr. Wilfrid Pelleteir, conductor at the Met, will greet you with approbation, approval and a Met contract.

That's what has happened to Evelyn Daw, new prima donna in Cagney's "Something to Sing About." Simple, isn't it?

ONCE upon a time, boys and girls, you put a penny in a slot and cranked a lever to see your "movies." That was in the dear, dead days of the "mutiscope."

Before very long, the movie industry will give you its pictures in third dimension and through your own television sets. This prophecy comes from the oracle of William Seiter, who has watched the growth of the industry since (Continued on page 11)

Everything's just lovely about Betty Grable. Artist Russell Patterson studies the "Glamour Girl"

"Ah there," says Spencer Tracy to Luise Rainer. But it's not a case of "Boy Meets Girl" it's only acting

Cradled in the arms of Jimmie Savo, this young lady is getting acquainted with him. They will act together

Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer) surveys a perfectly appointed table in her charming Hollywood home

Holiday Gifts you can COOK

A group of candies that will make a super gift selection for the holidays

Only one recipe for this great variety of delicious cookies

THERE'S a great satisfaction in receiving a gift that you know has been made especially for you. And there's even greater satisfaction in giving something that you've taken the time to make. This is the time of year when everyone is beginning to get that hectic "so-many-days-until-Christmas" look in the eyes and when all of us start those endless lists of people who must not be forgotten.

Between shopping bouts, why not take a day's relaxation in your own kitchen and evolve some home-made gifts that will carry a real message of thought and affection? Cookies, puddings and candies make decorative and delectable gifts that will delight young and old. It's an easy and economical way to remember friends and members of the family. And the best part of all is that you really

(Continued on page 70)

Francisca Gaal, Viennese importation, "goes Dutch" in "The Buccaneer." Miss Gaal had Europe in a dither before Hollywood called her. Lee Bowman reaches for a ball as well as film fame. Paramount says he's good

Ann Miller's feet fly so fast, you think, by the sound, she has a dancing partner. She's in "Stage Door"

It Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 9)

1915, and who was inspired to prophesize by the announcement that the Don Lee radio interests are running movie films through their television outlet in Hollywood.

EVER heard of Inspector Nielson? No—well, maybe you've heard of John Barrymore. He's the lad whose lady is always giving the reporters something to write about.

This month, Barrymore was in a downtown section. All of a sudden, the great screen lover darted off and grasped the hand of Angelo Rossetti, a dwarf who sells newspapers when he isn't in pictures.

The two hadn't met for ten years, when both played in a film. They had hit up quite a friendship at that time, and so while Barrymore sat on the curbstone with little Angelo for over an hour talking over old times, the autograph hunters writhed on the sidelines completely ignored by the famous owner of the classic profile.

LANA TURNER has a lot of faith in her immunity from that fatal fixer, the love bug. She's only sixteen, which may account for her faith. Someone told her the papers said she was engaged to Wayne (Kid Galahad) Morris.

"I haven't seen him for a long time—and besides I told him I was too young to marry. What shall I do?"

"Deny it," she was told.

"All right," said Lana, "I hereby formally deny truth of this engagement. Furthermore, I wish to deny all subsequent engagements with whatever man may be mentioned."

She's now thinking of having the denial mimeographed.

HOLLYWOOD is called the town of a million sighs and forgotten faces. Every now and then a fading name is freshly inked on a theatre pro- *(Continued on page 18)*

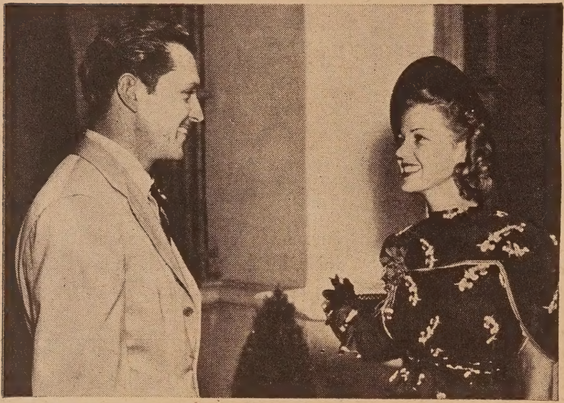
(Above): Thomas Beck and Pauline Moore, all dolled up for their roles in "Heidi," starring Shirley Temple

This child will wow you in "Stand-In." She's Florie Caproni, here shown dancing to her mother's music

IT'S PROPER

Information with reference to any problem in etiquette may be obtained by writing to Dorothy VanHuyten, care of Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Please send with your question a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply

KENT TAYLOR **JEAN ROGERS**
ROBERT WILCOX **BARBARA READ**
UNIVERSAL PICTURES



(Left): Jean Rogers, who chances to meet Kent Taylor on the street, speaks to him first. The easy formality of present day manners has not abolished the rule of "lady recognition"

(Below): Barbara Read takes a quick glance at her make-up, while her escort is otherwise engaged. She is too thoughtful to annoy him with such "asides" during conversation with him

(Below): No rushing into each others arms and kissing for Jean Rogers and Barbara Read. Instead, they believe in the up-to-date style of a handshake and a happy smile. Kissing, they realize, should be reserved for moonlight and roses and the right man

(Above): Robert Wilcox not only has opened the door for Barbara Read, but, letting her precede him, holds it for her while she passes safely through. Girls today may be "pals" of their escorts, but they still appreciate masculine chivalry

SPOTTED FOR STARDOM

All eyes focus upon Andrea Leeds after her performance in "Stage Door"

ANDREA LEEDS, playing a tragic role in "Stage Door," is suddenly catapulted to screen heights by critics and public alike. And when you see this picture you easily understand why.

She first made some impression by a part in "Come and Get It." Apparently this was not enough, however, to give her recognition as a girl with a big future.

In "Come and Get It" she played with Edward Arnold. In "Stage Door" she is again in distinguished company—Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou.

Only a little more than a year ago, Miss Leeds was studying at the University of California in Los Angeles. She was born in Butte, Montana, August 18, 1914. The students of U. of C. made a film, and Andrea was a member of the cast. Though this amateur production was pretty terrible Howard Hawkes, co-director with William Wyler of "Come and Get It," was persuaded to see the picture. He was instantly impressed by the work of a slim brunette co-ed in the piece, Andrea Leeds, billed under her own name of Antoinette Lees, and immediately signed her.

Hawkes was then seeking an actor for the part of Tony Schwerke and selected a kissing scene for the screen test with Miss Leeds as the kissee. Three actors, Francis X. Shields, tennis star; John Payne and Bob Lowery were the contestants for the role. Shields won but the real triumph belonged to the former co-ed whose performance so impressed the film executives that she was assigned to an important role in "Come and Get It." That kissing contest was her first film job and saved her from an apprentice period as a "bit" player.

Daughter of a mining engineer, Charles Edward Lees, Andrea lived in Mexico up to the time she enrolled at the University of California and her matriculation was due to a kidnap scare. Local bad men sent kidnap threats to her father who was head of an important mining project. To protect his daughter he wasted no time but bundled her into a swift plane bound for California.

From "Stage Door" Miss Leeds goes on to a big part in Goldwyn's "Follies"

Miss Leeds lived as a small child in Butte, moving with her family while still small to Arizona and thence to Long Beach, California, where she attended high school. Later she studied at the Chicago Conservatory of Music for one year, then going with her family to Cieneguilla, Mexico, where she was threatened with kidnapping.

Now she has other thrills to look forward to— thrills stimulating rather than harrowing, like the kidnapping experience. The excitement that goes with the knowledge that one has "arrived" buoys her.

It is rather odd that her success has come through depicting the part of a girl who has failed to make good on the stage. Miss Leeds' interpretation of the role is almost startlingly realistic. She achieves a high emotional tempo that one could imagine only possible in a girl who had suffered much herself, and, therefore, understood.

One look at Andrea, however, supplies the answer. Imagination is written all over her dark features. Perhaps she was born to be a star. At any rate, it won't be long now before her name will be blazoned in the dazzling lights of Broadway.

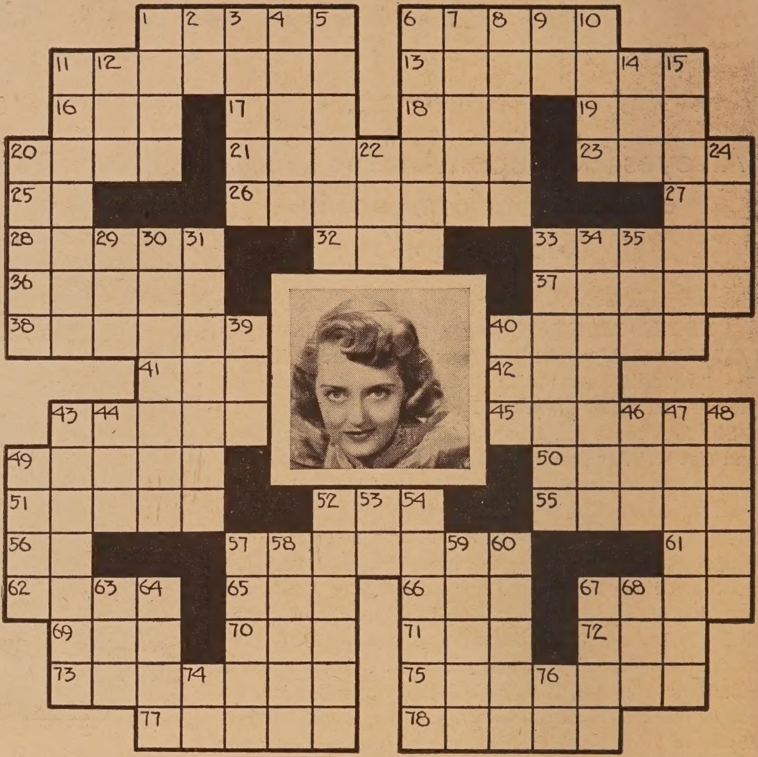
MODERN MOVIES' CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE

ON PAGE 80

HORIZONTAL

1. and 6. One of Hollywood's leading actresses
36. and 77. Her leading man in her recent success
11. Spread all over
13. Bury again
16. Regret
17. Likely
18. Period
19. Sooner than
20. Poems
23. Short sleep (pl.)
25. Pronoun
26. Walked heavily
27. Musical note
28. Flat surfaces
32. Life in general
67. V, 21. H, 33. H. Picture in which two stars mentioned recently co-starred
37. Sharp
38. Summing up
40. The two stars both studied for the _____
41. Animal exhibition place
42. Contraction for "ever"
43. News about the above star always makes the _____ page
45. What gals put in the hair and the bankroll
49. Sarcasm
50. Harden; accustom
51. Title for a woman
52. Unit of electrical resistance
55. Star in "The Sheik Steps Out"
56. Jumbled type
57. The above star is always described as _____
61. Italian river
62. Scoria
65. Be indebted
66. Formerly
67. God of thunder
69. "Between _____ Women"
70. Existed
71. Rap lightly
72. Possesses
73. Screamers
75. Repeat
78. A newspaper



VERTICAL

1. Stinging insects
2. Comparative suffix
3. Printed sermon
4. Grow less
5. A dinner course
6. Fears
7. Eagle's nest
8. An article of food
9. At home
10. Leading lady in "Gorgeous"
11. Commanded
12. Scene (Fr.)
14. Age
15. Again cover with metal
20. City in Nebraska
22. What our star gets at the seashore
24. Sensible
29. Conclusion
30. Western state
31. Word meaning the same as another
33. Sprinkling cart
34. Musical instrument
35. Drinking vessel
39. Obtained
40. Dry (as applied to wines)
43. Weakness; fault
44. Fish-pole
46. Quiet
47. Suggest marriage
48. Spanish gentleman
49. Little devils
52. A Russian seaport
53. Exclamation to attract
54. An insect
57. Second crop of grass
58. Something given for merit
59. Under (poet.)
60. Indian hut
63. Fear
64. Favorite game of many picture stars
68. Head covering
74. Behold
76. Musical note

I WANT TO KNOW

Phyllis Kennedy, screen chorus girl, discovered by Ginger Rogers and lifted into comedy roles. Phyllis has appeared in "Shall We Dance," "Swing Time," and "Top Hat." She's a maid in "Stage Door," with Ginger and Katharine Hepburn

JANE R. V., South Bend, Ind.—No, there is not the slightest truth in the rumor you have heard that the famous star you mention is lame. Such a defect could not long be concealed. He is too active in the roles he takes to make such a suggestion even possible.

•

HENRY S., Burlington, Vt.—The success of Ed Bergen, the ventriloquist, seems to depend upon several factors: imagination and his keen sense of humor (he writes his own radio scripts); a remarkably sensitive and flexible voice which enables him to seem an entirely different personality; a sense of drama and of "timing." Unless you have a marked natural aptitude, I would not recommend your seriously attempting a career as a ventriloquist.

•

LORETTA B., Davenport, Iowa.—I wouldn't take announcements of Hollywood engagements too seriously, particularly in the case you allude to. Press agents have a trick now of pairing off certain players in the attempt to keep them in the public eye. Not infrequently the "engaged couple" are more astonished by the announcement than anybody else.

Through this department, *Modern Movies* will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., Modern Movies, 404 4th Ave., New York City.

Burgess Meredith and Ann Sothern in "Don't Forget to Remember." They are co-starring. Burgess started going places ever since his performance in "Winterset"

John Howard, college find, goes onward and upward. You have seen him lately in the title role of "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back"

INQUISITIVE, Philadelphia, Pa.—Anna Sten is coming back to the screen soon. "The Wedding Night" with Gary Cooper, was the last film she made in the United States. She is now under contract to Grand National Pictures, and will be seen, before the year is over, in "Gorgeous."

•

HENRY WILCOXON FAN, Rockland, Md.—Henry Wilcoxon was born in England. After a dramatic career there he came to Hollywood. He is to be seen in the current Paramount picture, "Souls at Sea."

•

ALFRED G., Elizabeth, N. J.—Dolores Costello was born September 17, 1905; Madge Evans, July 1, 1909; Valerie Hobson, April 14, 1917; Ida Lupino, January 1; Anna Sten, December 3; Jane Wyatt, August 10, 1911. In some (*Continued on page 74*)

MODERN MOVIES Presents for Your Convenience

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

THIN ICE — TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

Sonja Henie is cuter, blonder, and gayer than ever in her second picture, "Thin Ice," with Tyrone Power. This show has everything in the way of light, romantic comedy, with emphasis on the romantic. It is the beloved Cinderella story, with the fairy prince a real prince, traveling incognito, who falls in love with the skater in a whirlwind of exciting and pictorial outdoor adventures. Miss Henie's four skating scenes are magnificent, and include many new intricate and fascinating figures, climaxed in a gorgeous dance number to the tune of a Strauss waltz. Hundreds of skaters plus a chorus and full orchestra combine to make the Russian number a supremely gorgeous affair. The dimpled Norwegian has added more ease and assurance to her charm and freshness. She has definitely arrived. Mr. Power is gay, romantic and witty. Two comedians sharing honors are Arthur Treacher, the prince's worrying but loyal attendant, and Raymond Walburn, rascal uncle of Miss Henie. Joan Davis, as a hotel orchestra leader, scores a hit singing "I'm Olga from the Volga." Alan Hale, Maurice Cass, and Melville Cooper as rival diplomats and hotel keeper respectively, lend excellent support.

CONQUEST — M-G-M

Aside from his two wives, Josephine and Marie Louise, a third woman was necessary to give the pique of illicit romance to the life of the great Napoleon, And history has accommodatingly supplied this woman—the famous and beautiful Marie Walewska, who later comforted the Emperor in his first exile at Elba. In "Conquest," an exceptionally apt title, by the way, Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer play the stellar roles. The story opens with Napoleon's first Russian campaign. In Poland he meets Marie who, refusing at first his advances, is won by his plans for a United Europe. Thence we are carried through the major events of the emperor's life—including the ill-fated invasion of Russia—to his projected escape from Elba.

Garbo throws herself into the role with gusto and turns in a magnificent performance. Again we see the Garbo technique at its best. Charles Boyer interprets his Napoleon as the stern, wilful, but at times tender, master of men that has become tradition. No one in pictures could have bettered his performance. The film is a grand pageant of war, and tragic love.

STAGE DOOR — RKO

Here is a picture that goes to town and you with it. In the final run-off as to which is the best film of the year, "Stage Door" is going to nose the tapeline with a couple of other fast sprinters. From the stage play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, it loses none of its extraordinary adherence to reality by transition to the screen. Much of the action takes place in the "Footlight's Club," a New York actresses' boarding house, and depicts the ambitious but thwarted lives of a dozen young women. All seek ultimate stardom while struggling to keep body and soul together.

Into this scene is projected a spoiled daughter of the rich, played by Katharine Hepburn, who also has histrionic longings. Her clashes with Ginger Rogers furnish some exceptionally natural and brilliant dialogue, bitter as well as light. Dialogue quite like this has never before been offered in films.

"Stage Door" has already proved to be an enhancer of established screen reputations and a maker of new ones. Story and cast click as one.

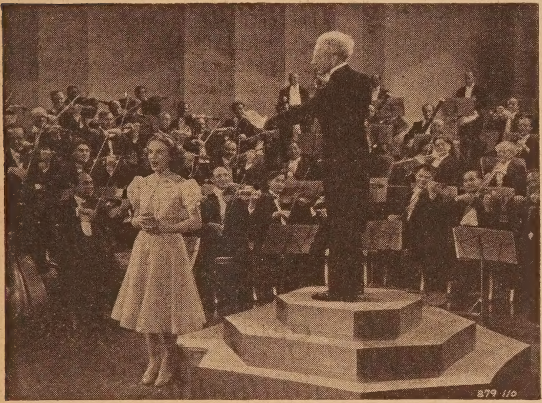
The entire picture is vital and arresting, played by an inspired cast. Those who have sometimes doubted Hepburn's gifts as an actress, must revamp their opinion. In one magnificent scene she moves her audience to tears through the compelling force and sincerity of her performance. Ginger Rogers is equally amazing. Her interpretation of her role as a dancer seeking a job is varied and significant. She dances relatively little in this picture; it is her technique as an actress that counts. Andrea Leeds, in a pathetic role, holds attention for a series of breathless moments. Other particularly outstanding performers are Adolphe Menjou, Constance Collier, and Gail Patrick. Script, direction and photography are all exceptional. You *must* see "Stage Door." There can be no argument about it.

The Best of the Latest Film Releases

These pictures have been selected because of the excellence of their story, acting, and direction

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Katharine Hepburn in *"Stage Door"*
Ginger Rogers in *"Stage Door"*
Andrea Leeds in *"Stage Door"*
Deanna Durbin in *"100 Men and a Girl"*
Leopold Stokowski in *"100 Men and a Girl"*
Greta Garbo in *"Conquest"*
Charles Boyer in *"Conquest"*
Sonja Henie in *"Thin Ice"*
Kay Francis in *"First Lady"*
Verree Teasdale in *"First Lady"*
Marlene Dietrich in *"Angel"*
Melvyn Douglas in *"Angel"*



100 MEN AND A GIRL — UNIVERSAL

Sometimes, and more and more frequently of late, a film casts a spell over the beholder, and here is a pre-eminent example. It is a spell of sheer, unmitigated, unrestrained delight. From the magnificent opening with the familiar liquid music of Tschaikowsky's "Fifth Symphony," performed under the baton of the eminent conductor Stokowski, the story of the incredible and lovable little girl who found work for a hundred impoverished musicians bubbles and frolics along as gaily and irresistibly as a spring breeze. Technically the picture is excellent, musically it is altogether superb, dramatically it is uniformly splendid. Mr. Stokowski emerges with unexpected honors as an undoubtedly pleasing and dignified personality, Adolphe Menjou turns in a small, but beautifully drawn characterization as the father, Mischa Auer is as comic as ever and just as effective dramatically, and Arthur Jenks as a taxi driver with operatic aspirations is much better than very good; but in the last analysis, it is Deanna Durbin that makes this picture a joyful, frolicsome delight. As a singer, her cool, fresh, young voice is completely captivating, but her greatest triumph is as an actress and a personality. Sad or serene, gay or pensive, she cuts straight to the heart and stays there; and whether the action is merry or mournful, she has the precious gift of bringing tears. More than that she brings a technical equipment to her performance amazing in so young an actress, and a true, deft gift for irreproachable comedy. When one adds all this to five symphonic renditions by the famous Philadelphia orchestra under Stokowski's baton, a story that is novel, well-conceived and well-directed, and a long cast bristling with excellent performances, there is a picture that you will see and see again, and which is destined to make box-office history.

ANGEL — PARAMOUNT

Out of a simple story of a husband who is inclined to think more about his political career than his wife and home and comes near losing the wife who seeks a little amorous attention and missing it at home seeks in other directions, Ernst Lubitsch, Paramount's ace director has made an excellently entertaining picture. It is a typical Lubitsch production, subtle, chock full of delicate incidents.

Miss Dietrich is at her best in a role distinctly suited to her, while Herbert Marshall as the English diplomat handles his role with ease while Melvyn Douglas is ideally cast as the unfortunate third part of the triangle. His role might easily have become boorish, but he retains the sympathy of the audience throughout.

Excellent comedy is provided by Edward Everett Horton and Ernest Cossart as valet and butler respectively, while Herbert Mundin steps out of his usual character to play a straight role as a secretary.

"Angel" will rank with one of the more pleasantly entertaining bigger pictures of the new season.

FIRST LADY — WARNER BROS.

Intricate politics and clever cattiness merge in this story of a race between two ambitious wives to push their husbands into the presidential chair. It is a farce on the elaborate fenagling of designing women and superior stuffed shirts who run in the smoothest diplomatic circles of Washington. The dialogue sparkles all the way through with the same very human subtleties and hypocrisies that made the play such a successful laugh hit.

Kay Francis is at her witty best as the glamorous socialite, granddaughter of a President and wife of the secretary of state, who finally gets the country's first prize, Preston Foster for her spouse. Her able enemy is Verree Teasdale, scheming wife of a dyspeptic Supreme Court Judge, Walter Connolly, who likes to listen to serials over the radio while his wife likes to have a good time.

Challenging Miss Francis for best performance are Connolly and Miss Teasdale, while the rest of the all-star cast are such troupers as Miss Fazenda, Anita Louise, Victor Jory, Marjorie Rambeau, Marjorie Gateson, and Gregory Gaye—who does a splendid bit as the first husband of Miss Teasdale.

Reminiscent of the late Jean Harlow, and resembling Carole Lombard, too, Barbara Pepper, as a woman attorney in "Portia on Trial" defends Heather Angel, accused, in the script, of murder. Watch this blonde new-comer!

It Happens In Hollywood

(Continued from page 11)

gram which contradicts the statement.

Five great stars of the silent days are brought together in "The Great Diamond Robbery," at Twentieth Century-Fox. How many of their names, as great in their day as Gable or Taylor today, can you remember: Clara Kimball Young, Eva Novak, Jean Acker, Pauline Garon, and Douglas Gerrard?

Good luck, you five, and may the comeback trail be studded generously with incandescents.

THE dapper and debonair George Raft sets a new high for daytime winter wear. A black or navy blue shirt with a tie to match is the fashion; and even though the outlook may be black, it's a sure way to avoid the blues.

EDDIE "Banjo Google Eyes" Cantor came to a radio rehearsal in jaunty blue linen shorts and matching sports blouse.

Can it be that Eddie has "gone Hollywood"?

HENRY ARMETTA bought a railway ticket this month, when the clerk asked him if he wanted to take an insurance ticket, too.

"NO! NO! NO!" screamed the excitable comedian. "I'm ALWAYS buying tickets for this and that and I NEVER have any luck!"

HERE'S something for you in the way of a scrambled beauty tip and weather report. Dot Ponodel, Paramount's prize make-up expert, says to read the weather forecast every morning if you would be beautiful.

If it says cloudy today, select gay reds and carmines for rouge and cover with a light powder. If the report predicts bright weather, let your cosmetics be more subtle. The sunshine will bring out the proper coloring. Rouge and lipstick should be lighter, and powder slightly heavier than on gloomy days—as a sort of balance, as it were.

The only catch in this device that we can see is whoever heard of the weather forecast having anything to do with the weather.

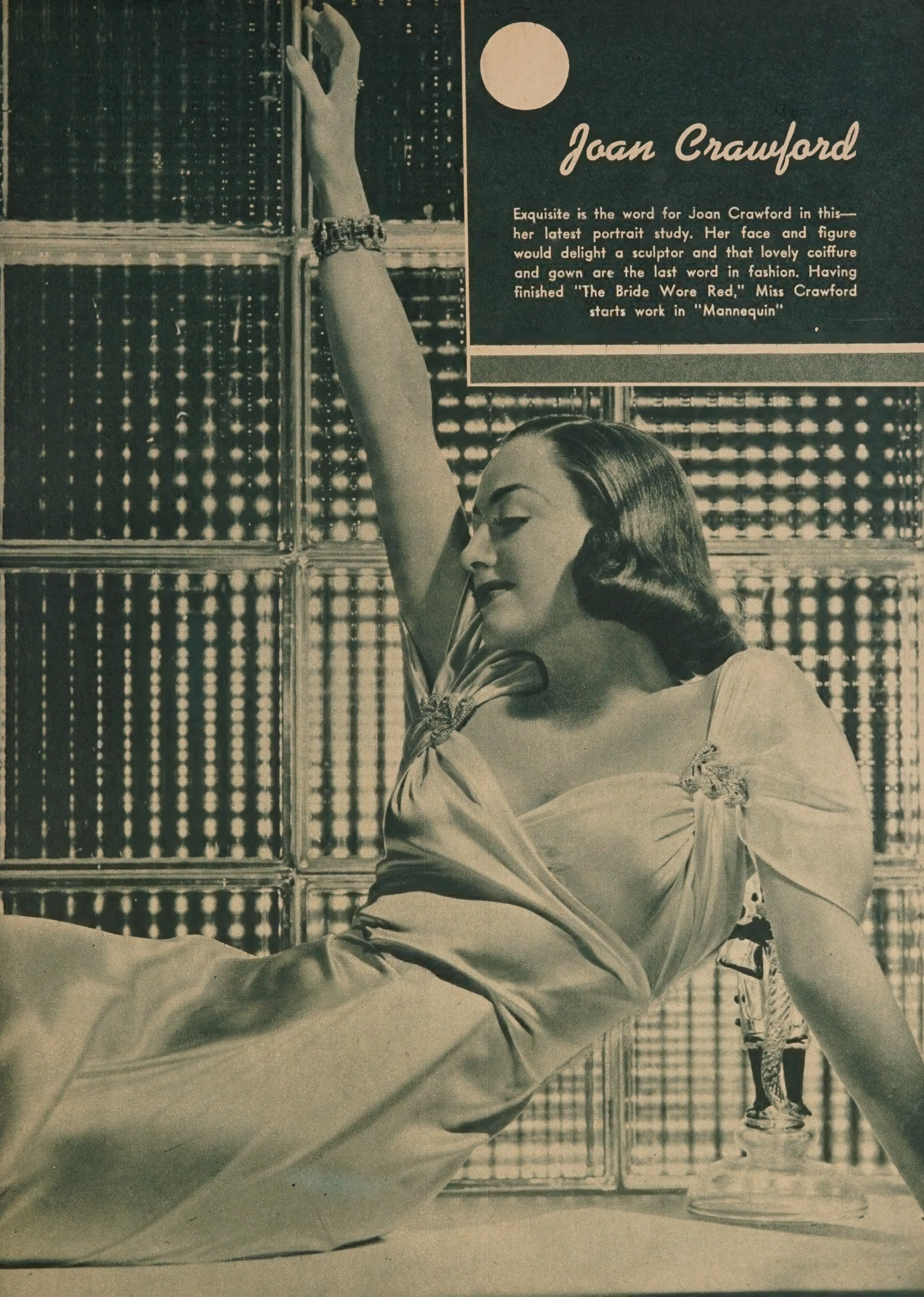
SPAGHETTI is spaghetti no matter how you serve it, but you can't dish it out at all in the movies—Italy just won't take it. It's their national food and scenes showing actors eating spaghetti for comic effects insult its native home.

All of which is a pain in the brain of Archie Mayo, directing "Marco Polo." A very important scene called for Gary Cooper, H. B. Warner and Ernest Truex to fumble around with spaghetti, recreating the actual discovery of the food by Marco Polo in the Thirteenth Century.

So, to get around this, Mayo saved the Samuel Goldwyn dollars by having his actors substitute noodles instead.

SINO-JAPANESE reaction in Hollywood: Buck Jones has a Chinese cook who spent time during work worrying about his native country. At long last, the worrying took up so many work hours that should have been devoted to preparing the family chop suey, that he resigned.

(Continued on page 74)



Joan Crawford

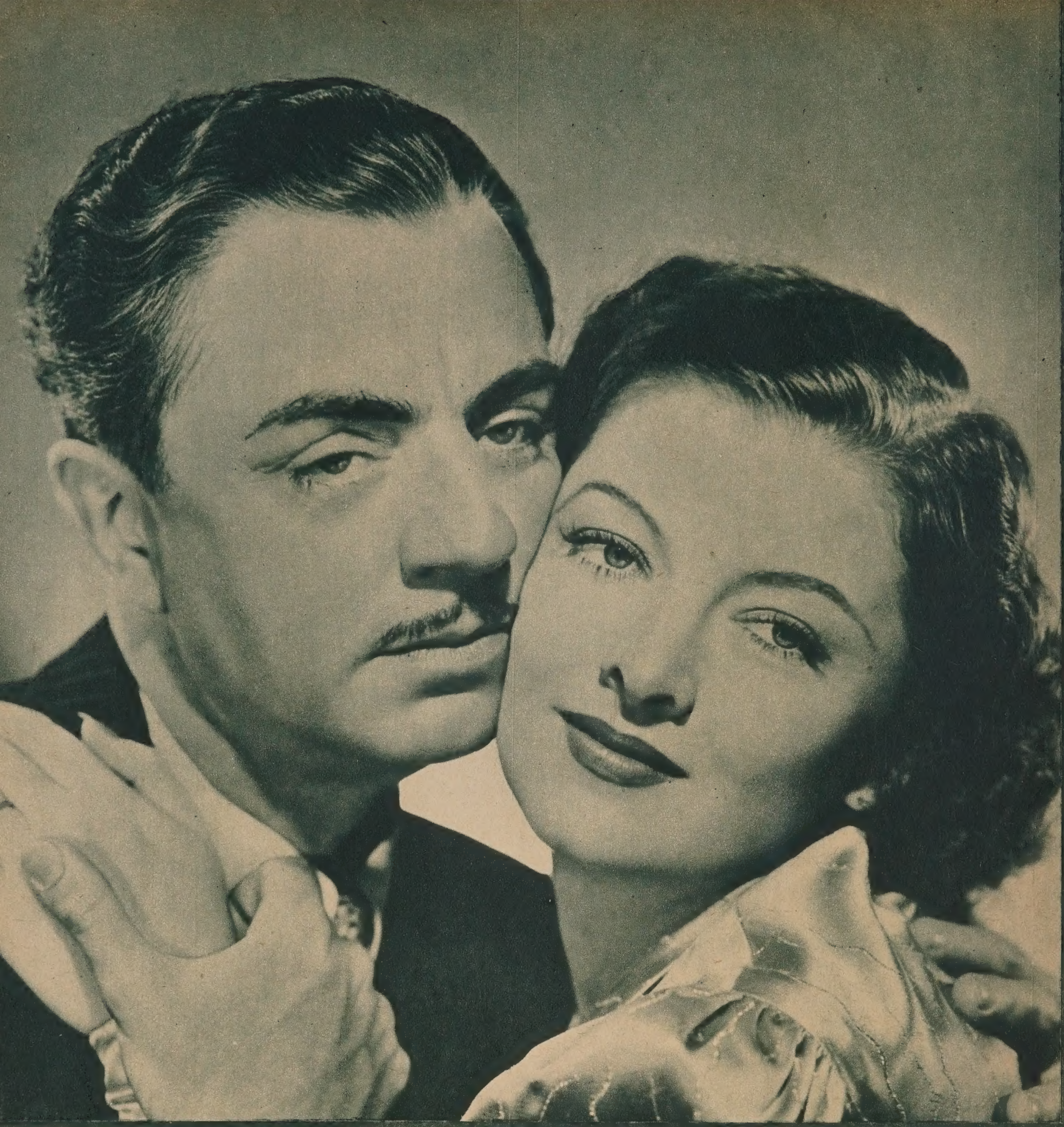
Exquisite is the word for Joan Crawford in this—her latest portrait study. Her face and figure would delight a sculptor and that lovely coiffure and gown are the last word in fashion. Having finished "The Bride Wore Red," Miss Crawford starts work in "Mannequin"

Dorothy Lamour

Fresh from conquering "The Hurricane." Dorothy Lamour goes to "The Thrill of a Lifetime." Those dark tresses will surely contrast beautifully against the blond head of Leif Ericson, also in the film

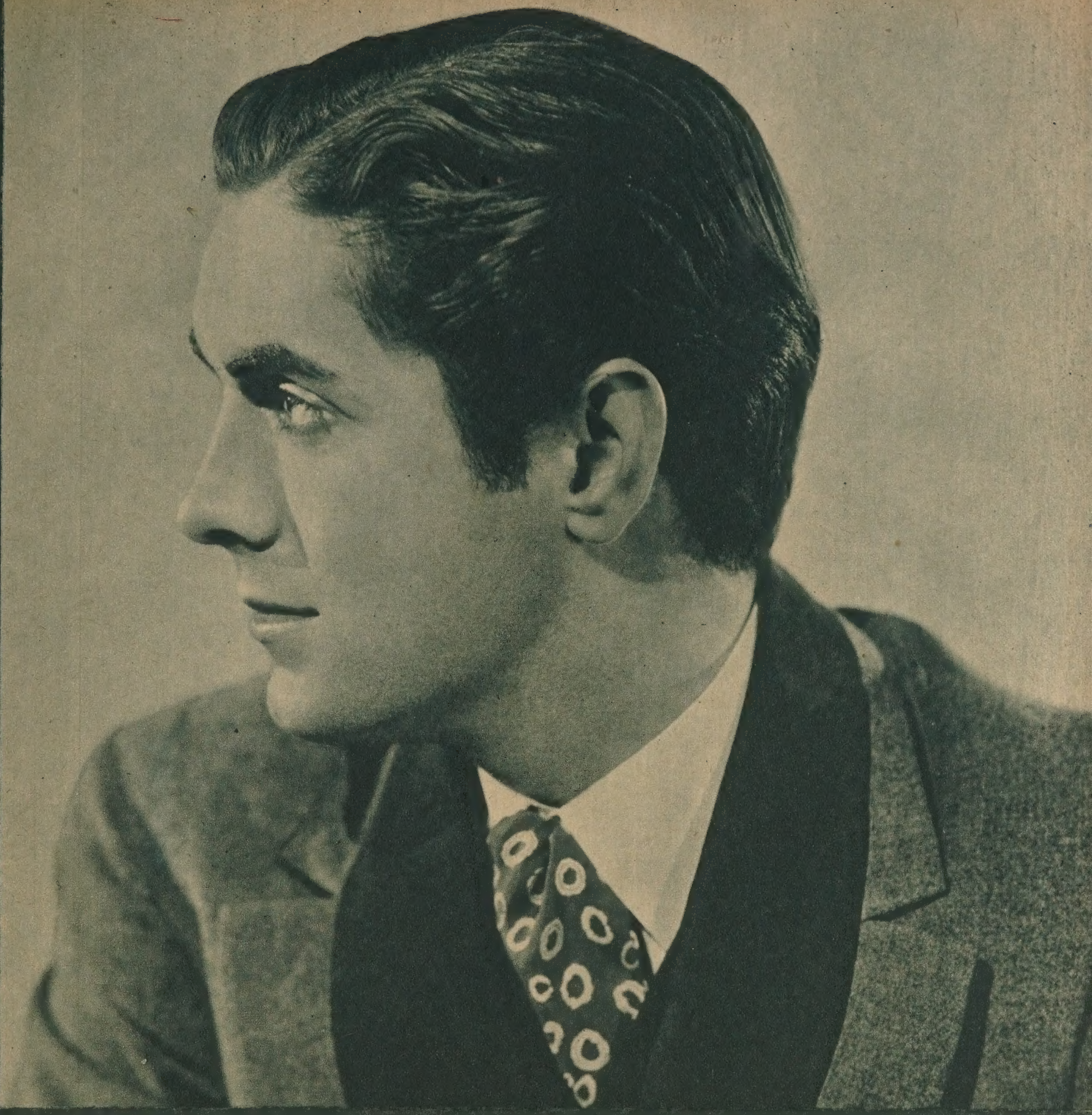
Andrea Marion

"Greatest find since Garbo!" So thinks M-G-M of Andrea Marion, of old Vienna. Five weeks in the U. S. A., she was cast with Edward G. Robinson in "The Last Gangster." This is her first appearance before a motion picture camera



Powell and Loy

One of those de-lovely close-ups of Bill and Myrna that prove all of their (screen) marriages are made in heaven. You'll recognize that look of wistful penitence Bill is here exhibiting in the famous couple's current release, "Double Wedding"



Tyrone Power

Twixt "Second Honeymoon" and "In Old Chicago" Tyrone Power has been quite busy of late. Loretta Young and Alice Faye are, respectively, the feminine interests — and what a lot of it!—in the two films

Sigrid Gurie

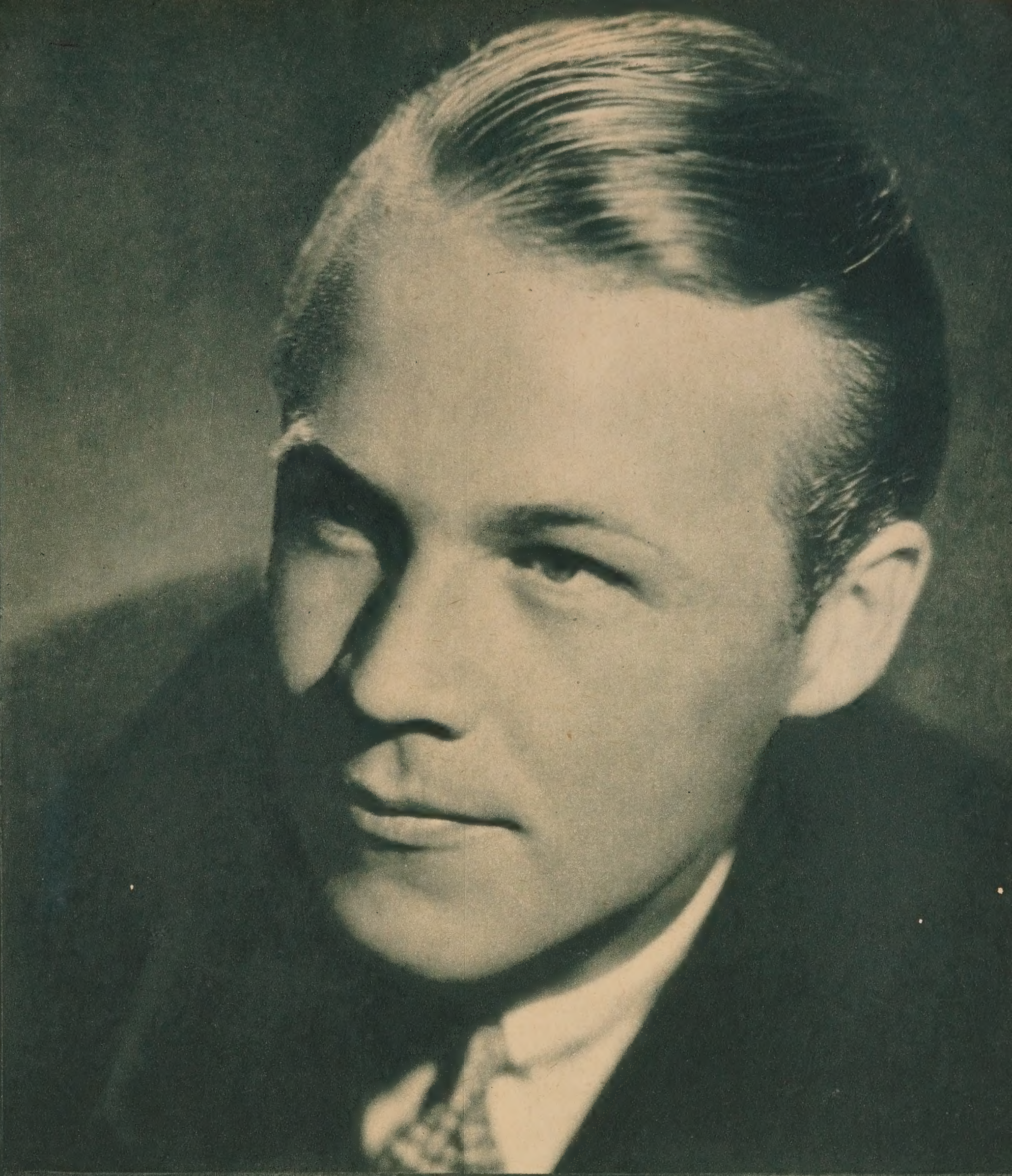
Out of the North came Sigrid Gurie, to carry her mysterious allure all the way to Hollywood. She's from the Norwegian National Theatre of Oslo, and, as a Chinese maiden, loves Gary Cooper in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"

Margaret Lindsay

She looks like the girl any mother would like to pick for her son, and what son wouldn't, for once, follow his mother's advice? But don't be fooled by the title of Margaret's picture that's now showing everywhere—"Back in Circulation"

Virginia Grey

A new face among the stars. A dancer in "The Great Ziegfield," Virginia Grey now has a featured role with Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell in "Rosalie." Blue eyes, blonde hair; weight, 117 pounds; height, 5 feet 5 inches



Wayne Morris

The millions who have been eagerly awaiting Wayne Morris's next picture, after his smash hit in "Kid Galahad," will find new thrills in his latest, "Submarine D-1." Once more Wayne gives us action and superb drama

Kay Francis started suit against Warners because she said she was promised the lead in "Tovarich." Claudette Colbert was named for the role. Maybe this isn't "temperament," but—

How the directors manage the stars when there's Temperament ON THE SET

by Adele Whitely Fletcher

THEY'D have you think artistic temperament didn't exist in Hollywood today; that it was as obsolete as the enticements of Theda Bara and the two-gun courage of William S. Hart. They'd have you think the current stars were non-emotional automatons beside whom the most staid business man would look skitty.

Don't believe it! Half of any press-agent's job is to brush up some of the things that go on. There always have been stars who cut capers and there always will be. When this happens the director is on the spot. If production is delayed he is called up on the fine velvet carpet of the Front Office. Yet, invariably, the stars he must keep in line make twice as much money as he makes and are twice as valuable to the company.

There was the time Nelson Eddy walked off the set when "Naughty Marietta" was in production. I doubt you've ever heard about this before.

"Quiet, please!" came the call. Those passing through the studios paused in their tracks, eased into comfortable positions. W. S. Van Dyke, the most hard-boiled director in the business, sat in the director's chair. Groups of visiting salesmen clotted the sidelines. Nelson Eddy, silver-haired under the lights, brushed imaginary dust from his blue silk breeches. Thus he betrayed his nervousness. He may be accustomed to concert audiences but sideline audiences get him down, especially when they're formed by the men who sell his pictures.

"All right," called Van, "roll 'em!"

As Nelson began to speak his signs of nervousness disappeared for his attitude now was part of his acting. Only Van, who works without a script but is familiar with every line, nevertheless, knew Nelson wasn't letter perfect. However the discrepancies were unimportant and he let him continue. It was half-way through that scene, when unable to check his nervousness any longer, Nelson blew up. "I've lost it," he said, or something like that. And he started nervously brushing his breeches again.

"Hold the lights!" ordered Van. He expected to start over again at once. But Nelson rapidly developed other ideas. He executed an abrupt about-face and marched off the set.

"Nelson!" Van called. Several film salesmen coughed nervously. And Nelson kept going.

Here was a situation. The overhead on that set was tremendous. They couldn't afford to waste time even if a great star had put himself in a spot before important visitors. Van, however, has the faculty of mastering situations by ploughing right through them.

"Nelson!" he called again, louder this time. "I said *come back!*"

And Nelson came back. Perhaps by this time he had pulled himself together. Perhaps the fact that Van's respect rates high had something to do with his change of heart.

It was, of course, sheer temperament that caused Nelson to blow his lines and to quit the set. But it was the honest temperament for which all studio people have the greatest sympathy.

Van Dyke insists clothes occasion more temperament than any one other thing. He says "When an actress especially is out of kilter and irritable for no apparent reason you can be sure her clothes don't fit or that they're not to her liking. I'll revise my schedule to postpone the shooting of a scene in which a hat or dress or coat that doesn't please a player is to be worn. It's easier and cheaper in the long run."

Speaking of the

Luise Rainer got on Paul Muni's nerves during the making of "Good Earth"

Allan Jones just couldn't see the part for him in "Ugly Duckling" and struck

Alice Brady is said to have greatly upset Director LaCava while "shooting" "My Man Godfrey"

Nelson Eddy blew up on the "Naughty Marietta" set and panicked Director Van Dyke by an unmistakable walkout

nerves and moods which form the honest brand of temperament—like that of which Nelson Eddy was guilty—when Jeanette MacDonald's songs don't go right she kicks at chair and table legs. And Lionel Barrymore, displeased about anything, will bring his fist down with a horrible crash. Doing this not long ago he broke his wrist. For days afterwards, to tease him, Van Dyke had a boy follow him about with a large pillow.

Without an anecdote about the royal Barrymores no story on temperament would be complete. Both Lionel and John excel in scene-stealing. They rate this an exciting as well as a sporting pastime. It's Clarence Brown who directs these gentlemen with the most success, incidentally. For he seems able to curb their temperament and their sense of fun by riding along with it. What was it the old woman said about there being more than one way of killing a cow?

When "Night Flower" was in production Clarence Brown bet Lionel ten dollars he couldn't take the honors of a certain scene away from John. In this scene John played an airport executive and he lectured Lionel, who played an inspector, for having fraternized with a pilot. The action, you see, gave John everything his own way. Lionel took the bet nevertheless.

The lights went on. The cameras began turning. The Barrymores went into action. Lionel was almost humble. Throughout it was John's scene unquestionably. Then Lionel started to walk off stage. This turned his back to the camera and convinced everyone he had lost the wager. But they were wrong. For just as Lionel made his exit he began to scratch his back. This changed everything. This gave Lionel the scene and the ten dollars.

Director Sidney Franklin had his troubles when he directed "The Good Earth." He had Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, two of the most intense and dynamic personalities in Hollywood—to put it politely—in his cast. Besides, they worked under a great strain. For two months they wore wretched dirty clothes and worked in a thatched hut with the thermometer outside registering one hundred and twenty-two. And they lived in dread of ruining their make-up which took them two hours to put on.

Invariably when Muni was working, Luise, getting herself in the mood of her next scene, would pace up and down, up and down, until her shuffling tread got inside everyone's head, Muni's especially, and made it impossible for them to think of anything else. Franklin had to send his assistants over with the request that she sit down and be quiet.

Muni loved to speculate upon the psychology of his character, Wang. His discussions would go on by the hour. "Keep still," Franklin, reputed the most indulgent director on the Metro lot, told Paul one day. "Keep still. Get in there and *act!*"

Muni was horrified. "Don't pay any attention to me," he begged Franklin the following morning. "If I think you're taking me seriously I can't torture myself and I have to, to get good results!"

In spite of Sidney Franklin's reputation for indulgence he has no sympathy for outlandish exhibitions of temperament. He insists this is unnecessary to acting.

"Acting," he explains, "isn't feeling a thing deeply. It's exactly what it's called—acting. I've never known the scene an actor raved over, insisting he had been swept away by

(Continued on page 72)

Try sometime sending your pet story to a studio and see what happens

How warm the days do get in Hollywood! Here, for instance, are (left) Graham Baker and Gene Towne, scenarists, turning out—maybe—a story of love at the North Pole. (Above): Towne and Baker admiring their joint labors, typed and bound

DON'T WASTE Postage

by GENE TOWNE

YOU'VE probably read that any studio is ready to give the palm to any imaginative guy who can concoct an original yarn. These facts are standard.

The toughest racket in the world is selling an original story to the movies! Unless you're "in." Being "in" means being established—having a name.

Otherwise you'll get your story back unopened, returned by registered mail so you can't sue.

I'm not trying to work up a mystery, but maybe an incident here which I recall will help prove my point. My partner, Graham Baker, and I were sitting in the steam room at United Artists a few months ago, when in walked Walter Wanger, the producer we have been annoying for the past two years without much avail.

"Got any ideas for Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda?" he asked. "I've got to start a picture with them soon."

"Yeah, we've got one," I answered. "Romeo and Juliet—with machine guns!"

"And then what?" challenged Wanger.

"Fonda is framed for a murder he didn't commit and is waiting to sit on the 'hot seat'," I answered, starting to warm up.

"And then the pardon comes?" interrupted Wanger. "Old stuff, no new twists."

"When the pardon gets there," I continued undismayed, "Fonda is out in the prison

(Continued on page 72)

"Onward" is Norma Shearer's unspoken slogan. Responsibilities crowd upon her, but she faces all bravely

The New
NORMA SHEARER

The star whom many call the "First Lady of the Screen" in a different life role

by CHARLES BORDEN

WHEN Norma Shearer appears in her next picture, I believe that we shall see her a greater actress than ever before. This is not merely a guess. The statement is based on circumstances and conditions that have re-shaped, almost abruptly, the star's outlook on life.

We saw her last as Juliet, and of all the pictures she has made in her seventeen years on the screen she here presented perhaps her finest performance. Even that part of the public which frankly admits it wants only entertainment—and not "art"—in its films, was delighted with her interpretation of the role. They okeyed Shakespeare in general and Miss Shearer in particular. It was kind of nice, too, to discover that the dramatic critics weren't disagreeing with them all the time.

But since then sorrow has come into Miss Shearer's life; she is in the distressing position of one who, having won all—and more—than she probably had ever anticipated, has seen the dearer part snatched away.

Fame and fortune came to her relatively early. An ideal marriage accompanied her success. Furthermore, she had been blessed with motherhood. Life, it must have seemed to her, would go on like that forever. Of course anxieties arose; difficulties that even the greatest and ablest cannot evade. Nothing but temporary worries, however, and each year marked a forward step for her in motion picture achievement. And in private life she had the companionship and love of a genius husband, and a growing son and daughter to be developed for a career later.

When death struck at her happiness, her friends feared for the consequences. Such a loss is a terrible tragedy to a woman in private life, but it was doubly so in Norma Shearer's case. Her husband had discovered her for pictures, had taken her under his tutelage and, after their marriage, had been still more intimately associated with her career. Work, the natural anodyne, for sorrow, could only remind her of him.

One can readily picture how Irving and Norma, in the seclusion of their (Continued on page 70)

The force of character has molded the beauty of Miss Shearer's features

She can relax at the proper time — a tremendous asset to a woman of affairs

HENRY FONDA'S *Strange Homecoming*

From poverty to luxury, from luxury to—well—anyway, the simple life

by KATHERINE ALBERT

IF you want to see Henry Fonda in Hollywood you have to call up four or five press agents and make an appointment a couple of weeks in advance.

To see him in Westport, Connecticut—population in summer 6,000—all you do is step around to the back entrance of a barn and wait for him.

In Hollywood he smears his famous face with grease paint in a beautifully decorated dressing room with triple mirrors, rows of efficiently arranged shelves, luxurious chairs and tables.

In Westport he dresses behind a makeshift compo board arrangement with an unpainted make-up shelf and a mirror that wavers when you look into it, distorting the handsome Fonda face as those goofy mirrors at amusement parks do.

In Hollywood Henry Fonda's home is a beautiful estate with a swimming pool and all the fixings.

In Westport he lives in a little boarding house with a bunch of amateur actors.

And that's the paradox of Henry Fonda's home-

Henry Fonda, the man who—naturally—dominates the heart of Frances Brokaw (the Missus) relaxes with her on their beautiful estate in suburban Hollywood. Fonda recently finished "I Met My Love Again"

(Above) H.F. looking over the family car. Neat yachting costume, that, for chauffeuring. (Right): Outside of Joan Bennett's portable dressing room, he listens to the victrola

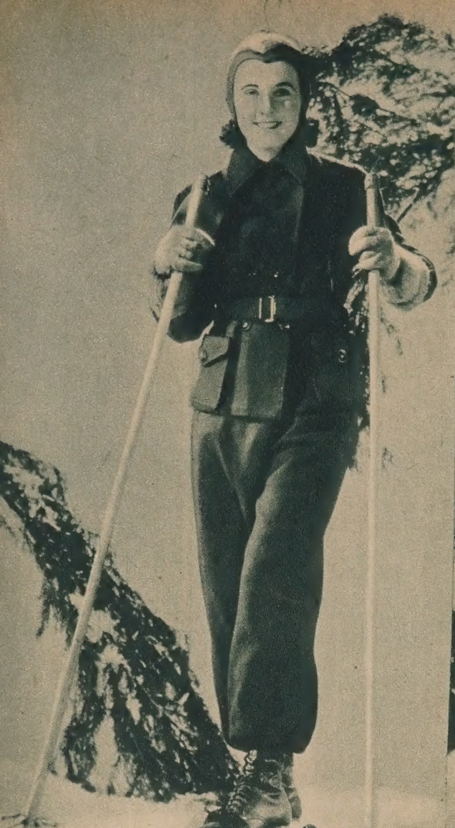
coming. He says he's never spent a nicer summer and had he not been separated from his lovely wife, Frances, he would have been perfectly happy.

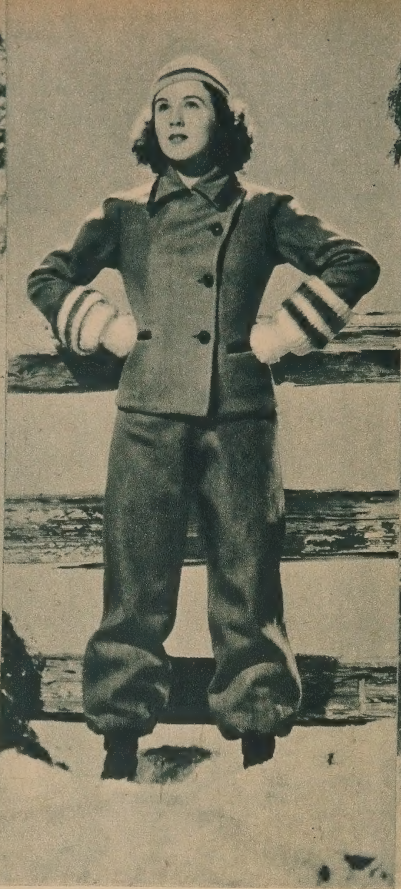
It wasn't so many years ago that Henry Fonda was living, of necessity, such an existence as the one described above. That was when he was a youngster hoping to become a good actor. During the long winters in New York, when he was unsuccessfully bearding theatrical managers, he nearly starved. In fact, he came so near it that it is difficult for him to talk about it even today.

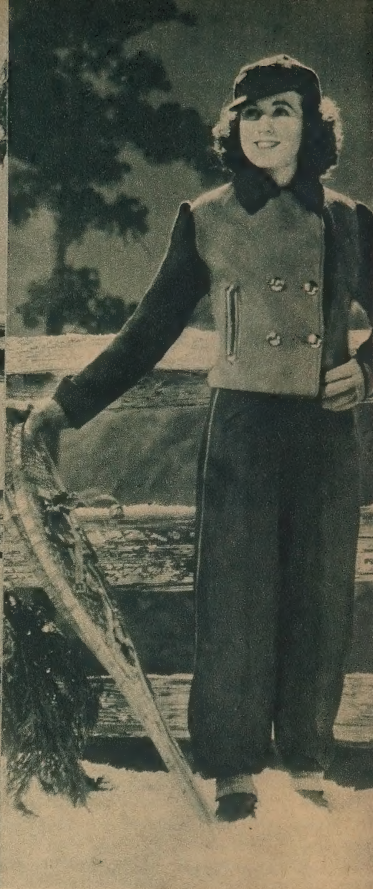
Yet there is one incident that is forever burned in his memory. He had eaten no food for three days when, for both physical and spiritual warmth, he dropped into an art gallery. As he was looking at the pictures he heard people chatting at the back of the salon. And he discovered that a party was under way with tables spread with every sort of miraculous food—roast turkeys, baked ham, dainty sandwiches, pots of cheese.

As he stood staring at that table he suddenly realized that not one of the many who talked and nibbled at the food had paid the slightest bit of attention to him. Obviously they thought he was a friend of someone's and had a right to be there. So he could have satisfied his hunger to his heart's—and stomach's content. But he walked around that table and did not touch a thing. Pride kept him from it. There was a chilling fear that if he reached out his hand for even the smallest sandwich (Continued on page 74)

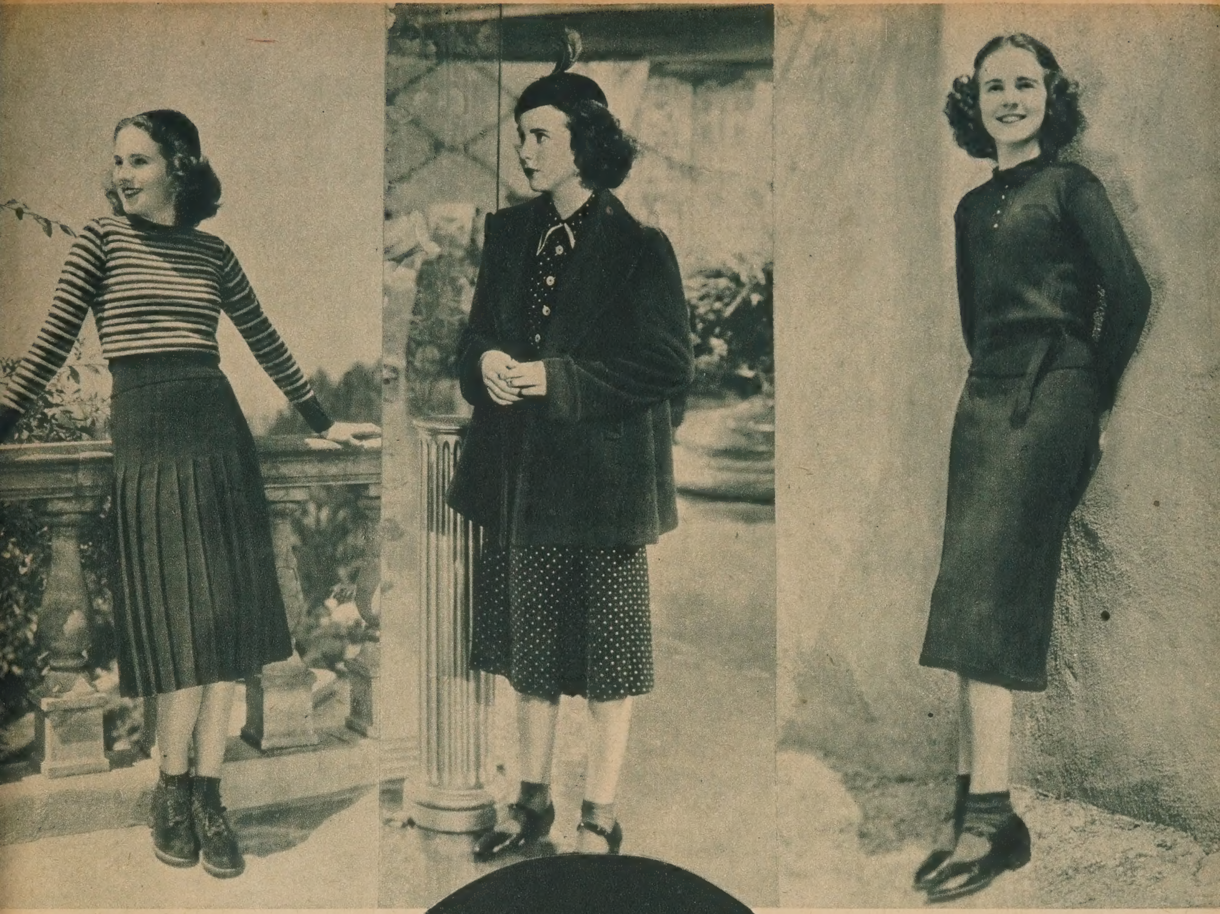
Caught on their home grounds—tennis court—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda respond to the photographer's request for a "shot"







DEANNA DURBIN, America's new sweetheart, has inspired a bright and joyous collection of sportswear made exclusively by the Touraine Company in New York. You can have one of Deanna Durbin's fashions for your very own! And you'll get your prize in time for Christmas! Deanna gave a superb performance in "100 Men And A Girl" and we know her many, many admirers are eagerly waiting for her next picture. Now in order to win one of the prizes listed all you have to do is to submit a winning reply to "I am anxious to see Deanna Durbin in her next Universal hit, 'Mad about Music' because———" and give your reason in twenty words or less. You may use the coupon, paste it on a penny postal, and mail it to Deanna Durbin, MODERN MOVIES, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Neatness and appropriateness of text will count. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Be sure to state your choice of ski-suit, and your size; all the styles are made in girls' sizes from ten to sixteen. The judges will be the Editor and the Staff of MODERN MOVIES and their decisions will be final. Contest closes December first, 1937. On page 76 is a list of stores where Deanna Durbin fashions are available, but here is an opportunity for you to win a very beautiful gift FREE! Mail your entry in NOW!



WIN A LOVELY XMAS GIFT FROM *Deanna Durbin*

PRIZES

THREE 1st PRIZES, each a Deanna Durbin ski-suit, all wool and lined throughout. Your choice of model "Mountain Slide". . . "Placid". . . or "Ranger"

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Back to LAVENDER *and* OLD LACE

Olivia de Havilland as a lady of some two hundred years ago

A radiant study in negligee. Olivia in "The Great Garrick"

Such furs, my dear! They're worth a queen's or a beautiful girl's ransom

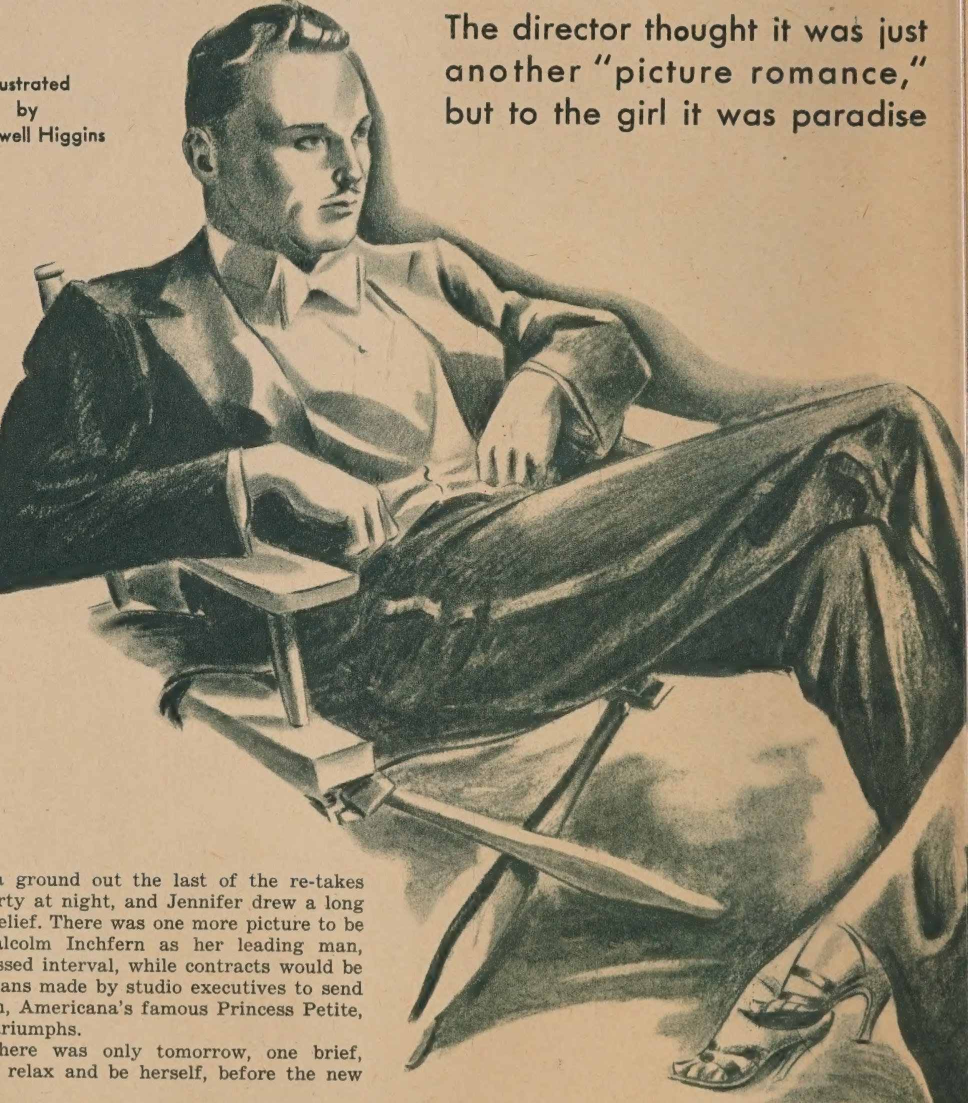
Olivia (above) has chosen a lovely spot for a rendezvous. And look at that lace gown! At right, a lesson in coiffure

A cute hood for "weather." Clothes had style, too, in the 18th century

Camera Kiss

The director thought it was just another "picture romance," but to the girl it was paradise

Illustrated
by
Cardwell Higgins



THE camera ground out the last of the re-takes at nine thirty at night, and Jennifer drew a long breath of relief. There was one more picture to be made with Malcolm Inchfern as her leading man, and then a blessed interval, while contracts would be renewed and plans made by studio executives to send Jennifer Jordan, Americana's famous Princess Petite, on to greater triumphs.

Just now, there was only tomorrow, one brief, fleeting day to relax and be herself, before the new picture began.

Malcolm turned his flawless profile away from the cameras and approached the tired, drooping little figure with the fatigue-ringed violet eyes that was Jennifer.

"Great stuff, eh? This is going to be even better than 'Sweetheart Sal' was. No question that Americana will take up our options with a big increase, darling."

by
RUTH BROWN

Suddenly the smug self-satisfaction of his tone was too much for Jennifer.

"Options, salary increases, re-takes!" she snapped at him. "Don't you ever think of anything but your career, Mal?"

Malcolm ran a carefully manicured hand over his shining black hair, and looked at her in surprise.

"Why, what else is there to think about?" he demanded. "My career, and you. I think quite a bit about you, Jennifer."

Jennifer wanted to scream at him. Instead, she spoke bitingly.

"You thought quite a bit about each of your three wives, at the time, didn't you? But underneath it all, you didn't *really* think about anybody but you. When they got in your way, you eased them out of the picture as nonchalantly as you'd light a cigarette. You'd do the same to me, Mal, if and when I become the fourth Mrs. Inchfern."

Malcolm only laughed, the laugh of a man who is very sure of himself.

"Oh, come now, Jennifer, what's got into you? Of course, there's no 'if' nor 'when' about it. You're *going* to be the fourth Mrs. Inchfern, right after this next picture. You're just tired, that's all."

Jennifer eyed him distastefully, and admitted that maybe that was it — she was tired.

"I'll tell you what," Mal told her, "we've got all day tomorrow. We'll go down to my place at the beach, and loaf all day, lie on the sand in the sun. You'll get rested and feel all together different."

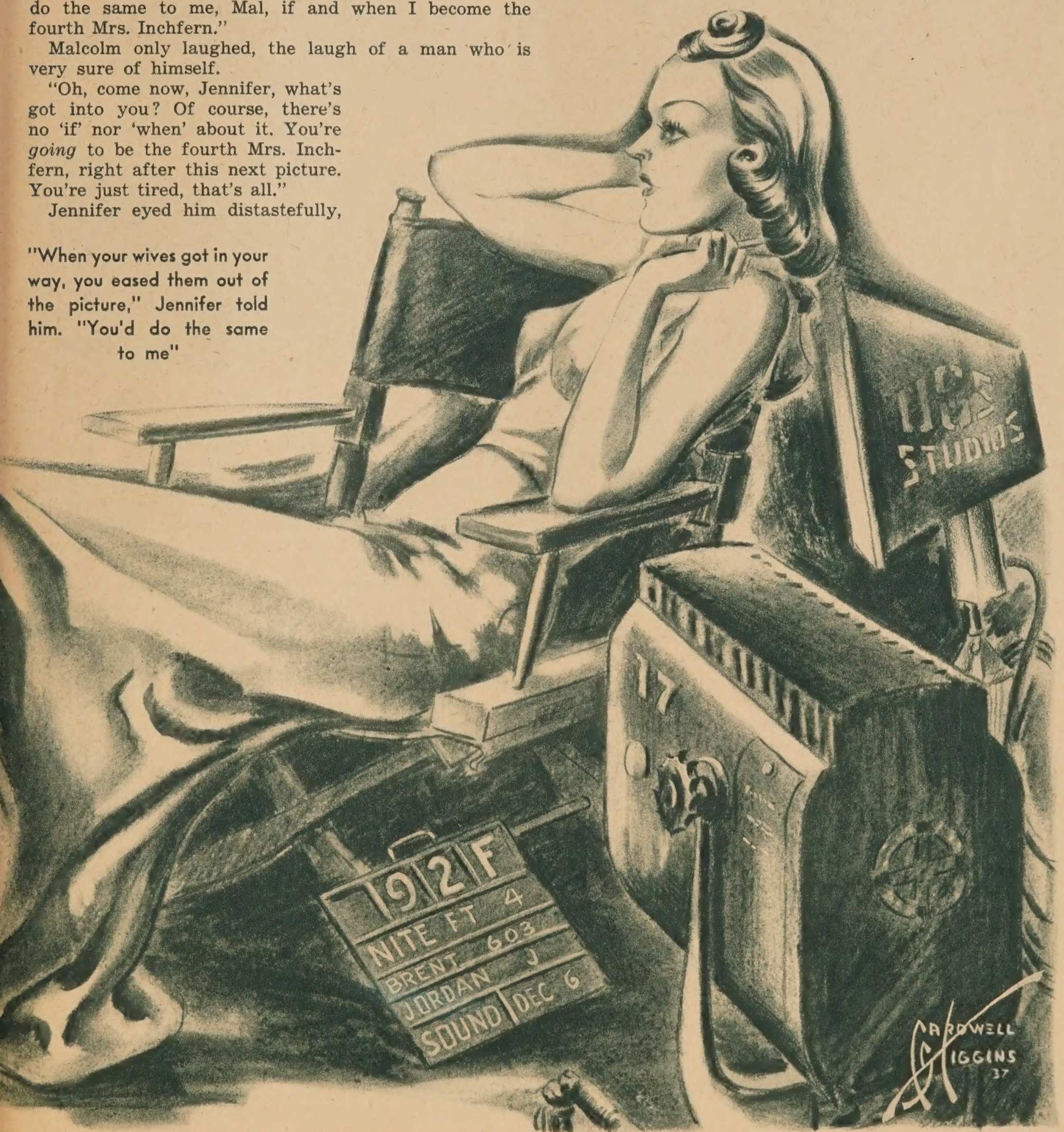
Indifferently, Jennifer agreed.

"What time shall I call for you?" Mal insisted.

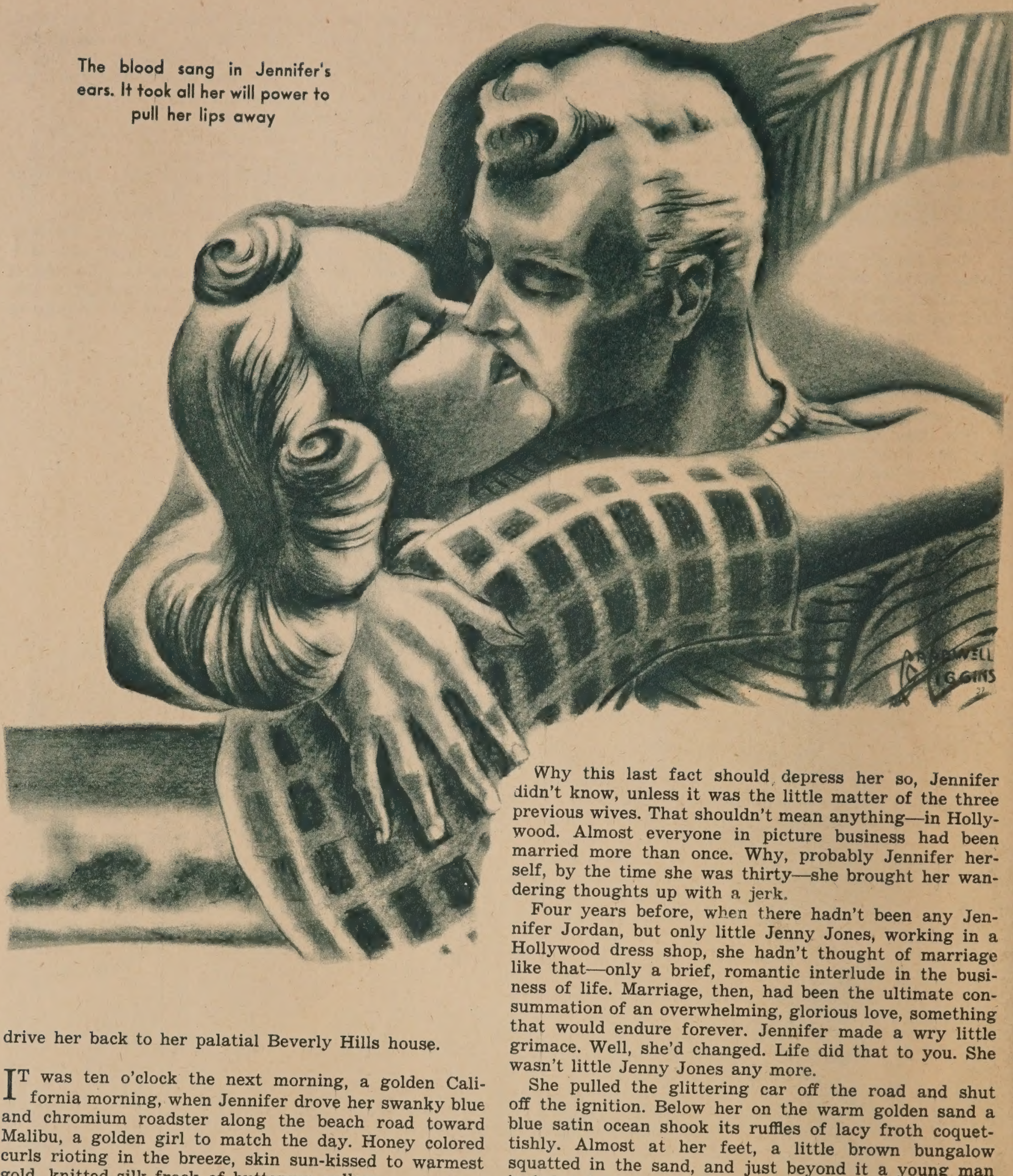
"Oh—don't call for me. I want to sleep as long as I can in the morning. I'll drive down myself, right after breakfast."

"O.K. darling. Don't be too late, will you?"

Jennifer turned away without answering. The way she felt tonight, she didn't care if she never saw Malcolm Inchfern again. She was too tired to even remove her make-up or costume. She simply dragged a polo coat about her slim shoulders and sent for her car to



"When your wives got in your way, you eased them out of the picture," Jennifer told him. "You'd do the same to me"



The blood sang in Jennifer's ears. It took all her will power to pull her lips away

drive her back to her palatial Beverly Hills house.

IT was ten o'clock the next morning, a golden California morning, when Jennifer drove her swanky blue and chromium roadster along the beach road toward Malibu, a golden girl to match the day. Honey colored curls rioting in the breeze, skin sun-kissed to warmest gold, knitted silk frock of buttercup yellow.

Jennifer was still wondering what was the matter with her. The little scarlet mouth whose smile was the envy and heartache of every co-ed in America was compressed into a firm, taut ribbon of red. The deep violet pools of her eyes were moody and sombre.

All the world was a footstool for her Cinderella feet, but it didn't seem to make her happy. She had made a hundred thousand dollars in the last year. She had four cars and a private yacht, and she was probably going to marry Malcolm Inchfern, as soon as they could both get enough time away from the studio for a honeymoon.

Why this last fact should depress her so, Jennifer didn't know, unless it was the little matter of the three previous wives. That shouldn't mean anything—in Hollywood. Almost everyone in picture business had been married more than once. Why, probably Jennifer herself, by the time she was thirty—she brought her wandering thoughts up with a jerk.

Four years before, when there hadn't been any Jennifer Jordan, but only little Jenny Jones, working in a Hollywood dress shop, she hadn't thought of marriage like that—only a brief, romantic interlude in the business of life. Marriage, then, had been the ultimate consummation of an overwhelming, glorious love, something that would endure forever. Jennifer made a wry little grimace. Well, she'd changed. Life did that to you. She wasn't little Jenny Jones any more.

She pulled the glittering car off the road and shut off the ignition. Below her on the warm golden sand a blue satin ocean shook its ruffles of lacy froth coquettishly. Almost at her feet, a little brown bungalow squatted in the sand, and just beyond it a young man in faded dungarees and a striped Basque shirt was doing intricate things to a tangled mess of fishing tackle. The sun struck glinting sparks from his thatch of curly hair, which was neither red nor brown, but a sort of ruddy in-between.

Here, thought Jennifer bitterly, was contentment. This young man was happy. He looked as if he didn't have a care in the world, or a dollar, either. Acting upon a sudden impulse, Jennifer got out of the car and approached him.

The man looked up when Jennifer's shadow fell across him, and she saw that his eyes were brown and merry in a face so tanned that it was the (Continued on page 75)

Here's what this rising young player is like and what he has done

YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT Bob Kent

by FORREST FRENCH

Bob Kent tried everything more than once and is still experimenting

ROBERT KENT, Hollywood jack-of-trades — formerly prizefighter, farm-hand, riding-master, able-bodied seaman; now, promising young 20th Century-Fox player climbing the Hollywood ladder.

Kent is another movie youngster whose Filmland experiences have been typically Hollywood-ish. He came to Hollywood but nothing much happened. A very disappointed young man, he left Hollywood. As soon as his back was turned producer Darryl Zanuck offered him a fine contract and roles pointing straight toward stardom.

But Kent's success is still recent and only makes up a part of the story of his life. When Bob was six his father died, and his mother was left with her small son and many debts. Working as a secretary, she sent him through grammar and high school. But Bob rebelled at the idea of prep school and college with their burden of expenses upon his mother. Going to New York he obtained a $65 a month job as a messenger boy in a bank. However, Bob is an individualist, and for violating the rule that messenger boys must wear their wallets strapped over their shoulders, he was dismissed the day before Thanksgiving. Bob, never much of a worrier, looked around town and got a similar job four days later.

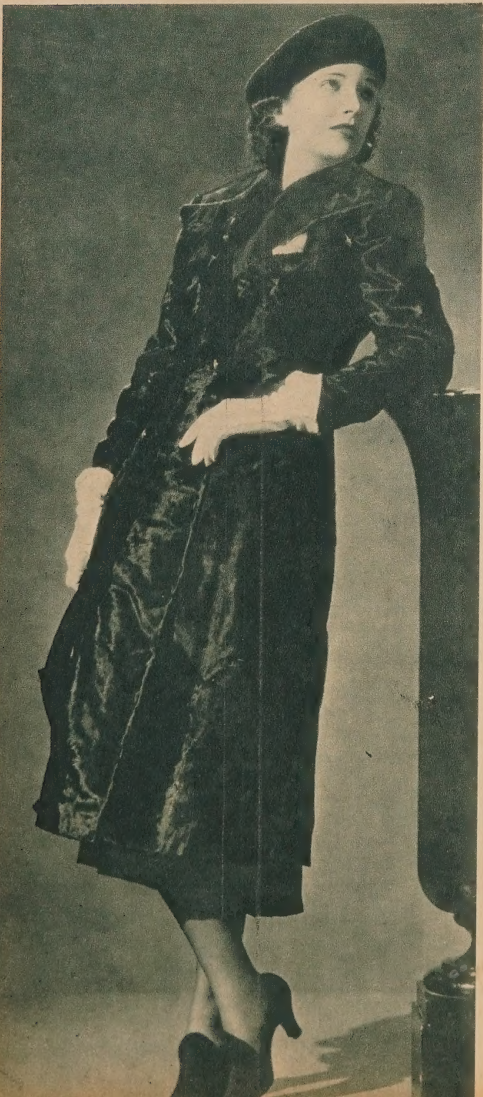
It was about this time that he decided to try boxing as a career. With a fighting weight of but 126 pounds, he lost all his bouts. But, as he says, the real reason he abandoned his pugilistic ambitions was that "Ma cracked down on me."

Meanwhile running errands was beginning to pall on Bob. So he went up into the beautiful mountains of Vermont where he worked for a time as a farm-hand. Next, he trekked down to Mount Vernon, N. Y., where he talked himself into the job of instructor at a riding academy.

The next year found him an able-bodied seaman aboard the Grace line ships on the New York-Valparaiso and, later, the New York-San Francisco runs. In 1930 he became a professional model in New York City for illustrators, on the advice of his school *(Continued on page 79)*

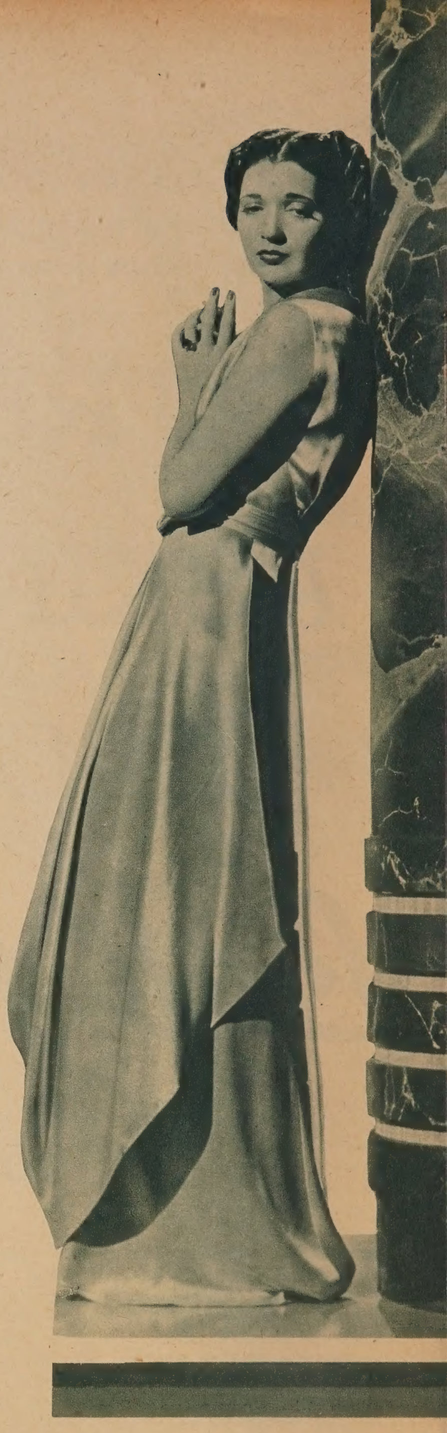
"*First Lady*" *in* CINEMA SMARTNESS

A coachman's coat of sleekest black galyak makes a trim fur coat that is good for both informal and formal daytime use. The double breasted closing and the little handkerchief pocket give this the air of a cloth coat. Kay picks black suede for bag and shoes, but white for her gloves

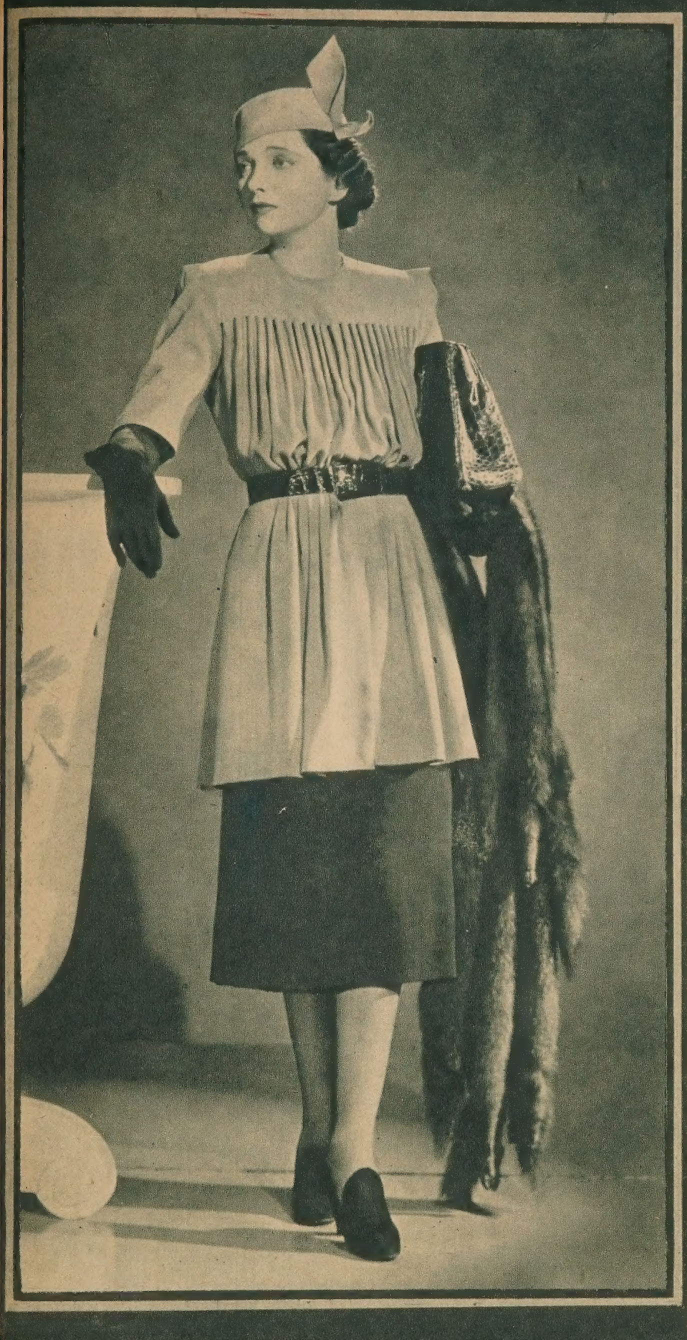


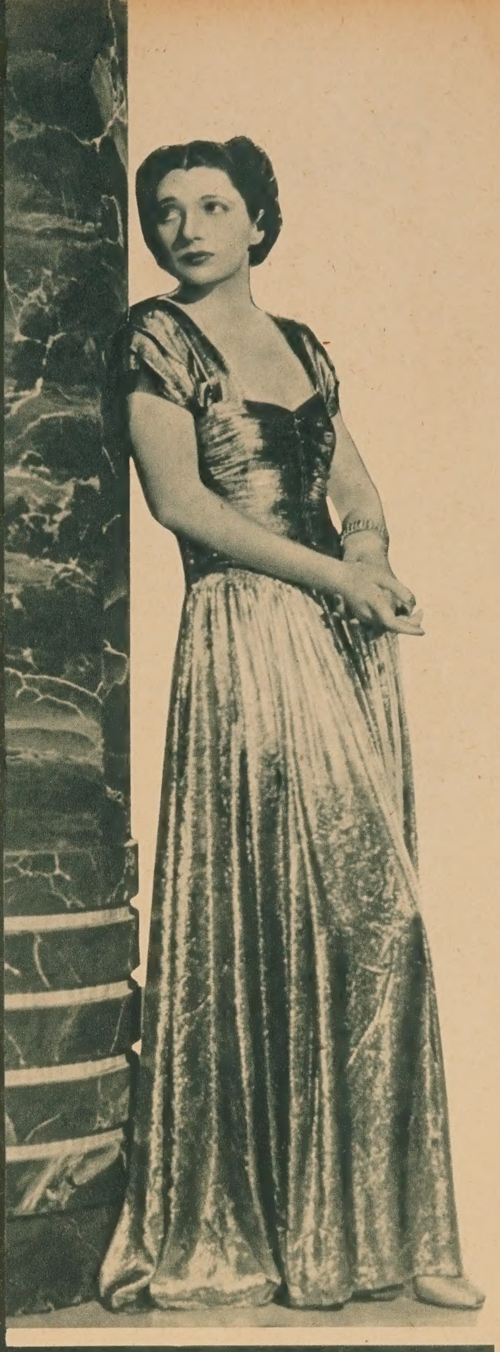
Kay Francis should serve as a lesson in grace and real chic to all women who bemoan height. Kay is a tall woman who has dressed herself with such perfection that she stands, today, among the best-dressed women of the world. Her stunning costumes from "First Lady," designed by Orry-Kelly, are excitingly new in line and detail. Use them as a guide for your Winter wardrobe

by
ADELIA E. BIRD



In direct contrast to the full skirted silhouette of Kay's metal dress is this draped, sheath-like satin gown. A front cowl drape to the skirt is reminiscent of pre-war elegance. The dress is made of shiny dove gray satin but a long cape, which completes the ensemble, uses the crepe side

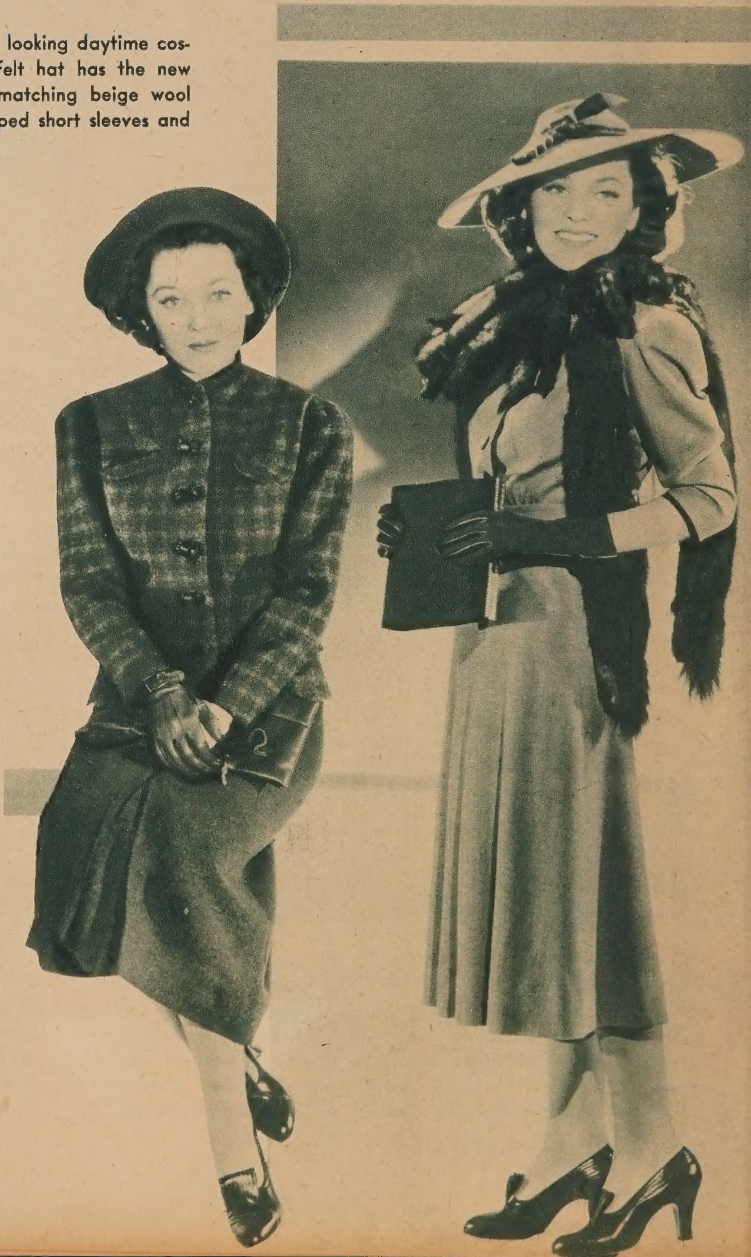




Tunics do grand things for the tall figure, especially when color contrast is used. Here rust crepe forms the tunic part of Kay's costume, topping a brown wool skirt. The square yoke and cartridge shirring are tricks which help to cut down height. The Francis accessories are smart—suede shoes and gloves, a huge brown crocodile bag with belt to match, and a turban of rust felt

This shimmering metal cloth gown is so beautiful that it requires no trimming whatever. The very low, fitted bodice and the skirt fullness set low upon the hips are of peasant inspiration. The softly draped and wide shoulder straps are much seen in formal clothes this Winter

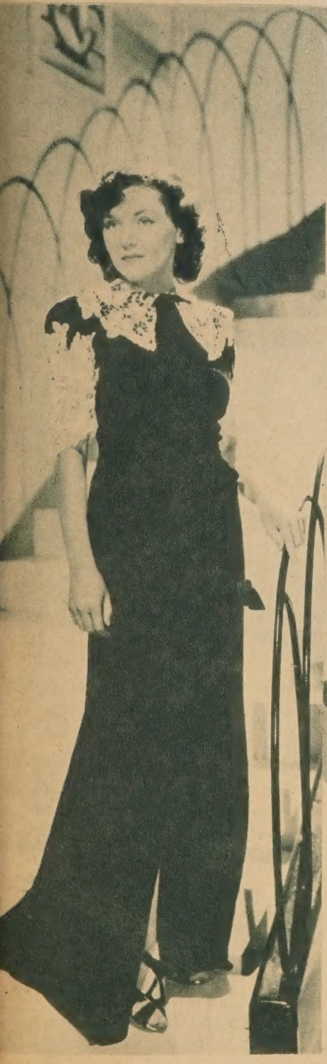
The Type of Thing MAUREEN likes to wear

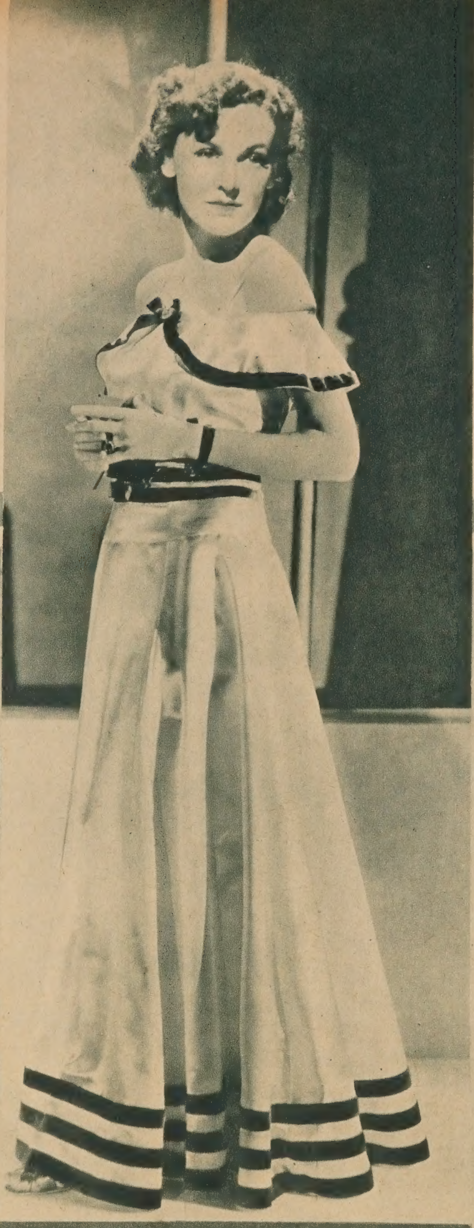


Full of new fashion points is this good looking daytime costume. First of all Maureen's beige felt hat has the new wider brimline which is smart. Her matching beige wool dress has soft fullness in the skirt, draped short sleeves and a fitted bodice. Her bag and gloves match in a rich mahogany brown suede. And a luxurious sable scarf completes the charming ensemble

Maureen's Irish but she loves Scotch plaids. A trimly buttoned plaid jacket in tones of green tops a bottle green tweed skirt. Her off-the-face felt hat is green but her kid pumps, bag and gloves are in one of the new reddish brown shades

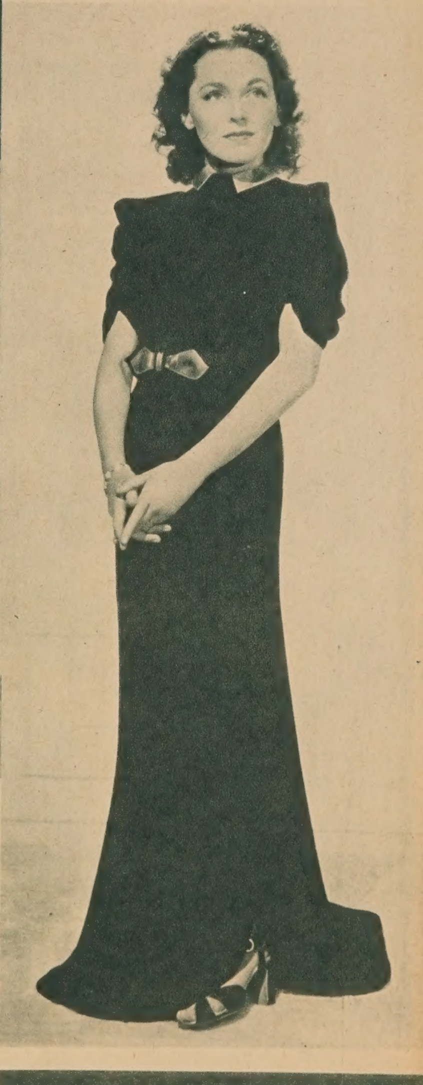
A few years ago when Maureen O'Sullivan came to America, she owned one dress! Now she is one of the best dressed of the younger Hollywood stars. To prove it just look at this charming black velvet dinner gown trimmed with Point Venice lace





Slipper satin and red velvet—what a perfect combination for this delightful period dress. A ruffle, banded in the velvet ribbon, gives an off-the-shoulder decolletage. The skirt is very full and set low on the hips beneath a swathed waist and fitted bodice—this gives a low-waisted effect, you'll notice. Maureen wears velvet ribbons on her arms in key with the old-fashioned charm of the dress

Very youthful is this slender black velvet frock with a "little boy's" collar of silver kid. The sleeves are ingeniously draped to look as if they had been casually pushed up. Maureen's skirt is slit at the side. Silver kid trims her fabric belt



TEN-YEAR-OLD *Boy Wonder*

The singular career and achievements of Bobby Breen, star of screen and radio

by
EDITH PERSONS

Bobby gives Grand Central Station, New York City, "redcaps" the treat of hearing his glorious voice

(Above): Bobby—center—entertains Bobby Schwartz and Minna Sonnenberg, winners of New York City annual song fest. (Right): Quick exit after a stage performance

A DOZEN reporters were waiting for interviews. Eager fans rushed forward to catch a glimpse of him. Seeing them, you might have thought that Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, or Tyrone Power had come to town. But you would have been wrong. The center of all the attention was a slender, brown-eyed ten-year-old boy—little Bobby Breen.

Most youngsters of ten are interested in things like baseball and medals. Bobby Breen is, too. But there is something that sets this little fellow apart from the others around him. Something more than a voice "to tear the heart right out of you," as Eddie Cantor described it. Something more than a wistful little face and a silver-dollar brightness. And that something is appeal. Appeal that reaches right out to every movie goer in every movie theatre everywhere. Appeal that instantly wins over other youngsters and sets adults hankering for children of their own—just like him.

The first time I met Bobby Breen he was having lunch with his sister Sally and the two young winners of the Singing Contest sponsored by the City of New York. Somehow I had expected the little movie star to be taller and larger. Off-screen he's just a tiny mite. I ex-

Bobby—in white, center—is host in Rockefeller Plaza at gathering of New York City playground promoters. (Right): "Goodbye all!"

pected, too, that he would have something of the "What can you tell me I've seen everything" air that stage children acquire so readily. Instead I found him an utterly lovable youngster with inexhaustible high spirits.

Poised and self-sufficient himself, Bobby was quick to notice that his guests, the two young contest winners, were somewhat abashed by the grinding cameras and curious spectators. A flashlight bulb went off startling the two New Yorkers. None of the adults present thought of reassuring them, but Bobby noticed their bewilderment.

"The photographers have to do that to take a picture," he explained quietly, "after you get accustomed to it you won't mind so much."

I was to hear those same youngsters state later that more thrilling than winning the city-wide song contest, more thrilling than the applause, more thrilling even than the chance to sing on the radio, was that lunch with their favorite movie star—Bobby Breen.

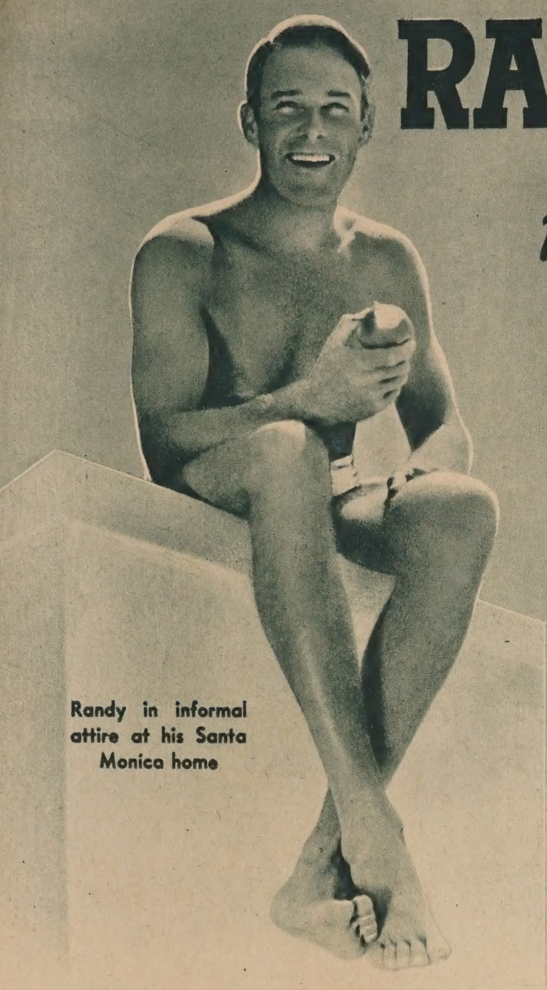
It was not the glamour of his screen personality alone that won over the two New Yorkers. World famous little Bobby Breen proved that he was a "regular fellow" besides.

It was the lack of pretension with which Bobby admired the medals his guests had won for singing. It was the sincerity he put into his, "Gee, gold medals for singing. You ought to be proud of these!"

It was no sophisticated singing *(Continued on page 79)*

Mary Small and Bobby ready to go "on the air"

RANDOLPH *proves himself* A GREAT LOVER



Randy in informal attire at his Santa Monica home

Compare his screen technique with Gable, Taylor and others and you'll find he's also tops

by LOUISE GRAY

I KNOW there are many people who will disagree with me when I say that Randolph Scott is one of the greatest lovers on the screen. Shades of Gable and Taylor and Baxter, of the two Powells, of Ameche and March! But, speaking as a woman who understands the masculine technique most calculated to win the heart of a woman, I repeat, loudly and long, that Randy Scott is a real Romeo.

Randy Scott is a man's man and that means that he is a woman's man. He doesn't pose and strut all over the place and when he takes the heroine in his arms you instinctively feel the rightness of the scene. He tells her of his devotion with just the proper amount of emotion, with a masculine verve which does things to her heart . . . and his kiss is the kind women the world over dream about and long for.

Women like Randolph Scott because he acts like a man, particularly in his love scenes, rather than a stuffed shirt. He neglects to be a carbon copy of some of our most highly publicized screen lovers—he knows what a woman wants and expects from the man on whom she has designs.

Randolph began to show his real lover technique first, perhaps, in "Go West, Young Man," with Mae West. Randy plays the part of a small town young man with dreams and ambitions. He is set upon by a hard-bitten screen siren who determines to harness his clean-cut, wholesome charm for her own ends. Going to his workshop, marcelled and gowned in the most approved Holly-

Everyone realized that the love scenes in "High, Wide and Handsome" were startlingly realistic

When Randy was getting his start in "To the Last Man" with Esther Ralston

Mae found him simple but sophisticated in "Go West, Young Man"

"And Sudden Death" with Frances Drake

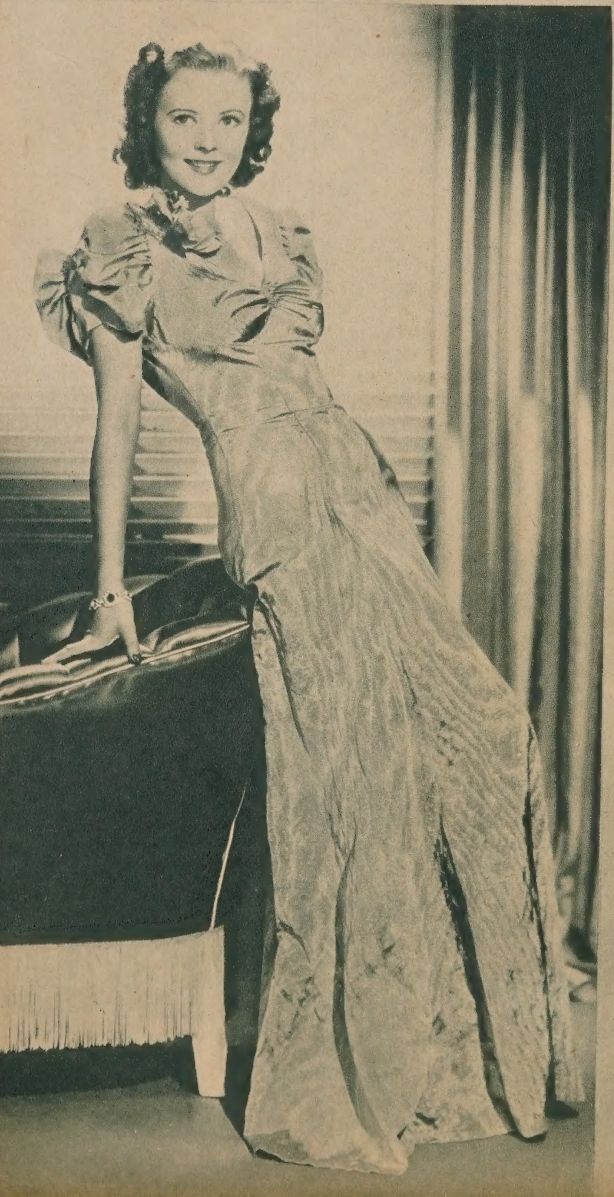
wood fashion, she smiles as Randy sniffs the fragrance which has trailed in with her. In typical Mae West fashion she attempts to lure this simple, straightforward youngster into the net of her own desires. But in this scene, and in a later one when she tells him that she needs the love and understanding of a man like him before it is too late, Randy does not show by word or gesture that he knows Mae is playing a game. If this is what she wants he determines to let her have it . . . it is a case of out-smarting the smart. Of course, he is impressed. And though he does not repulse her neither does he let her take him in. He holds her in his arms as they dance to the music of the radio and he smiles that slow, crooked smile which seems to indicate that for him she is the only one in the world but it still retains an element of wonder at why she should have singled him out, an attitude calculated to set the coldest woman on fire. It holds just the proper amount of evasiveness to make a woman of her kind redouble her efforts for the kill. Of course, the script called for this action, but it is the way that Randy interpreted the script that counts.

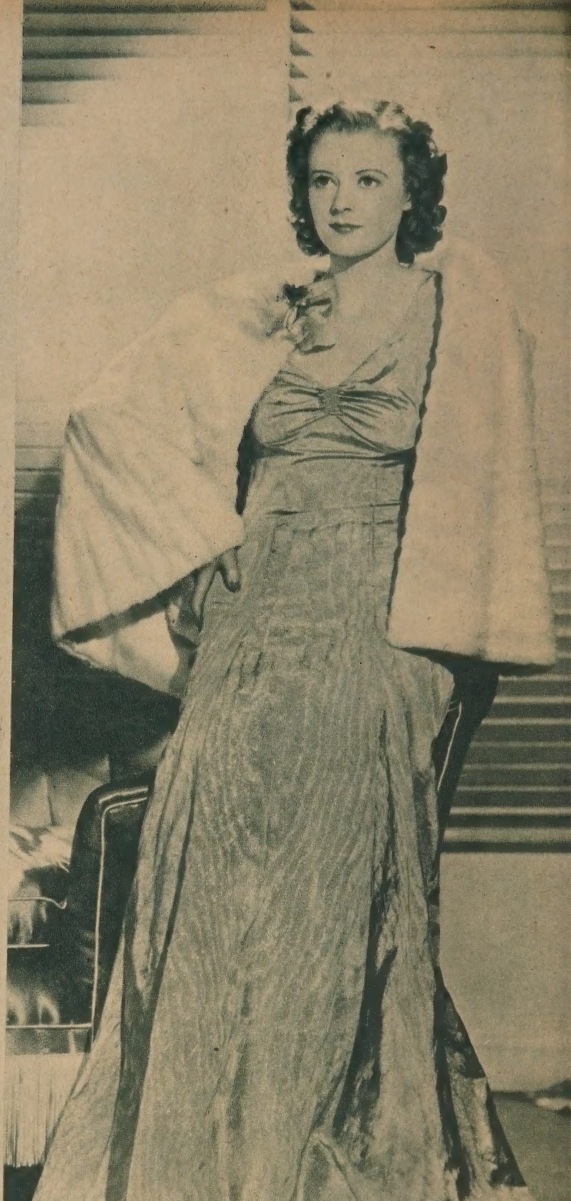
Then there's that scene in "So Red the Rose" with Margaret Sullavan. The two were hav- *(Continued on page 80)*

Randy as he played opposite Margaret Sullavan in "So Red the Rose"

Remember this scene in "Wagon Wheels" with Gail Patrick?

WATCH *your* STANCE!



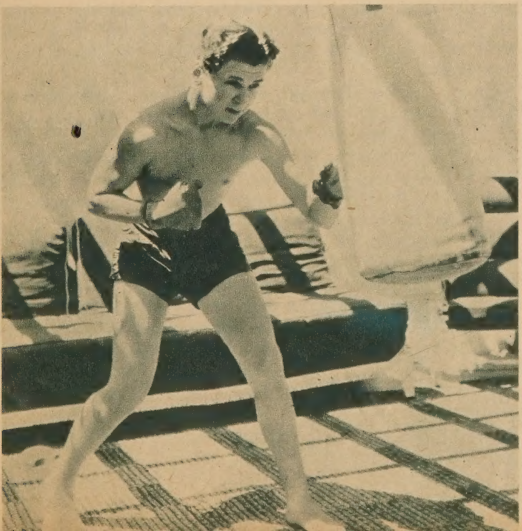


Heather Angel looks adorable—doesn't she?—in this evening gown, of heavy nile green lame-moire, and ermine cape. But note how much more slender she seems at left than above—hipline, bust, everything. And Heather is slim. But see (above) how a beautiful figure may lose its best effect by improper standing. A warning to all of us!

JACKIE COOPER'S *growing up*

Now fourteen years old, Jackie Cooper promises to continue his impressive picture career. (Above): He's doing a dance workout

Studies are no more fun for him than any other boy; he'd rather punch the bag in the gymnasium



Jackie, now working in "Boy of the Streets," is shown above with Maureen O'Connor. (Below): A good yawn after a swim

"Life doesn't matter. It's the courage you bring to it," says Gladys George

THE COURAGE OF Gladys George

She fought for a bare living — a terrible accident ended her first movie career — yet today she is a Hollywood celebrity

by MURIEL BABCOCK

GLADYS GEORGE'S philosophy of life is simple and direct. It is: "It isn't life that matters. It is the courage you bring to it."

Through ups, downs, struggle, heartbreak, defeat, victory and now fame in the movies, this blonde actress with the poignant eyes has hugged these lines close to her.

M-G-M's choice of Gladys for the role of "Madame X" in that great tear-jerker, was a natural. I can't think of any other actress in Hollywood good enough to tackle this "Madame X" job and yet able to put into it such depth of her own fundamental emotional experience. You look at her eyes and you know that she knows life.

Her eyes really brought her to Hollywood, as a tragedienne from Broadway, where she was ensconced as a comedienne. Because of what he saw behind her long lashes, Wesley Ruggles insisted over protests upon having her for the tragic role of "Valiant Is The Word For Carrie."

Studio executives disapproved emphatically. "You can't do that," they told him. "She is a laugh-getter, not a tear getter. They will snicker, they will think she is funny."

"Did you ever look into her eyes?" inquired Ruggles. "That woman can play tragedy. She has lived. Her eyes speak volumes to me. They tell me she has fine courage."

And so she has.

She found her creed: "It isn't life that matters. It is the courage you bring to it" in a chapter in Hugh Walpole's book, "Fortitude" which she read in her teens, when she faced one of her first hard battles, that of fighting back to health and poise after being painfully scalded and burned when a huge pan of hot grease splattered over her face and arms.

"I didn't know then how truly Walpole wrote," she told me recently as we sat talking in the book-lined den of the house in which she and her handsome husband, Leonard Penn, live in Hollywood.

"But, I did know that there was something—a philosophy of courage and hope—to cling to. Later, through experience, in all the things that have happened to me, those lines have come to have real meaning for me.

"I have learned painfully, step by step as I have lived, that no matter what, I must always keep my chin up and keep battling. For the most you get out of life is living."

All those things have happened to her—

A trouper, did I say? She was born in a small time vaudeville circuit and brought up backstage with the acrobats and the animal trainers. She was a child star at ten—"Dream Doll" read her billing—playing the South and Middle West. Once when just a kid, she scrubbed floors in a Texas hotel to pay a board bill. Again in New York when broke, she sold candy over a counter to get money to keep her parents in food.

As a young girl she had a great start at a Hollywood career. She was featured in pictures with Wally Reid and Tommy Meighan. She was suddenly out when she was hurt in that fire. So, she went to San Francisco and made a fresh start on the stage—and in two years was the youngest and most feted leading woman of that rugged city. Five years later, again she was broke and being staked by a friendly stage hand to railroad fare to New York.

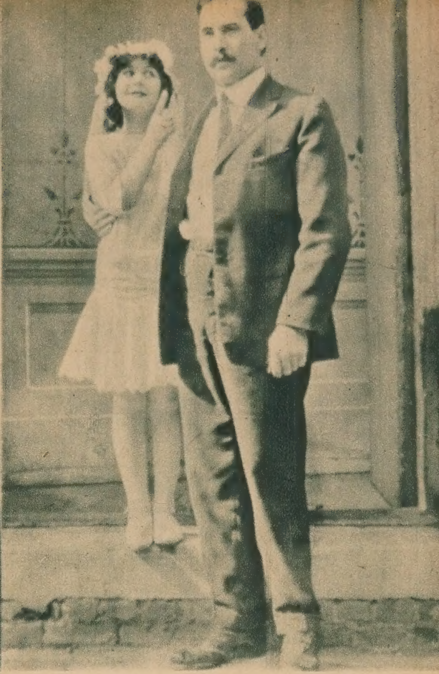
Up and down. Through the disappointments and defeats, the poverty and struggle and the victories (just as important) she has tried to hang on to her philosophy.

She hopes now she is on the threshold of a fine career in Hollywood. Not only has she worked hard for her break but the theatre is in her blood, has been practically her whole life since the day of her birth in Patten, Maine, thirty-four years ago.

Her parents were vaudeville troupers, stranded temporarily in Patten. Her father was Sir Arthur Clare, an adventurous Englishman who saw military service in India before he decided to come to America and follow the theatre. Her mother was Gladys Hazen, daughter of a Boston watchmaker. They were playing in a vaudeville act together on the tavern town circuits when Gladys was born.

When Gladys was old enough to join in the "act," they

(Above): Informal shot of Miss George taken between scenes of her "Madame X." (Center): As she appeared in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie"



Back in 1915, Gladys was playing in the "Dream Doll," in Oklahoma City. The man shown with her was a stage hand

told her she might choose her own stage name. She said she wanted to be called Gladys George W. Hazen after her grandpa. Well, they shortened her choice to Gladys George and so her name has remained. (In case you're interested she's no relation to Grace George, also famed on the stage.)

She told me she almost got in the movies when she was very young. Almost—not quite. Charlie Chaplin was interested, tested her several times and was on the point, apparently, of giving her a contract, when he met Mildred Harris. (You remember Mildred Harris did get a contract.)

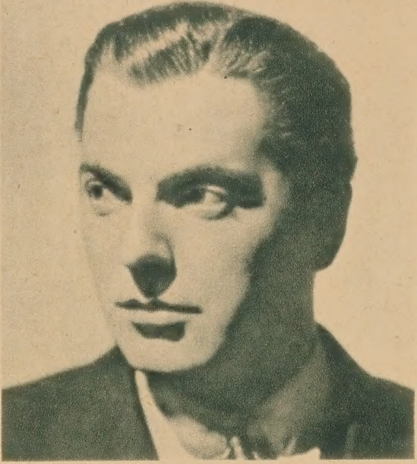
"Still later, came that second chance," she told me. "We—my parents and myself—had come to Hollywood after a long and wearing vaudeville tour to rest. While we were on our lay-off I was offered several picture parts. Suddenly, I found myself with a five-year contract with the Lasky company, and playing leads opposite Charley Ray and Thomas Meighan. It was wonderful. I was very young and the future looked rosy.

"I loved to cook. I still do. I took it into my head one night to fry some doughnuts at home. We had an oil stove. The grease splattered. There was a great blaze and I was burned severely about the face and arms, so severely it was thought I would be disfigured for life. That was when I began to learn the lesson that it is courage which counts in living. That was my first real knock-out blow from life.

"I was months recovering. I had one plastic surgery after another. The Lasky company quickly lost interest in me. They didn't renew my option. When I was well, with my face pretty fairly patched up, they didn't have a job for me. Hollywood was indifferent and cruel in only the way Hollywood can be.

"And so I went, on a hunch, to San Francisco and talked myself into a minor role in a play to be produced at the Alcazar Theatre. It was called 'The Blindness of Virtue'—well I remember. The leading woman became ill—I got her part—I went on and I was a hit. In fact, after the second act curtain I received a tremendous ovation.

"To hear that clapping from the audience—when I was so unsure of myself, when I had been through so much trouble—was one of the greatest thrills of my life. The only *(Continued on page 81)*



Her husband, Leonard Penn. "He looks after me always." (Below): Miss George as she appeared in the stage play, "Personal Appearance," a tremendous hit

"WHY DON'T THEY LEAVE ME

An interview with Miss Farmer in which she tells why she "won't be interviewed"

Miss Farmer with Ray Milland in "Ebb Tide"

So she won't talk, eh? Frances Farmer says she won't give out interviews about how she sleeps or what she eats for breakfast. Well, we'd see about that.

Didn't I hear on every hand that she wouldn't see the press? If I went up to Westport, where she is currently, I'd just be wasting a three hour trip. Even her own studio couldn't make an appointment for her, so stubborn was she supposed to be. Well, I was going prepared for a tussle. It would be a case of the irresistible force versus the immovable object. Something was bound to happen.

"I'm not so difficult, am I?" Frances Farmer was asking. We were sitting in the tea room near the Westport Country playhouse.

Even after I arrived in Westport, I was assured by the girl at the box office that Miss Farmer was busy rehearsing and wouldn't see anyone. But when I cornered the elusive screen star herself, she hesitated only for a moment, held out her hand, and said, "It's hot, how about an iced drink?"

No, I wasn't finding her so difficult. But I wasn't capitulating as readily as that. What about the legend of her

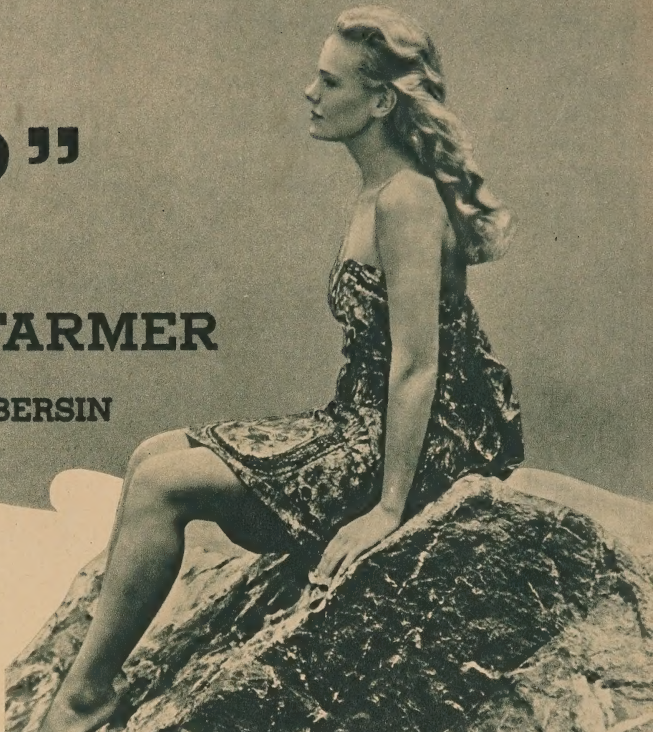
"As real as rocks, despite her appearance of moonlight on snow"

She got into the movies by taking subscriptions for a "radical" newspaper

Alone?"

ASKS FRANCES FARMER

AS TOLD TO EDITH BERSIN



There's a certain detachment about Miss Farmer—a detachment reminiscent of the lonely, but self-sufficient sea

evasiveness. Was all that talk merely idle gossip?

"They complain that I won't cooperate with the studio press department. They don't understand that I'm working here in Westport in a repertory of plays and that I can't run down to New York several times a week for interviews and publicity pictures."

Well, that didn't sound so unreasonable, I found myself admitting. Besides she couldn't have been more gracious, now that I was up here. But we'd see. We'd fire questions at her. See how she stood up under them.

"Miss Farmer," I began firmly, "how did you get your start in the movies?"

"By winning a contest in Seattle, Washington."

"A beauty contest?"

"Well, no. As a matter of fact it was a subscription contest for a radical newspaper."

"And the prize was a screen test, and that's how you got started?"

She shook her head mischievously. "Wrong again. I won a trip to Russia—third class. Have you ever traveled third class?"

This was getting a little confusing. From Seattle to Hollywood by way of Russia. No, definitely, it didn't make sense.

"Yes, but how—" I broke in impatiently.

She stopped to light a cigarette. "Well, you see it was on the boat coming home that I met a man, and he introduced me to Oscar Serlin, the Paramount scout. That's how I got a five-year contract."

The sun was streaming in through the window turning her blonde hair to spun gold. Outside brightly colored flowers were nodding in the slight breeze. The rustic charm of the place was getting under my skin. Then came the thunderbolt.

"Now, like the Russians, I have my own five-year plan. I'm going to improve my acting."

Jumping Jehosephet! Would wonders never cease! Imagine (Continued on page 82)

She enjoyed playing with Fred MacMurray in "Exclusive," she says

GARY COOPER
SIGRID GURIE

BASIL RATHBONE
GEORGE BARBIER

THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO

A SAMUEL GOLDWYN PICTURE

MARCO POLO (Gary Cooper) is sent by his trader father from Venice to China. Arrived in Pekin, Marco impresses the ruler, Kublai Kahn (George Barbier), while falling in love with the latter's daughter, the Princess Kukachin (Sigrid Gurie). Marco's chief rival is Ahmed (Basil Rathbone). Attacked by Ahmed's soldiers, Marco escapes but is captured by Kaidu, a powerful enemy of Kublai Khan. Kaidu promises Marco his life so long as he amuses his romantic wife. Back in Pekin, the Khan entrusts Ahmed with the command of the army in an invasion of Japan. Knowing a typhoon will overwhelm the fleet, Ahmed prepares to marry the Princess and declare himself emperor. The Princess sends an urgent message to Marco, who pleads with his captor to save his sweetheart from Ahmed. The chance to save Kaidu's life wins for Marco the war lord's favor, who now marches on and besieges Pekin. Disguised as a slave, Marco reaches the side of the Princess. But Ahmed entraps the invaders. Marco turns the tables by blowing up the city's gates. In the battle that follows Ahmed is killed and the Princess rescued.

FRED ASTAIRE JOAN FONTAINE
GRACIE ALLEN GEORGE BURNS

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

AN RKO PICTURE

DO NOT FINGER
ART OBJECTS.

Lord Marshmoreton (Montagu Love) tries to force his daughter Alyce (Joan Fontaine) to marry Reggie (Ray Noble). In London she meets an American musical comedy star, Jerry Halliday (Fred Astaire), whose press agent George (George Burns) keeps the city agog. Gracie (Gracie Allen) is the latter's secretary. Sick of popularity, Jerry flees in a taxicab in which Alyce—pursued—also, seeks safety. Adventure follows upon adventure, with intricate intrigue and counter intrigue. Finally, believing that Alyce loves him, Jerry takes her for a ride through the Love Tunnel at a fair. Jerry kisses her and gets his face slapped. But in the end love triumphs.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND BRIAN AHERNE
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

THE GREAT GARRICK

A WARNER BROTHERS PRODUCTION

DAVID GARRICK (Brian Aherne), London's great actor in 1750, goes to France, where he is ill received because of a rumored statement he did not make. French actors attempt a joke on Garrick at an inn, pretending they are dueling, etc. Garrick, however, is aware of the situation. Germaine (Olivia de Havilland), whose coach has broken down, enters the inn. Garrick thinks she is an actress and pretends to make love to her. Learning that the blacksmith is to beat him up, he turns the tables, disguises himself as the smith, and drunkenly boasts of having slain Garrick. The scared troupe prepares to flee. Garrick reveals himself, reprimands the actors, and tells Germaine she is a poor actress. Angry, because she discovers Garrick's love is make-believe, she upbraids him. Later, he discovers the truth about her, resulting in a romantic reconciliation between the two.

MODERN MOVIES'

WITH the conclusion of war with Mexico, in 1848, the subsequent annexation of California, and the discovery of gold there, Ramsay MacKay (Joel McCrea) is sent to open a Wells Fargo express and banking office in San Francisco. Always with him is Hank York (Bob Burns), a driver who helps him lay wagon express routes from the Coast to St. Louis through Indian infested mountains and plains. Justine Pryor (Frances Dee), Ramsay's fiancee, journeys to San Francisco to marry him. When the Civil War breaks out, Southern cavalry intercept large shipments of gold. To outwit them Ramsay lays new routes through Arizona and Utah. Persuaded by her mother, a Southern sympathizer, Justine writes a letter to a Confederate officer, in which she reveals her husband's plans. Remorsefully, she tears it up. But her mother retrieves the fragments and sends them on. Ramsay is ambushed but beats off the attack. Discovering in the pocket of a slain confederate the telltale letter, he is alienated from Justine. They separate. Only years later does he discover the truth—that Mrs. Pryor had sent the note. In St. Louis, Ramsay and Justine, and their two children, are happily reunited.

BOB BURNS JOEL McCREA
FRANCES DEE

WELLS FARGO

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

JOAN BENNETT HENRY FONDA
DAME MAY WHITTY

I MET MY LOVE AGAIN

A Walter Wanger Production

CAUGHT in a snowstorm Julie Weir (Joan Bennett) takes refuge in a cabin occupied by a romantic writer Michael (Alan Marshal). Forgetting her betrothal to Ives Towner (Henry Fonda) Julie elopes with Alan. Years pass and Julie is a widow in Paris, supporting her daughter by dress designing. Finally she returns home to find Ives a college professor. Her love is renewed, but Ives is cold. Meantime Brenda Lane (Louise Platt), one of his pupils, has become infatuated with him. When she finds that the Professor has taken Julie to a dance, she crashes the party and throws a glass of punch in Julie's face. Julie flees into the night, Ives follows her, and thus the two become reconciled. Julie tries a desperate expedient to end Brenda's pursuit of Ives. At last, Julie and Ives leave on their ten-year delayed honeymoon.

From FRECKLES to GLAMOUR!

She chats with Perc Westmore, beauty expert

Westmore demonstrates the type of hairdress he wants her to have

DEPARTMENT OF MAKEUP AND HAIRDRESSING

A typically pretty American girl type, Jane Bryan, enters the studio make-up department to "get the works" in beautifying

by

JEANETTE

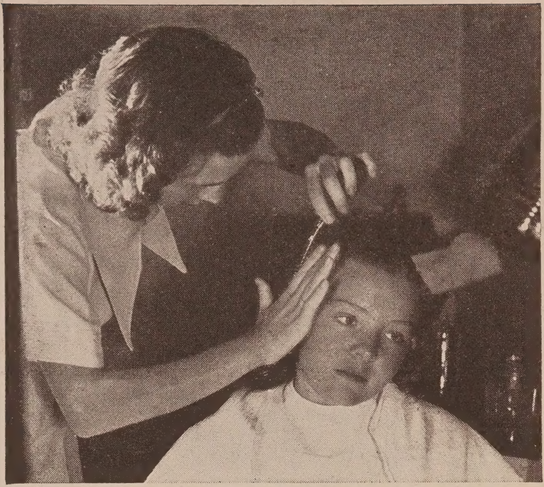
ALL you girls who suffer from an inferiority complex about the freckles which spatter your pert faces must read this story. For it is a photographic tale of an average pretty, freckle-faced young girl, named Jane Bryan, who walked through the doors of a great studio's make-up department one morning, to emerge a real glamour girl and a potential screen heartbreaker.

As it happens, I'm not being quite fair to our charming guinea pig, Jane Bryan, when I call her only average pretty. Jane does look like any typically attractive American girl — but there's a sparkle and a vivacity about her which many lack. And it is that "special something" which Perc Westmore brought out in a few brief hours of intensive grooming by his skilled make-up staff.

What happened to Jane can happen to you whether or not you have the skillful help of Hollywood make-up artists. You do not need to use the creams or powders she used, you don't even have to copy her style of hairdress. You merely need to see possibilities in yourself which you've been blind to before.

"That's not so easy!" you cry. No, I'll grant you it isn't but you can have a try at it, even if you only change the part in your hair, or the tone of your powder. It's the change that counts.

But let's follow Jane Bryan—from the time she enters the studio make-up department until she leaves it hours later. Get a good look at Jane before and after. As she



Skillfully the hair is set after it has been shampooed and given a light rinse

Ready for the drying, Jane looks her hands over with a manicure in mind

arrives she's the picture of glowing health and youthful vivacity. Her hair is done casually, brushed back off the forehead and let fly in the wind, hanging to her shoulders. Although she is carefully powdered and rouged, her freckles stand out in the warm sunshine. Her lipstick accentuates the generous width of her mouth. Her eyebrows are light and you can't tell the length or thickness of her eyelashes because they are light, too. She's a pretty, blonde girl but not a startlingly beautiful one.

"Getting the works" is the studio vernacular for what is about to happen to Jane. The first step in doing this is a beauty conference with Westmore. He has a special system of his own for deciding just what type you are and what must be done to make your looks more effective. He chats casually with Jane, watching every play of expression upon her face. Once he has established a complete picture of her in his mind, he takes her to the hair stylist.

He and the hair stylist discuss the pros and cons of Jane's hair—the texture, color and adaptability to waving. Westmore then shows how he wants the hair cut and coiffed. He then leaves her in capable hands.

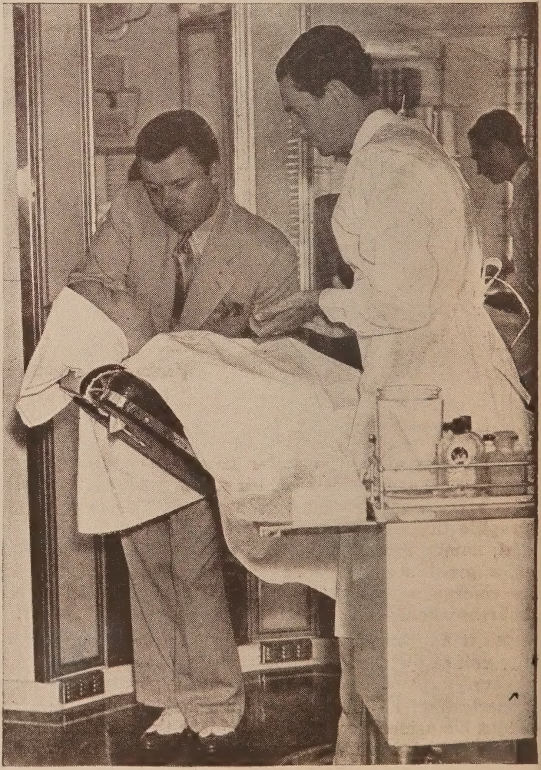
Even as you and I, Jane goes through the shampoo routine, including the important vigorous scalp massage. Every part of her scalp is gently rolled with expert fingertips to give it that vital stimulation which leaves hair glossy and healthy. Just the mildest rinse is given Jane's hair to keep the golden red highlights gleaming. Then her hair is set according to the lines already laid down by Westmore.

Ready now for the dryer, Miss B. critically inspects her nails which are unadorned by polish. She has her manicure while her hair dries and polish is put on which harmonizes with her lipstick.

Once her hair is dry, Jane is whisked off to the make-up room where Westmore and his assistant are ready for the next step in "giving her the works." A towel protects Jane's new coiffure, the latter not having been combed out as yet.

A thorough analyzing of Jane's skin texture, coloring and general facial contour precedes any active work in starting the make-up. This analysis reveals several

Her hair dry and wrapped in a towel, Jane is studied by Westmore and his assistant for the correct make-up to follow



The assistant does over her eyebrows, eyes and mouth with amazing results

things. Jane's brows are pretty, naturally curved and amply thick. However, they do not give the best emphasis to her face because they are ragged-looking and quite light in coloring. Therefore, they are carefully shaped and brushed. None of the natural line is destroyed because the brows are plucked from the *under* side only. After they are shaped, a brown eyebrow pencil is lightly used to give a firm, even line.

Those freckles, which might show up in a camera close-up, are carefully hidden under a smooth coating of grease paint and the subsequent powdering. Any good foundation cream, skillfully applied, will do the same trick for you. The powder is a careful blend to harmonize with the natural golden tone of her skin. Both her lipstick and rouge are on the orange side.

Jane's eyelashes, which were so light that they hid their flattering thickness and alluring up-curl, are given a gentle mascara brushing. Brown is used in order to avoid a "too made-up look." Notice how amazingly Jane's eyes seem to develop depth and size since her brows and lashes are subtly stressed.

For picture purposes, Westmore uses a delicate eye shadowing, but this is only suggested for you as an evening glamour device. Obvious eye shadow by day gives a hard look that is unattractive.

Jane's broad smile is lovely, revealing as it does such perfect white teeth, but the studio make-up experts decided that her mouth needed a few sweeping curves to give that glamorous effect. And so, a few bold sweeps of the lip rouge on the upper lip brings out a charming bow line. And a downward dab on the lower lip gives a soft fullness and curve.

Finally, all made up, Jane goes back to the hairdresser where her symmetrical waves are brushed out and manipulated into the flattering lines you see in the last picture.

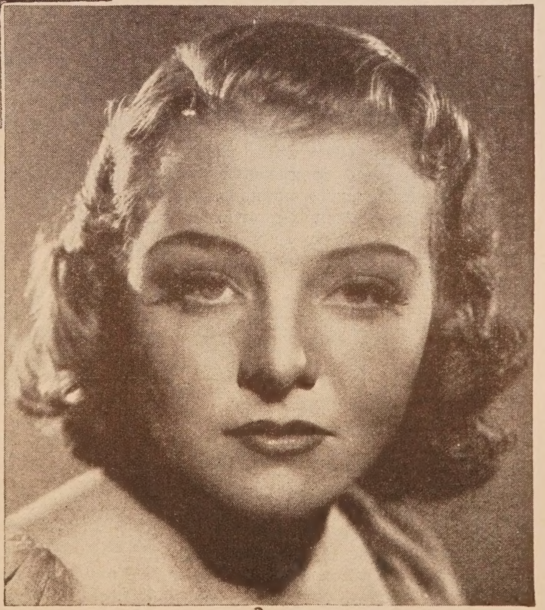
Would you know it was the same Jane who started out on this beauty bout a short while ago? She's acquired that cinema glamour that spells appeal.

And as I said in the beginning, you need not copy Jane's beauty regime at all but do let it give you inspiration enough to make you do a little beneficial self-analyzing. Silly as it may seem, talking and laughing at yourself in a mirror will give you ideas about how you look in "action," just as Westmore's casual chat with Jane gave him the picture he needed to bring out her real allure. I don't mean that you do this in a vain and frivolous way, instead take it very seriously. Remember that we see ourselves in a static position when we gaze into a mirror and so it's not a bad idea to try to act a bit to see how others see you!

Incidentally, Marlene Dietrich checked all of her action in making the "Angel" by using a full length mirror set up beside the camera. She said that this enabled her to see herself as others see her. It's just another version of what I have been telling you.

And that's all till next month when I'll give you an inside report on every new beauty trick that has been brought out with the new season.

Now the hair is brushed out and put back into the soft, flattering waves of the finished coiffure



And believe it or not—Jane has gone from freckles to the glamour that means box-office appeal!

Cooking

(Continued from page 10)

get a kick yourself out of making a very professional looking job of it. With colored cellophane, brightly colored boxes and gay ribbons, these kitchen-made gifts can be as exciting looking as the most expensive gift you could buy.

As it happens, all this was occupying our thoughts the day we called on Pat Paterson Boyer.

THE lovely Mrs. Boyer, as you know, is English. And she has all the love for holiday fuss and pomp that is inbred in all English people. She likes the exchange of puddings, candies and cookies. And she likes her own kitchen to have all that savory smell that precedes holiday festivities. The day we called, she was having a small dinner party and she insisted that we look at her dining-room which was ready for the guests' arrival.

Her mahogany table was set to perfection — every appointment bespoke good taste and an eye to the artistic effect. So charming was it that it was worth photographing and that's just what we did—Pat herself adding the final note of beauty and elegance to the setting!

If you've never made much candy, it is a good idea to start with the simpler recipes. However, if you've developed any candy making skill at all, you can try the more elaborate chocolates with cream centers. Fondant is the ideal base for chocolate creams because you can combine various ingredients to make the centers entirely different. There are three main types of fondant—plain water fondant, cream fondant and chocolate fondant. The water fondant is simple and inexpensive to make. Remember that fondant to be right for use as a cream center must be made about twenty-four hours ahead of the dipping time and allowed to stand. This also makes it smoother in texture and easier to knead. Here is a simple recipe for water fondant:

WATER FONDANT

2 cups sugar
Dash of salt
¾ cup boiling water
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
½ teaspoon vanilla

Combine ingredients (except vanilla) in deep 2-quart saucepan. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Cover and cook 3 minutes; then remove cover and continue cooking, without stirring, until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water (240 F.). During cooking, wash down sides of pan occasionally with a damp cloth. Pour fondant at once on cold, wet platter or marble slab. Cool to lukewarm (110 F.) and work with broad spatula or wooden paddle until white and creamy. Then knead in the hands until smooth; add vanilla and knead until vanilla is blended. Let stand, uncovered, until cold; then wrap in waxed paper and store in tightly covered jar in refrigerator or other cool place to ripen for at least 24 hours before using. Fondant may be kept for several weeks. This recipe makes about 1 pound of fondant.

When you are ready to make up your chocolates, you can let your imagination run riot over what ingredients to add to your fondant base. For instance, here are a few suggestions for centers: cocoanut, candied orange peel, nut meats, candied cherries, dates and figs, wild cherry flavor to give the fondant a pink look, orange flavor and color, peppermint, etc.

For fancy gift cookies, Pat suggests using one basic sugar cooky recipe and depending upon cooky cutters and garnishes to make each look different. A whole batch of fancy shapes and garnishes is shown here this month to give you an idea of how to go about it. Crushed nuts, candy shot, citron, raisins and whole nuts are only a few of the trimmings to use. And here is the Pat Paterson Boyer cookie recipe to use for them all:

SUGAR COOKIES

2¼ cups sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 tablespoon rich milk or cream
1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ cup butter or other shortening

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and nutmeg, and sift again. Add lemon rind to butter and cream thoroughly. Add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and cream, and beat thoroughly; then add flour gradually, mixing well. Chill until firm enough to roll. Roll ⅛ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with floured 3½ inch cutter and sprinkle with sugar. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (400 F.) 10 minutes or until done. Makes 3 dozen cookies.

Your own imagination and skill in packing these and the candies will add greatly to their gift value.

Norma Shearer

(Continued from page 33)

beautiful home, went over scripts together, considering this as her next vehicle, rejecting that. And when the right part had finally been decided upon for her, Irving helped its interpretation by bringing to it acumen for things of the theatre—an acumen developed to an almost uncanny degree by his long motion picture experience.

And so the advice and counsel of her husband aided Miss Shearer to avoid mistakes; to discover her greatest histrionic gifts, till, today, she herself has attained a grasp of dramatic values and acting technique perhaps second to no other actress. She constantly studied the work of other great artists of both stage and screen.

It is this force of character she possesses that has brought her associates finally to a realization that the inspiration of her husband is still with her. He wanted her to go on, to make the most of her life and her career, and the presence of her children is a constant reminder to her of this wish.

Hard as it must have been at first to think of screen work, at all, under the circumstances, Miss Shearer has an inward feeling—perhaps never expressed—that what she is doing is pleasing to her husband. And that is not only a great comfort but a great inspiration in her work.

Miss Shearer's life undoubtedly has not been a bed of roses. Everyone knows by now how reverses in the family fortune obliged Norma originally to seek work in New York, and, how step by step, first as photographer's model, then in small roles in motion pictures in the New York area, and finally, as a full fledged screen actress in Hollywood, she struggled upward. And as such it has been her business to feel and to analyze emotions. Moreover, her daily contacts have been wide and she had more than a comprehensive outlook on life. Yet the tragedy of death of a beloved one—sharp, poignant, sudden — surmounts all other experiences. It rocks one to one's innermost being. The lesser are often crushed by so great a sorrow, but the great are made greater.

And so with Miss Shearer. She is her old self—cheerful, forward-looking, ambitious—not as much the public figure as formerly, perhaps—for she has been drawn closer to home and her greater responsibilities—but following, nevertheless, her customary daily routine of work,

(Continued on page 72)

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Norma Shearer

(Continued from page 70)

study and physical recreation. She rides horseback, she renews her energy with sun baths—she was never much given to strenuous physical sports, partly through lack of inclination, partly through a belief that such exercise enlarges the muscles and otherwise harms the figure. But meticulously she continues all activities she has found maintain physical, mental and spiritual health.

Yet those privileged to observe her closely have noticed an increased richness in her personality, more assurance in her manner. And never, perhaps, has she given so much thought as to what her next role shall be. At present she has under consideration doing a picture about Marie Antoinette. The story of the unfortunate French queen who went to the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, in 1793, has an especial appeal for her. The theme is a magnificent one, holding more real tragedy than Miss Shearer has ever found before in any of her roles. Three years ago she talked this idea over with her husband, but abandoned it. Now it strikes her with renewed force. She is ready for it—this delineation of a woman who, after losing her throne and a husband, came to her own end with extraordinary dignity and courage.

Temperament

(Continued from page 30)

his emotion, to be any good. Acting must be guided by the mind always."

"Artistic temperament?" says Mervyn LeRoy. "Only lame brains are without it!"

"Artistic temperament," says Cecil B. DeMille. "It's an affectation not to be tolerated!"

To show exactly what he meant Mervyn LeRoy described the difficulties the death scene in "Anthony Adverse" presented.

Artificial rain fell on the earthen floor until the actors walked in muck. The set smelled like a stable. No one without business with the company came within yards of them; no one except Mrs. Pedro de Cordoba. She wouldn't leave. At every opportunity she rubbed Pedro down with oil. He played the dying priest, you'll remember, and Fredric March played Anthony.

"We worked all one day trying to get that scene," LeRoy said. "Rehearsals would go all right but immediately we started to shoot there would be trouble."

Late that afternoon they thought they had that scene. Those on the side held their breath, literally. But within less than a minute of the end Pedro blew his lines. That was too much for Fred March. He was ill with a cold and he was emotionally exhausted and he kicked over the traces entirely.

"I'm through," he shouted. "I'm through and I don't mean maybe!"

LeRoy cursed the day he first heard of "Anthony Adverse." It made no difference that he had sympathy for both Pedro and Fred, he had to finish that night.

In a way, of course, LeRoy's situation here was similar to the situation Van Dyke found himself in with Nelson Eddy. What did LeRoy do? He left the set himself. Quickly and silently. He realized anything he said or did in that hot moment would make matters worse. He went into hiding and he stayed in hiding until his scouts came with word that Pedro and Fred had apologized to each other and the air had cleared. He sauntered back then, appearing more casual than he felt, aware of how easily everything again might go berserk. But the blow-up had relaxed everyone. The day was saved.

DeMille, to illustrate his point, told of an experience he had with a star of the pre-talkie days.

"She went very bad indeed," he said. "She alternated between extremes of elegance and bad temper. I told her if she didn't mend her ways she would find herself on the outside. She didn't believe me. She counted on her undeniable value to the company. But I kept my word. The next time she began her capers I had two men take her by either arm and propel her through the studio gate. Her clothes followed.

"My action cost the company money but not as much money as it would have cost to put up with her idiocy. And besides my action had a most salutary effect upon one or two others who were inclined the same way."

DeMille pointed out the cost of such temperament would be even more prohibitive today. "For instance," he said "take that set in 'The Plainsman' which shows the curving street in that mining town in the Dakotas. The overhead on that set ran twenty-five thousand dollars a day. Had anyone *deliberately* delayed production on that set the firm would have sued them—and won!"

The emphasis DeMille placed on the word *deliberately* undoubtedly indicates he allows for the honest brand of temperament, too. Besides, it must be remembered, DeMille, who always has been something of a czar in the studios, is about the last director—with the exception of Van Dyke—that any player would challenge.

Artistic temperament? Only lame brains are without it, as LeRoy says. And it is an affectation not to be tolerated, as DeMille says. It all depends upon the kind of artistic temperament you're talking about. But whatever kind you mean you can be sure it exists in Hollywood today; that it's no more obsolete than Shirley Temple's curls or the box-office rating of Robert Taylor. The directors wish it was!

Don't Waste Postage

(Continued from page 31)

yard with a gat stuck in the prison doctor's back. Hank yells to the warden to open the gates or he'll drill the doc."

"And the guard can't see Hank or the doc because of the fog," interrupted Wanger.

"What fog?" asked Baker.

"The fog I just put into the story," Wanger replied. "You haven't any of my money yet."

"The warden yells to Fonda to lay down his gun, that he's free, but Hank naturally doesn't believe him. Thinks he's being framed. So the prison priest, who is Hank's best pal, goes into the yard to convince Fonda and get his gun. Hank thinks the priest is in on the doublecross and shoots him—AND THAT'S NEW! Pay off—now!" I said to Wanger.

"And the gal, his wife," added Baker, "who has stuck by him meets him on the outside—and together the lovers go through hell and high-water to beat the law."

That's the way the story "You Only Live Once" was born. There's nothing mysterious about the way the story was told, or any other story for that matter. IT'S JUST GETTING SOMEBODY TO LISTEN TO YOU.

And you can't do that, UNLESS YOU'RE "IN."

By now, if you've happened to read thus far, you've probably decided that the system is all wrong.

You're absolutely correct. Good material is always needed, and I know—and so does every producer—there's tons of it going to waste.

But there's one thing I'm sure of—producers, by and large, are not "dopes." It's an impossibility for them to read your material unless you're "in." ALSO MOST STUDIOS ARE AFRAID TO TOUCH ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS FROM UNKNOWNS. They treat them as if they were poison ivy because of *plagiarism.* That's why you'll get your story back unopened and by registered mail.

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A Man Says:

"Your Course has been the only successful remedy. Almost every wrinkle in my face has entirely disappeared. It really is a great compliment to such a systematic Course."

"People tell me that I look as young as my daughter, nineteen and you know at forty years it is a pride when people tell you that."

"I have never been so thrilled in all my life. The Facial Exercises were what I needed."

Another Man: "They used to say I was about 60 to 65. Now they judge me to be about 45 to 50."

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Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 18)

The ex-cook now spends every waking hour seriously thinking about the war, and the Buck Joneses, with a new cook, are eating their meals regularly again.

If you have business dealings with a studio, trying to reach a client on the telephone is like trying to get an autograph from Robert Taylor at a girl's school picnic. It's impossible, yet with unlimited patience it might be accomplished.

Now, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are in a three-month building stage and are putting in a switchboard with capacity for nine hundred numbers and seven telephone gals. When it's completed you can be sure of getting your right party within at least — conservatively speaking — sixty minutes after calling.

I Want to Know

(Continued from page 15)

instances, complete information is not available. The tendency of the studios now is not to publicize ages of players.

•

HUGO, R. S., Atlantic City, N. J.—You'll see Wayne Morris again in "Submarine D-1." We agree with you when you say that "within a year or two he should be one of the big stars."

Henry Fonda

(Continued from page 35)

someone would ask him what right he had to take this food. He could not have faced that. The food did not belong to him. He had come to New York to make his own way. He would do it, too! So he pulled his belt a notch tighter and left the gallery.

Well, it was that sort of thing that happened in the winter. But summers were different. In the summer time he usually managed to get a job in a little out-of-town theatre. By living in the cheapest places, he could get by. It was in a summer theatre that he met his first wife, Margaret Sullavan. The fact that the marriage did not work in no way lessened the glamour of their romance—when they were both struggling, hopeful, idealistic kids. And the knowledge that there would be another New York winter to face did not dim the bright joy of those early days in the little theatres when everyone helped everyone else, when all pitched in and made scenery, when they wore any sort of old costumes and took it all in stride if the footlights went out or a bat flew across the stage during a passionate love scene. For always, in Fonda's heart, was faith that "the break" would come.

It came when he was given the leading role in the stage production of "The Farmer Takes a Wife." The play was bought for Hollywood, and Fonda given his role for the films. So, suddenly from a life of near poverty, Henry was plunged into the lush luxury of Hollywood. And not so long ago the hurt of his separation from Margaret Sullavan was healed by his marriage to Frances Seymour Brokaw, widow of the enormously wealthy George Brokaw and herself a social registerite. Frances Fonda is beautiful, charming, gracious. Fonda adores her and also her five-year-old daughter. In December there will be a baby of his own.

By the time you read this he will be appearing on Broadway in an Arthur Hopkins show. When he made arrangements to do the play he realized that—having done nothing but pictures for so long—he needed some brushing up on legitimate acting technique. That was when he decided that while he was rehearsing for the Broadway show he would do a play in the summer theatre.

Henry Fonda chose "The Virginian" as the vehicle for his two weeks in summer theatre—a week at Mt. Kisco, New York, and a week at Westport, Connecticut.

He took a room in a little boarding house in the Connecticut town. The last curtain fell at eleven-thirty. By the time he had removed his make-up in the inadequate dressing room and changed his clothes it was after twelve. Then a bite to eat in the only place open after midnight—the dog wagon on the Post Road—and to bed. But he had to be up before eight to catch the nine-thirteen commuters train into New York for a ten-thirty rehearsal of the Hopkins show. That meant actually a thirteen-hour working day, not counting transportation. And some people envy actors their life of ease!

Although Fonda can walk about the streets of New York almost unrecognized—there is so little of the actor about his private life personality, and he wears a business suit and a disreputable old hat on the back of his head—he could not remain anonymous in a little town where everyone knew he was playing in a show.

One night after all the fans had been sent away with their programs signed, Fonda received some personal friends from New York who had come out to see the performance. It was much later than usual so the girl at the door called to Henry asking him to lock up for her since she was going home.

As she left she saw a lad of perhaps twelve or thirteen sitting on a rock. "What are you waiting for, sonny?" the girl asked. "You should be in bed."

"I'll wait," the kid said.

"But nobody's left in the theatre but Mr. Fonda and he has guests so he won't be out for a long time."

"I'll wait," the kid persisted. "It's Mr. Fonda I want to see. I just want to go up to him and say, 'Hello, Slim.'"

An hour later when Henry came out the boy was still there and he made his miniature speech.

Fonda appreciated the sincerity of the greeting. He knelt down on the ground and told the lad all about "Slim"—that it was his favorite role, that the man who wrote it was a lineman himself and that every adventure portrayed had actually happened at some time. The boy went home in a glow of delight.

"This is real," Fonda told me, "this is my life. I got my start in summer theatres. I'll always love them. This is work—darned hard work—but it's swell.

"I love doing it. I feel comfortable. Working in these barn theatres, living in a boarding house, watching the scenery made, seeing everybody with that grand community spirit—why, it's swell. I feel that I'm home again. And that's a marvelous emotion—being home again."

Camera Kiss

(Continued from page 42)

rich burnished color of mahogany.

"Hello," he said cheerfully, with an engaging grin. Against the sunburnt skin, his teeth flashed dazzlingly.

"Hello," answered Jennifer.

She felt shy and embarrassed, like a little girl approaching a grown-up who is a stranger. She felt like running away, and at the same time she felt like sitting down on the warm sand and staying for hours. There was a comfortable aura of well-being about this place and about the young man. She was wondering what to say next, when he solved the problem for her.

"My name's Terry," he said calmly. "What's yours?"

"Jen—Jenny. What's that you're

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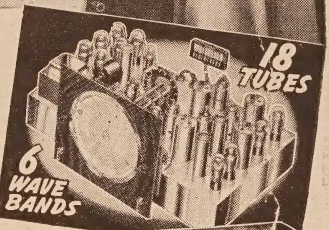

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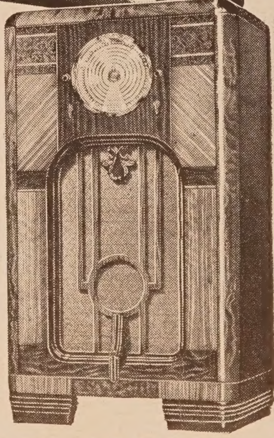

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YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio—Strauss Hirshberg

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doing?"

"Getting my lines untangled. Going fishing in the morning."

"Oh."

There was a short silence.

"'Bout time for a swim before lunch," said Terry presently. "Got a suit?"

Jennifer thought hurriedly of Malcolm Inchfern, waiting for her at the Spanish palace that was his beach house, and it seemed, suddenly, very unimportant. This was what she *really* wanted to do—stay here and go swimming with this unaccountable young man named Terry.

She nodded toward the car.

"I'll change while you're getting it. Then you can have the shack to dress in."

He was calmly casual, as though having a perfectly strange girl drop in for a swim before lunch was the most ordinary thing in the world.

Jennifer got the suit. When Terry came out of the bungalow in a pair of brief blue trunks, she saw that his slim, hard-muscled body was tanned as deeply as his face.

The inside of the bungalow was a comfortable, masculine looking place, littered with books and sports equipment. The furnishings were shabby, but everything had a lived-with look that was cheering.

Jennifer got quickly into her scanty suit and helmet of scarlet rubber and joined Terry. Together they plunged into the surf and swam far out beyond the breakers with long, sure strokes.

Jennifer felt an odd sense of perfect companionship with this strange young man. The discontent which had been eating at her heart an hour earlier evaporated. In its place was a warm glow of happiness.

Presently they turned and swam back to the beach. Terry seemed to take it as a matter of course that Jennifer would stay for lunch. When they had both dressed again, he made a driftwood fire on the beach, and fried fish and made delicious coffee.

Never had an afternoon passed so quickly. Terry told her tales of exciting things he had seen in far countries. It seemed that he was just a sort of vagabond, roaming the world wherever his fancy dictated. A happy life, but one that seemed singularly lacking in objective to Jennifer.

The sun was a great red ball on the western horizon when Jennifer at last sprang to her feet.

"Well, time to go home," she said, trying to speak lightly.

Terry got to his feet then, too, and stood looking down at her.

"Time to go," he echoed, a wistful note in his voice. "Do you know, I had forgotten that you *must* go? You seem to have been here with me forever."

He put strong brown hands on her shoulders and drew her closer to him.

"You know, I feel that too," she said, her voice quivering a little.

"Jenny! You little, adorable thing! I'd like to have you stay always, Jenny. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," whispered Jennifer huskily. "I *do* know, and I'll come back, Terry."

She tilted her little heart shaped face up to his, and he bent his lips to hers. Jennifer's lips ached with the force of the pent-up passion behind the caress. Her heart beat tumultuously, and the blood sang in her ears. It took all the will power she had to pull her lips away from his at last, and start her car for the drive back to Beverly Hills.

It was strange, the next morning, to be back at the studio again, made up and on the set at eight o'clock, part of the queer world of tinsel and make-believe that was motion pictures in the making. Just as if yesterday had never happened—yesterday, when Jennifer had sprawled on sun-warm sand with someone called Terry, who had curiously softened the calloused little organ that was her heart.

She heard herself giving Malcolm a vague excuse for failing to join him at the beach, without knowing or caring what he thought. Malcolm was as unreal to her today as his own shadow on the silver screen.

The new picture they were starting now had the scene laid in the heart of Africa, and Jennifer was to have hair-raising adventures with wild animals. The hero who was to rescue her from these perils was, of course, Malcolm Inchfern. It all sounded very simple and cut and dried, but Jennifer found her director, Bunny Brent, tearing his hair with exasperation.

"It's the part of the young sea captain who owns the trading vessel," he told Jennifer. "There isn't a man to be found who even remotely resembles the type."

A vision of a thick thatch of ruddy curls and a pair of merry brown eyes flashed across Jennifer's mind. Why wouldn't *Terry* be the ideal type for the part?

"Bunny, I think I know just the man for you'"

"Where is he? What's his name? I'll send for him at once."

For a minute Jennifer was em-

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barrassed. Then she recovered her poise.

"I can't tell you, Bunny, but I can get him for you. I can get him tonight."

"O.K." agreed Bunny tersely. "See that you do."

All day Jennifer glowed with the thrill of what she was planning. Why, it was perfect! Terry would have his big chance in Hollywood, make lots of money, be a success!

Jennifer followed the director's orders all day in a daze that both puzzled and annoyed Bunny. The instant she was through work for the day, she scrubbed off her make-up, and wrapping herself in her camels hair polo coat, was off up the coast highway at a break-neck clip.

Although she drove as fast as she could, darkness had fallen before she reached the stretch of road which passed Terry's shack. A cheerful light shone from the two windows facing the road. Jennifer ran panting across the sand and flung open the door.

Terry was stretched out in a worn red leather chair in his shirt sleeves, reading a book and smoking an ancient pipe. The light from his reading lamp painted his shaggy crop of curls with crimson and amber lights.

At the sound of the opening door he looked up, and a flame lit and glowed in his brown eyes. With two strides he was across the room to where the little figure with the tousled honey colored curls stood in the doorway. Then he had her in his arms, great woolly coat and all, and was raining kisses upon her upturned face.

"Jenny," he said, with an incredulous note in his voice, "you *did* come back!"

Breathlessly Jennifer answered him.

"Yes, Terry, I came back. And I've got news for you. Glorious, wonderful news."

"Is that so? Well, off with your coat, then, and we'll sit here, so—and I'll hold you in my arms while you tell me what it is."

Now that she was at the very point of telling Terry all about the wonderful glamorous career in Hollywood that she had already picked out for him, Jennifer was a little hesitant. However, she had to take the plunge, so she drew a long breath and began.

"Terry, yesterday I told you my name was Jenny. Well, so it is, but that's not the name most people know me by."

"No?"

"No. You see, Terry, I'm really Jennifer Jordan."

She waited, breathless, for the awe-stricken wonder to appear in Terry's eyes. They remained pleasantly blank.

"Well, so what?"

"You don't understand, Terry. I'm *the* Jennifer Jordan, the screen star."

Terry merely stared at her a minute.

"Oh, well, I don't go to the movies much," he answered her comfortingly. "We won't let that make any difference about us, will we?"

Jennifer was becoming exasperated. Why, Terry was just plain *dumb,* that was all there was to it! Even people who had never seen a motion picture knew who Jennifer Jordan was! Even Arabs, and Turks, and people on the South Sea Islands knew! Well, she might as well spill her news. Maybe he'd react differently when he heard the rest.

"You see, Terry, we're making a new picture, and they can't find anybody to play the part of a young sea captain in it. Bunny—that's my director—was at his wit's end, and then I thought of you!"

"Nice of you," said Terry politely.

"But Terry, don't you see, all you need is to get your face and personality in front of the public in this one picture, and your success will be assured. Why, you're twice as good looking as most of the leading men in Hollywood. And think of the money you'd make, and we'd be there together—"

Slowly, Jennifer began to realize that she might just as well be talking to a stone image, for all the response she was getting. Her voice tapered off to nothing. Terry stood up then and stood her gently on her feet.

"Let's not talk about it any more, Jenny," he said tranquilly. "I'm just not interested. I'm not the type for that sort of thing."

Suddenly Jennifer lost control of herself. So this was the thanks she got for trying to help him make something out of his life!

"Not the type!" she cried. "No, I guess you're not. You're the type to loaf around a beach all day, and live in a dirty little shack, but not the type to do a little hard work! Oh, yes, it's hard work to be an actor! It takes perseverence, and determination and—and, yes, *guts,* to be somebody in motion pictures!"

Without giving him a chance to answer she whirled and ran headlong out of the room. She started her car and drove like a demon all the way home, trying to escape the disappointment that was searing her heart.

(End of Part I)

Bob Kent

(Continued from page 43)

friends. His out-of-doors handsomeness quickly earned him plenty of work. Meanwhile his school-day love of dramatics was reawakened through acquaintance with a little theatre group which styled itself the Brooklyn Neighborhood Theatre.

But it seemed that Bob wasn't much fitted for the theatre. He refused to recognize the importance of that much-revered and respected axiom of the stage, "The show must go on." As Bob describes it, his hobbies are "women, food and sleep." His devotion to the three gave gray hairs to a multitude of stage directors with the result that he didn't stay long with any one company.

In rapid succession he played with Lawrence and Halt's company in Essex, Connecticut; with Elizabeth Love in "Sentinels" at the Baltimore Theatre on Broadway; as Gertrude Michael's leading man with a stock company at East Islip, Long Island; and with Cecilia Loftus at Bar Harbor, Maine.

While he was convalescing from an appendicitis attack a Paramount talent scout persuaded him to take a film test. He got small parts in "One Hour Late," "Love In Bloom," "Car 99" and "Four Hours to Kill."

But Hollywood bits didn't appeal to Bob. He obtained a cancellation of his contract and immediately did the juvenile lead in May Robson's stage production of "Kind Lady."

Darryl Zanuck saw Kent and gave him a screen test. Bob received another contract — a better one this time with a promise of advancement.

Now this gray-eyed six footer is considered one of 20th Century-Fox's most promising players.

Bobby Breen

(Continued from page 49)

star but a wistful little boy who recalled, "Nobody ever gave me a medal for singing." Poor Bobby. At his age a medal is a greater prize than money and he has sold his amateur standing for a Hollywood contract.

Not that he has never won a medal. He is too good an athlete to go unrewarded. Last year Bobby walked off with most of the medals in his camp. His eyes shine brighter than ever when he talks about swimming, baseball and horseback riding.

Next year Bobby is going to realize one of his greatest ambitions—he will be admitted to Black Foxe Military Academy.

"Isn't that great?" he asks happily.

Again and again Bobby's conversation with his new friends was interrupted by the questions put to him by reporters. He answered them all with unfailing good humor, until one interviewer became too insistent. Then Bobby turned the tables.

"Where were you on the night of October twenty-second?" he demanded in an accurate burlesque of the reporter's tone.

Sally looked up quickly to see if Bobby had been too impertinent, but the chuckling newspaperman reassured her.

No story about Bobby is complete without Sally. Sally is Bobby's sister, but she is also his teacher, manager and pal.

It was she who believed so wholeheartedly in Bobby's ability as a singer, that at the age of fifteen she left Toronto, Canada, taking her seven-year-old brother with her. She was certain that Bobby belonged on the screen.

Young as she was, Sally knew that Hollywood is best approached indirectly. Instead of proceeding there at once, she took a train to Chicago.

In Chicago, Bobby was given a two weeks engagement at the Oriental Theatre. He was a sensation. But the only offers he received were for other Chicago theatres. He played theatre after theatre in the Balaban and Katz circuit, but still no call from Hollywood. That wasn't the way Sally planned it, at all. She wanted a screen career for her Bobby, and nothing less would satisfy her. If he couldn't get started in Chicago, they'd try New York.

They had a letter of introduction to Boris Morros at the Paramount Theatre in New York. But Morros was uninterested in giving "just another child prodigy" an audition. Undaunted, Sally worked nights as a cigarette girl in the Hotel Edison, New York, and during the day she gave Bobby singing lessons and tried to get him a hearing.

One day she managed to get Boris Morros to listen to Bobby's voice. The youngster clicked instantly and a two weeks' engagement at the Paramount followed. After that Alexander Woolcott featured Bobby as a soloist on his radio program.

Except for the few scattered engagements in New York those were lonely months for little Bobby and his sister Sally. Then one day one of the tenants stopped in to listen to the tiny child with the big voice. Hungry for companionship, Sally and Bobby confided their dreams to

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her. She heard their story through, then recalled that some wealthy friends of hers, a Mr. and Mrs. Levey, might be interested in so talented a young singer. She arranged to bring Bobby and Sally with her the next time she visited them. Bobby sang. The effect was electrifying. At once the Leveys insisted that something must be done with that remarkable voice.

And that something was to send little Bobby Breen to Hollywood to study with Dr. Mario Maratioti, the famous voice coach of Grace Moore and other opera stars.

One night in Hollywood Bobby sang at a benefit. Eddie Cantor was there. "Where has the child been all this time?" he shouted, and signed Bobby up for his radio program.

One performance on the nation-wide network and Bobby was famous. Fan letters poured in. "The child is marvelous, superb, he sings like an angel" ran the comments. Bobby became a feature on the radio on the Cantor hour and not long after Sol Lesser, the producer, signed him to a film contract. His first appearance was in "Let's Sing Again."

Bobby has come into his own. His screen success outrivaled his laurels on the radio. He made "Rainbow on the River" and then "Make a Wish." Without the support of high-power names, ten-year-old Bobby Breen means money at the box office.

Randolph Scott

(Continued from Page 51)

ing a picnic lunch under the trees, following a hunt. The rest of the men folk from the plantation were fighting the "Yankees," but Randy, not believing in war, had so far kept out of it in spite of Margaret's urging. As she spread the lunch out on a cloth under the tree, Randy, chewing on a straw, regarded her much as he would a very young child. Gently he said:

"When you are two years older you'll be grown up and I shall be violently, passionately, hopelessly, madly and probably futilely in love with you."

He spoke those lines with the conviction of reality. Then, with a complete reversal of mood, he snuggled her head beneath his chin and with the simple tenderness of a man very much in love, told her that he was glad he wouldn't have to wait two years. But when, woman-like, she asked if he loved her as much as she did him, his smile was winningly tantalizing as he replied:

"What do you think?"

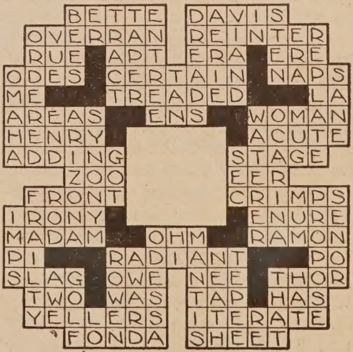
His lips smiled but his eyes held for the world to see, all the devotion which a strong man is capable of sensing, as he drank in the loveliness of her upturned face hungrily. And that is why Randolph Scott is a great lover—a surprise lover; that is why women say he is "the real thing," because he gives them on the screen the same quality of response they encounter in their actual dealings with men.

These are the things which by sheer force of personality Randolph Scott is able to bring to life in all the screen lovers he portrays; they are the things which distinguish his acting from that of other movie heroes. He isn't extraordinarily good-looking—only a little better than average—but he makes love with a provocative tenderness and a masculine verve which are uniquely his own. He is Hollywood's surprise lover if for no other reason than that he always gives the unexpected punch to his love scenes which stamp them and him as genuine.

For two years he was an active part of the Hollywood theatrical scene before Paramount signed him to a contract about 1931. But even they hadn't an idea what a find they had made, and when, after some fourteen pictures (mostly Westerns), he was *really* discovered, success came to him, as so often happens, through the side door. His own studio was content with the nice profits his "horse operas" were bringing in, but it took RKO to visualize the potentialities of a great star and a great lover.

Even the fact that Randy is married to a childhood sweetheart, the former Mariana DuPont Somerville, hasn't kept Miss America from camping on his doorstep or writing him letters which would do justice to Faith Baldwin or Margaret Culk-

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 14



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ing Banning for the depth of emotion they display.

A surprise lover? Oh, yes, he is all of that! Because, you see, Randolph Scott understands women and his love-making instinctively takes on a flavor of sincerity, of romance, of manly desire. Women feel their fingers tingle with the urge to run them through his light brown hair and see his eyes crinkle with provocative interest. When Randy Scott says "I love you" and takes the lucky girl in his arms, little shivers shoot up your spine, your eyes close and you unconsciously relax in your seat wrapped in the inarticulate hope that *your* man will see this Scott guy and adopt some of his heavenly technique.

Gladys George

(Continued from page 55)

time I have ever had a similar thrill was the night on Broadway when 'Personal Appearance' opened. It, too, brought me an ovation after a long period of no jobs and no money.

"Well, I stayed in San Francisco nearly two years. Then I went into Salt Lake, into Denver, Kansas City—doing stock and doing swell. I married Ben Erway, my leading man, and for a time I was happier than I had ever been.

"In 1929, Hollywood beckoned again. I took four different tests at four studios, but I never heard from any of them. My marriage cracked up. Engagements began to be few and far between.

"A good friend, Clarence Kierman—he was an old San Francisco stagehand—suggested I go to New York. More than that, he staked me to the railroad fare and money to live on until, as he said, I could click.

"I did click in 'The Milky Way' and I got a contract with M-G-M but my first picture was so lousy (it was 'Straight Is the Way' with Franchot Tone) that they wouldn't cast me in anything else. They wouldn't release me from my contract and yet they wouldn't give me anything to do. Failure again, it seemed."

Ironically, Glady's last and best break in Hollywood came after she had poked unabashed ridicule at the film town by her characterization of a dumb movie queen in "Personal Appearance."

Gladys is very much in love with her husband, the tall dark actor named Leonard Penn whom she met in "Personal Appearance."

"I've never known anyone as nice as he is," she told me. "Always before being in love has been a matter of playing games, pretending this or

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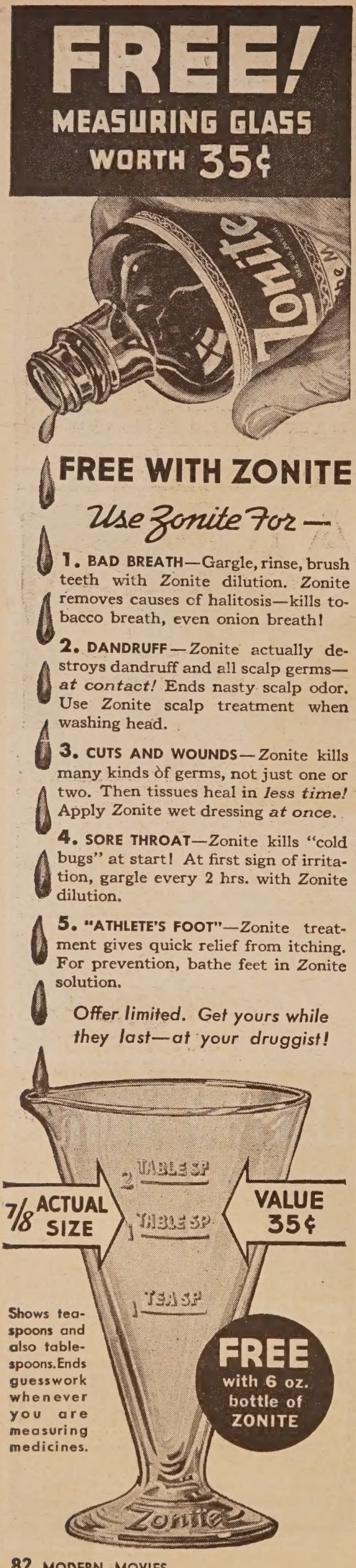

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that, flirting, pleasing, teasing, keeping yourself stirred up.

"But this time, it is different. Leonard is a friend. He looks after me. He's fun. We like the same things and the same people and we have the thing in life I've never before had, companionship.

"I feel so safe with him," she said thoughtfully, "I guess that is one of the nicest things about our love. He looks after me always.

"It is so unusual and so wonderful to have someone looking after me. It seems as if I have been on my own ever since I can remember. Dad—he isn't well now and is in a sanitarium—was a swell person, but we were invariably at our wit's end for money. As soon as I could take it, responsibility just naturally draped itself around my shoulders and I've always worn it until now.

"Well, I'm glad, for if I hadn't had to worry and to fight for what I've gotten, I'd never learned what I think is most important of all in this matter of living—'It isn't life that matters—it is the courage you bring to it.'"

Frances Farmer

(Continued from page 57)

a screen star admitting there were things she could still learn about acting.

By this time, one thing was clear. This Farmer's daughter has no illusions about herself. After months of hard work she earned a vacation from the studios only to join a stock company in Westport, Connecticut. Talk about a busman's holiday! Instead of making the rounds of night clubs and theaters, Frances is diligently working to acquire stage experience.

Her voice is low and throaty. She sang in her last picture, "Toast of New York," but she doesn't want to be typed for musical pictures.

"Neither does Leif," she reflected. That would be her husband, Leif Erikson. Her deep set eyes glint as she speaks of him. The width of a continent separates them and they are very young and very much in love. "He has a fine voice, you know, but he doesn't want to limit himself to singing. Did you see him in 'Waikiki Wedding'? He showed a definite flair for comedy there. And in the new Garbo picture he is playing a dramatic role."

It's very clear this young lady knows what she wants—and what she doesn't want. As for her plans? She'd like to do a play on Broadway, but her contract doesn't permit it. Meanwhile she reads constantly—plays, books, magazine stories, looking for a suitable vehicle. She dreams of doing something on a heroic scale like Maxwell Anderson's magnificent play, "Elizabeth, the Queen." But that must wait for the present.

"I want to do character roles. It's not very stimulating to play ingenue roles in picture after picture."

Stimulating, ah, that was it! Frances Farmer wants to live every moment to its fullest. She has no patience with compromise.

Wistfully she went on, "Here in Westport I'm playing Gabby in 'The Petrified Forest,' I wish I could play someone like her on the screen. She's so real—not wishy-washy like run-of-the-mill heroines."

"But," I asked, "haven't you enjoyed any of your pictures?"

She frowned, then, "'Come and Get It' and 'Exclusive' weren't so bad."

The great Goldwyn himself picked Frances Farmer for the Edna Ferber role,—borrowed the comparatively obscure little actress from Paramount to play in one of the important productions of the year. And after that came RKO to feature her in "Toast of New York," one of the big pictures of the current season. As for "Exclusive" although the critics may not have raved because it is a newspaper story—and since when have they liked movies about themselves?—Frances Farmer enjoyed playing a reporter. You see she started out to be one herself, after she was graduated from the University of Washington. Her brother works on a paper and she thought she'd like it too. But she soon found she didn't have the temperament for running down news stories, and anyway there was Paramount with a five-year contract.

The Farmer gal's a good sport. She doesn't ask for kid glove handling. But, on the other hand, she has no intention of coming to terms with ideas that war with her personal convictions. She won't be a glamour girl and affect a mask-like make-up. She won't develop a stereotyped personality that remains the same in every picture. In fact, when she gets back to Hollywood, she is going to supervise the choice of her own stories. Anyway, she's going to try.

What are you going to do with a girl like that? As real as rocks, despite her appearance of moonlight on snow. The fragility she suggests is just surface-deep. She's a mighty determined young lady, and make no mistake about that. And she'll get to the very top, too, because with her fine courage, her honesty, and her passion for self-improvement she can't miss. Here's to her!

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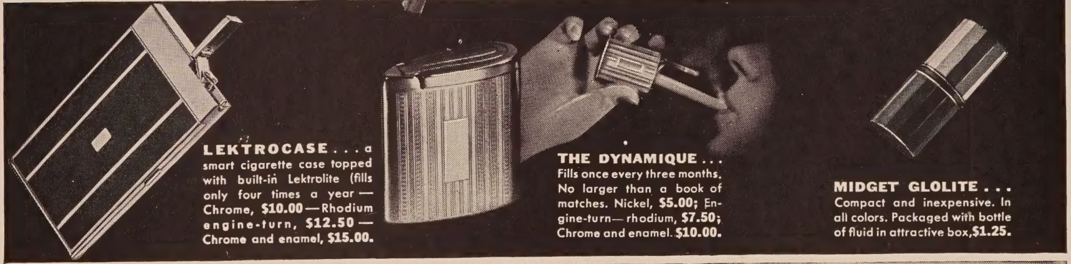

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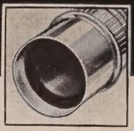

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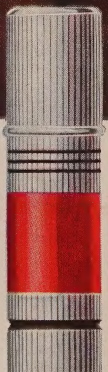

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